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MARIUS BARBEAU

INDIAN DAYS

ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES

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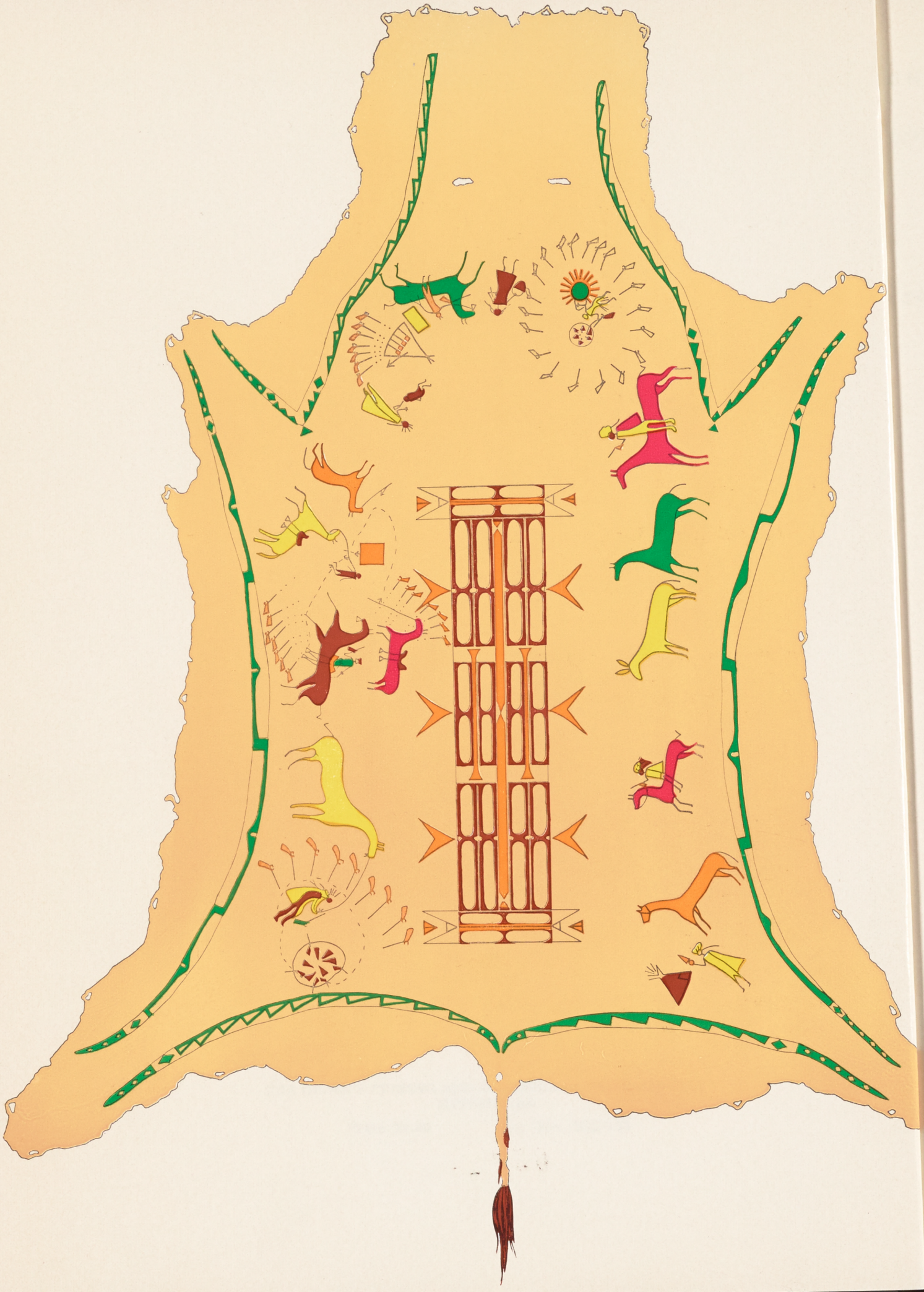
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INDIAN DAYS

ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES

By MARIUS BARBEAU

Bulletin No. 163

Anthropological Series No. 46

»

Portraits by W. LANGDON KIHN

Design and Illustrations by ARTHUR PRICE

»

Issued under the authority of
The Honourable Alvin Hamilton, P.C., M.P.
Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources
Ottawa, 1960

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MARIUS BARBEAU

OTTAWA, May, 1959

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I

INDIAN DAYS ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES

The Indian seers and prophets had long predicted the coming of sky beings from the east, of men white like ghosts and powerful like manitous. Their visions of the future had been prompted by warnings, as rumours always travelled fast in the wide expanses of virgin America. The tribes anticipated uncanny visitations. They could not be taken by surprise, for "nothing ever happens," according to their own saying, "but what has already been foretold."

At the time when the world circumnavigators first explored the Northwest Coast, about the end of the eighteenth century, when de La Vérendrye, in 1843, approached the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and Alexander Mackenzie (1793), David Thompson, Simon Fraser, Gabriel Franchère, and other pathfinders first explored the mountain passes, there must have been few Indians, even in remote recesses, who had not already heard of the white man, if only through the distortions of native forebodings. From one to two centuries had elapsed since the Europeans had established their first settlements on the Atlantic Coast, and the news could not fail in time to spread westward.

Even before the advent of navigators on the Northwest Coast and pathfinders across the continent, many odd forerunners of a new age seem to have aroused the prairie and mountain dwellers out of their uneventful existence. Scourges hitherto unknown—cholera and smallpox—visited their land more than once, sorely reducing their numbers. As if to confirm the prophecy, herds of "sky-dogs" ("cayuses" or Spanish-Mexican horses run wild) invaded the plains from the south. The Blackfeet, the Stonies, and the Crees on the western prairies were soon to capture and ride them. The Rocky Mountain tribes used to come down the passes and hunt buffalo at the foothills, the Kootenays going as far as the headwaters of the Missouri. There they beheld the unfamiliar "cayuses" for the first time and managed to tame a few and bring them back to their own valleys.

From the West Coast came the tale of the Tlehonnipts, "Those-who-drift-ashore," not in whales, as at first believed, but in large wooden monsters (ships) covered with white wings (sails) and bright shells (copper). "Those-who-drift-ashore" had the magical power of hammering pieces of black rock (iron) into sharp knives and hatchets. Konapee and his companion, who were forced ashore, may have been Asiatics whose junk was wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia River, for they possessed metals and what seemed to be Chinese coins. Other tales of wrecks found their way up the valleys into the interior and are preserved in the local lore right to the present day; for instance, the "Beeswax ship," which seems to have been a Spanish vessel loaded with beeswax, probably for the use of the Lower Californian missions, that drifted far north and became a total loss. The white sailors who escaped from drowning soon infringed upon the family rights of their native hosts and brought them closer to extermination. The few survivors married Indian women, and their progeny have been noted for their fair complexions.

It is not surprising to find in the accounts of the discoverers—Cook, Dixon, La Pérouse, Meares, Thompson, Franchère—that sundry traces of earlier contact between the natives and the white men were evident. Whenever the visitors were sighted, whole bands would come forth, well prepared for the ceremony of welcome and the barter of furs and commodities.

Cook, the first to anchor in Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island in 1778, saw two silver spoons hanging as ornaments from the neck of a chief of the Nootkas. Not many years later an old blind man named Soto, living in his fishing lodge near the Cascades of the Columbia River, showed great courtesy when visited by Franchère in 1811 and claimed to be a white man himself, the son of a Spaniard who had survived with many others after a wreck on the sea-coast. From this it is clear that Spanish refugees must have been seen in the Columbia River valley some time in the first part of the eighteenth century; that is, more than fifty years before Cook "discovered" the coast and almost a century before Thompson travelled over the passes of the Saskatchewan.

At least a few decades before the appearance of any missionary, the natives already possessed notions of Christian rituals, possibly through seers like Beeny of the Carriers in the Northern Rockies. Franchère relates that David Stuart of the Astoria Fur Company was greeted near the rapids of the Columbia River in 1811 by a party of Indians, one of whom blessed the people by sprinkling water over their heads and acted much like a Catholic missionary. Because of this, the rapids have been known ever since under the name of "Rapides du Prêtre" (the Priest's Rapids).

If awe and reverence were apt to keep the natives on their guard whenever they espied the earliest white men in their country, it was because of superstitious fears. Their own seers' descriptions of ghost-like beings from the sky had not been forgotten. But their illusions were short-lived. The newcomers' lack of supernatural attributes could not escape their keen sense of observation, and they soon found out that, unlike ghosts and manitous, their strange visitors were nothing but men endowed with marvellous gifts, but as liable as themselves to starve, fall sick, and die. Awe then gave way to curiosity, that Indian-like curiosity and furtiveness which at times seemed ludicrous.

Some Willamettes of the Columbia River, for instance, could not help showing their surprise when they met the McKay party of the Astoria Company in 1811, and Franchère relates how they examined their visitors, opening their shirts, lifting their trousers, and comparing the skin of their hands and faces with that of their bodies until their curiosity was satisfied. Three years later, Ross Cox had a similar experience with some "Chaudière" natives near the waterfalls of the same river. "They had never seen white men," he relates with humour, "and their astonishment was extreme at the contrast between the tall raw-boned figure and flowing red hair of my friend—Mr. MacDonald—and my own cropped head, John-Bullish face, low and corpulent figure. An old woman wanted to see my arms uncovered, and when she was satisfied, she begged to see my breast. I accordingly opened my shirt, and she seemed no longer to entertain any doubts as to the skin of my body being all white. Now the supernatural colour of Mr. MacDonald's hair attracted her curiosity, and she wished to know more about it. The red-haired Scotsman complied and sat down. She commenced in the usual manner an inquisitorial search for certain animalcules which remain nameless. Her disappointment was great when she could not find a solitary "ferlie," the absence of which she ascribed to the extraordinary colour of the hair." The sight of the "swarthy bodies decorated with buff belts" of a score of Sandwich Islanders accompanying the Astor party also attracted the attention of the Indians, who pointed toward them, speaking to one another with animation.

Years after the trading companies had established their forts all over the country, not a few Blackfoot natives were still apt to show their astonishment at the white men and their ways. Paul



A. Indian Days at Banff, Alberta, by W. Langdon Kihn.

Kane quotes the instances of Colin Frazer, Sir George Simpson's piper, who was an object of curiosit to the Athabasca River tribes, even as late as 1841, on account of his Highland costume and pipe "When stopping at the forts, the bagpipes were put in requisition, much to the surprise of the natives. As they had never beheld such an extraordinary looking man and a musical instrument with such a unearthly sound, they seemed to have "supposed the piper to be a relative of the Great Spirit," an one of them even asked him to intercede on his behalf with the powers above.

In time, the inhabitants of the plains and the mountains so far revised their estimate of th newcomers as to consider them mischievous, undignified, and foolish—not always without reason But they could not forget the superiority of European crafts over their own. Native contrivances, mad simple for lack of metals and pottery, were doomed from the first, for the tomahawk and the bows an arrows could never compete with steel knives, axes, and flintlock guns. The animal skins which the used for dress could not compare in their eyes with the brilliant new garments on the trading counters and their water-tight bags and baskets had to be discarded for brass or iron kettles. Their first glimpse of the white man's weapons and tools left so deep an impression on their minds that their descendant after many generations still have preserved vivid recollections of the event. When we ask any well-informed old-timer in the Rocky Mountains, "Tell me all about the first gun, the first steel axe, the first kettle that were ever seen in your country," almost invariably he can tell long stories about them. The tale of Big-Raven, a hunter of the northern plateaux, will serve as an illustration.

"The rumour for a long, long time was that things would soon be different, that the world would be made easy to live in. Chief Maloolek (Walking-Skeleton) became very excited when he heard that the change was about to come. He gave up work—he would hunt no more. His nephews left him sitting at the back of the house, waiting for the change to come, while they themselves resorted as usual to the far distant hunting grounds in the mountain passes to the east. The hunters knew that the chief was lazy, so they only laughed at him.

"While most of the people were away, some Indians of a neighbouring tribe came over; they came to Maloolek's village; not only that, but to his own house. He was still there waiting for the things that would make life and the world easy. He awaited the coming of the White Man for five years, sitting without working, without hunting. As he spied the strangers at long last, he put on his dancing-robe, sang and danced to welcome them. He knew that the moment had come and his heart was glad. While singing his song, 'Who am I to fight with?' he waved his stone axe in the air and threw it away on the dump heap.

"The strangers had an iron axe to trade. This was the purpose of their visit. But the axe was so precious that they would not unwrap it yet. Maloolek invited them and the few people left in the village to a feast. The guests were to witness the ceremony of unwrapping what was to make life easy ever after. When finally the axe was unwrapped, the people looked at it as if it had been a manitou; they looked at it for a long while. Then one of the Indian strangers invited Maloolek and the other people to follow him outside, to learn the magic power of the axe.

"The holder of the axe selected a small poplar to his own liking and asked the people to stand around at some distance; but he was not yet ready for the ceremony. The old men, the old women, and the cripples leaning on their sticks had plenty of time to gather round the ring. Word then passed round, 'He will hit it five times and it shall fall.' Those who had faith in the tool echoed, 'Yes, it shall fall.' But this seemed incredible, as the people always had to chop a tree all around like beavers, for ever so long, with their stone axes. The incredulous ones insisted, 'No, he will have to hit it ten times, twenty times, and then, maybe, it will not fall.' They stood there looking and discussing, almost coming to blows among themselves, until the holder of the axe feared bloodshed. He grew excited, raised the axe, and brought it down upon the poplar. Four times only, twice on each side, he hit the tree, and it fell down upon some women before they had time to move. Shouts of joy greeted the event. Maloolek now traded for the (iron) axe, and the strangers left with huge packs of moose hides and other furs.

"Now then, there were only two trails leading in and out of the village, one named 'the Moving Trail,' and the other, 'the Travelling-Trail.' Both were used by the hunters. Maloolek started out with his new iron axe, all by himself, and he chopped trees down, chopped trees down all along the trail just in sight of the village on both sides. The chips he gathered in heaps, in the middle of the footpath, and the ends of the trees he dragged across the trail.

"When the absent hunters arrived on the spot they were thunderstruck; they 'fell dead' with surprise. 'Look at it all,' they exclaimed; 'what was to make life and the world easy has come in our absence!' They stayed there gazing at the chips and the trees; they could not move; they could not leave those chips and those trees. They camped right there, awaiting for the other hunters to return, also to be thunderstruck in their turn.

"The next day the hunters moved in a body into the village. It was Maloolek's turn to laugh at them, and the people thought it was a great joke. They asked, 'What were you doing along the trail last night? What kind of men were you, not to be able to end the journey when you were just in sight of your very houses?' "

Traditional accounts of the first white men ever seen in the land have also survived in many parts; some of these are now given with glimpses of humour by the present-day narrators, who seem to imply, "Our ancestors knew little; they were like children compared with ourselves." To follow an Indian narrative again, here is how the first appearance of two white hunters—possibly French *coureurs-des-bois* or half-breeds—had been remembered at Hiding-in-Mountain village, to the north of the Big Bend of the Columbia River.

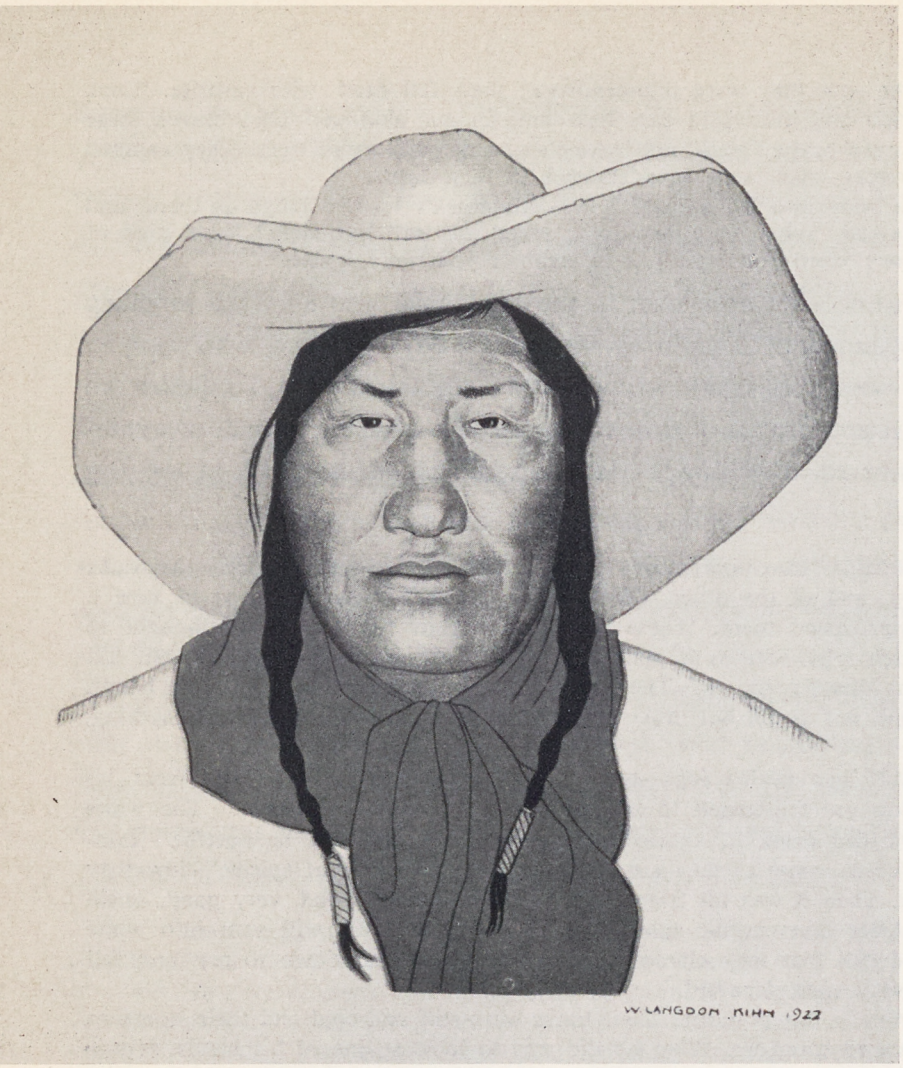
"This took place long ago, in the mountains. Two hunters of our own tribe were travelling along the trails, in the passes. The name of one was Rain-drop, and of the other, Cloven-hoof. As they were preparing to ford a deep creek, two men unlike anybody else approached them. 'These are People from the Sky,' they thought to themselves. But they could not move away; their legs were as if stiffened by the cold. Rain-drop said, 'I will kill them'. Cloven-hoof retorted, 'Beware! it means disaster for us!' They had only hafted stone axes in their hands. When they saw that the ghost-like strangers were not afraid but drew nearer, they thought, 'We cannot do anything, we cannot help ourselves.'

"One of the two men—they were white like peeled logs—took a cup and a crystal-like bottle from his pocket and poured out a drink. Rain-drop was too frightened to try the cup. So was Cloven-hoof. The white man then swallowed a mouthful himself. 'If he can drink it,' thought Cloven-hoof, 'it may not be hurtful.' Rain-drop's idea was, 'If we drink it, we may become as white as they are. We may get the power of spirits.' Now they were both willing. Rain-drop took the cup first. Then it was his friend's turn. They found it good, very good, much better than anything they had ever known. After one cupful, another. They felt jolly. 'We will turn into white beings from the sky.' The change was so wonderful that they clamoured for more. They sat down to rest and fell into a stupor. When they knew no more, the white men departed.

"They must have stayed there a long while, a day or more. Their limbs were stiff and cold and their stomachs sick when they came to. Rain-drop was the first to stand up. What he did was to look at one of his hands. It was not white, but the same shade as before. The other hand was not different. He had not had enough to drink. The change had only begun. Cloven-hoof was sick when he came to. He fell to sleep again, and when he awoke his friend was gone. 'It is all very strange,' he said; 'Rain-drop is surely gone to the sky, and I am left alone here. I did not get enough to drink; that is the whole trouble.' He was disappointed to find the shade of his skin unchanged. After crawling a short distance, he found his friend asleep on the trail. 'He stopped only half-way,' he thought; 'not enough drink!' And he also lay down to sleep again.

"Before a few days had passed, they were much disappointed. The change had left nothing but regret to them. When they reached home and told their experience, the old men laughed and said, 'You fools! These were not ghosts, but white men.' "

The invaders at times turned the native credulity to their own advantage. Mr. McDougall of the Astoria Company had good reason to use every means to protect his men against the thievish bands frequenting the Dalles of the Columbia. He knew with what dread they remembered the smallpox epidemics of the past. The most harrowing features of their ravages were not yet forgotten. In the height of fever the sick used to plunge into the cold river or roll in the snow; but this treatment brought instant death. Others committed suicide out of fright. Whole villages were wiped out; others had only a few survivors. "The great Master of Life," so they believed, "had delivered them over to the Evil Spirit in punishment for their wickedness." In the midst of a gathering of several chiefs at the Dalles, Mr. McDougall showed a small bottle containing a dark liquid and said, "My party here is small in numbers but strong in medicine. You must advise your people not to molest us, else I shall uncork this bottle; it contains the spirit of smallpox, and you will all die out." The chief's protest was immediate.



1. George McLean, a Stony, by W. Langdon Kihn.

No, he should not uncork the bottle! Their own people had always been friendly to all visitors and would remain so. The thieves belonged to an inland band that had no furs to trade and so resorted to robbery to secure the much-desired goods. If the bottle were uncorked, the evil would run wild for the ruin of good and bad Indians alike; and it was unjust to punish friends for the crimes of marauders. This argument could not fail to convince the shrewd trader, who thought it advisable to conclude that if any white people were attacked in the future he would uncork the bottle and empty it of its black potion. From that day (in 1814) Mr. McDougall was greatly dreaded by the natives, who firmly believed that he held their lives in his hands. The honorific name by which he became known was "the Great-Smallpox-Chief."

The Cœur d'Alènes tribe was not so far removed from the Dalles Indians as not to be impressed by the rumours of the threat of the white traders. More than thirty years later, in 1847, they related to Father de Smet that the first white man seen in their country wore a white coverlet and a smallpox shirt, that is, a calico shirt spotted all over with black and white. To them the shirt was none other than the Smallpox manitou himself, and the white coverlet, that of the Snow. The only safe course for them, therefore, was to purchase the shirt and coverlet manitous in order to propitiate them. So they



2. Hector Crawler or Calf-Child, a Stony medicine-man, by W. Langdon Kihn.

induced the white stranger to part with his valuables in return for several of their best horses. For many years these manitous remained the objects of profound veneration. On great solemnities they were carried in procession to a high place and spread on the grass in the sight of all the Indians. The medicine-pipe was smoked in their honour, just as if they had been the Sun, the Moon, or the Sky. Sorcerers sang incantations to them, and the dancers joined in a tribal celebration.

Soon after the fur-trading companies and the Oregon immigrants had introduced their wares in large quantities, in the forties, a marked change came over the appearance of the Columbia River tribes. A few years before, men, women, and children did not mind going almost naked when they camped near the trading posts. But now they paraded in dresses and costumes of grotesque shapes and colours. As Father de Smet puts it, the Dalles were then "a kind of masquerading thoroughfare" where immigrants and Indians met, the former in search of provisions, horses, and canoes, the latter receiving in exchange old travelling clothes—trousers, coats, caps, and boots of every size and description—now discarded by immigrants, settlers, and adventurers of Spanish, French, British, and German extraction.

As a result of this barter, most of the Indians could boast of prizes nowhere displayed more proudly than in the presence of the white people they chanced to meet. Some would wear the full dress

of wagoners; others, a mixture of women's, wagoners', sailors', and lawyers' garments, all to suit thei fancies. Women attended to their domestic pursuits arrayed in calico gowns, buttonless vests, an flannel coats usually besmeared with fish oil and fatty substances.

The barter for furs and commodities was a lengthy procedure. The procrastination of th natives before engaging in business was proverbial. Traders and customers had first to sit through th whole performance of smoking the calumet, speech-making, singing, and dancing, until everyone wa hoarse and exhausted.

According to Ross Cox's description, when the hunters arrived at a fort they dumped thei packages of furs in a heap on the ground and sat around it in a circle. The chief trader then lit th calumet of peace and solemnly blew a whiff of smoke toward each cardinal point. Other puffs followe in succession. The calumet was then passed to the visiting chief, who repeated the ceremony, an from his hands it went round the circle, from mouth to mouth, until everyone had given a few whiff and the pipe was empty.

The speeches made by the chiefs in loud singing voices were punctuated at almost every sentenc by acknowledgments of *hoy, hoy!* from the hunters sitting around the circle. One such was heard b Sir George Simpson at Fort Colville, where the Kootenays and the Spokans and the Pend d'Oreilles use to have dealings. An old chief of the Chaudière tribe, whose only attire consisted of a buffalo hide made a speech of nearly half an hour before disposing of his furs, and he was sent away "as happy as a king," with a carpet, a shirt, a knife, and a small stock of ammunition and tobacco. The other chiefs, finding that long speeches paid so well, came forward in their turn "to have their talk out taking care, of course, to continue the palaver until the equivalents were forthcoming."

The Indians generally, the Stonies and Blackfeet in particular, did not take long to master the tricks of the trade. They fast developed into shrewd, hard dealers, "not a whit inferior," to use Ross Cox's words, "to any native of Yorkshire, Scotland, or Connaught, in driving a bargain." A specimen of their ingenuity is quoted by Sir George Simpson, who bought a fine mare and a two-year-old colt from the elderly female chief of the Kootenays. The explorer gave in exchange a tired horse, twenty rounds of ammunition, a blanket, and a fathom of tobacco. The woman was satisfied; but when the explorers were about to leave, she had made up her mind that her mare could have commanded a better price. So she tried to jockey Sir George into paying for what had been overlooked—the foa which the mare was to bring forth the following spring.

Unprogressive as the northwestern tribes may seem to us, it is nonetheless true that they have failed to safeguard the fundamental features of their traditional culture. Hardly any of their manual arts and contrivances have resisted the impact of trade wares and goods, even though some of them were fit to survive for the benefit of the community at large. The inspiring riches of their mythology have fallen into discredit and have been replaced by distortions of Christianity or mere scepticism. The disappearance of ancient customs that lay at the root of native ethics has brought the social fabric to the brink of the abyss. Self-confidence is gone; pride and ambition have been ruined—and hope in the future is slight, if not futile.

Before the white man was first encountered, he was looked for as a demi-god. His coming was greeted as a great blessing. The golden age seemed to be dawning. The heirlooms of the past were cast aside; their discredit was final. But the day of awakening was not long in coming. The white

vaders were not "Sky-beings," the benefactors of no one but themselves. The possession of their oods, their riches, made life more happy. Prosperity as a result did not fall to the lot of the Red Men, e first occupants of the land; for, after more than a century of service to the fur-trading companies, ey have not managed to secure themselves against the perils of a rainy day. Nor was their providence wholly to blame, for no European, however thrifty, could have stored away the perishable d scanty proceeds of the trade in the trying circumstances of nomadic life.

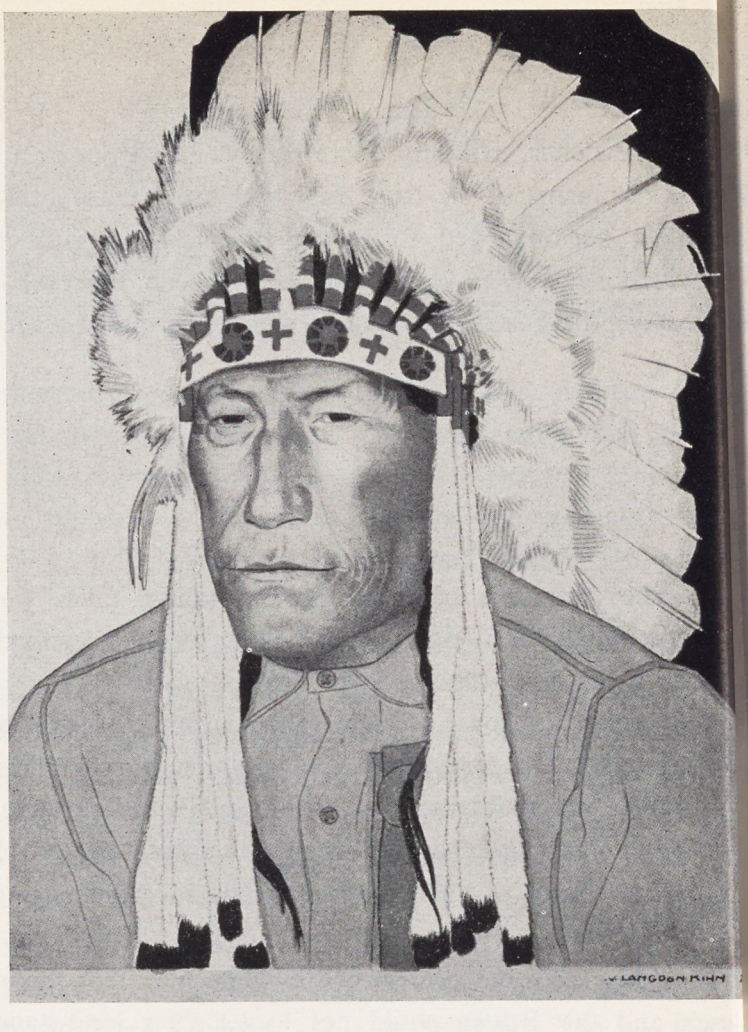
ON THE WAR PATH

The American tribes in pre-Columbian times were not wholly free from the taint of war. nvasions of territorial rights were known to have resulted in clashes. But the native feuds would not ompare with the battles of large armies overseas. The scalp hunters stalked forth in mere handfuls nd only under the cover of night. Their weapons—bows and arrows, and the tomahawk—never reaped large harvest. Open encounters were shunned as wasteful folly. The careful balance between offence nd revenge was maintained so as to keep the measure from overflowing. Peace and justice as a whole revailed to a far greater degree among the untutored Red Men than among the more civilized Europeans. he golden age of savage existence, while it lasted, was gradually leading up to the higher stages of ulture.

It was with the coming of the white man that the curse of war really invaded these shores. The French and the British could not forget their long-standing differences. Soon after settling on the Atlantic Coast they sought allies among the tribes within reach of their strongholds, and their feuds pread like wildfire, first to the forests, then across the prairies to the west. The Iroquois and the Hurons engaged in deadly skirmishes around the Great Lakes. Firearms meant victory for the nation that secured their possession, and extermination for its less fortunate rivals. The Iroquois won the race and as early as 1650 had practically wiped out the Hurons, a nation of thirty thousand souls, or twice their own numbers.

The competitive fur-trading companies continued to enlist Indians in support of their interests and furnished firearms to their allies, while slowly penetrating into the interior of the continent. The Crees and other eastern tribes began their drive from the Hudson Bay into the prairies. The weaker nations had to yield, but under stress they encroached upon hunting-grounds that belonged to other occupants. Feuds that were to spell the ruin of the prairie dwellers took place between the Crees, the Stonies, the Sarcees, and the Blackfeet. Similar conflicts were all the while spreading beyond the headwaters of the Missouri. The Sioux, the Flatheads, the Kootenays, and their neighbours incessantly wrangled for ancient privileges, as they drew nearer the foothills or even sought shelter in the mountain ranges.

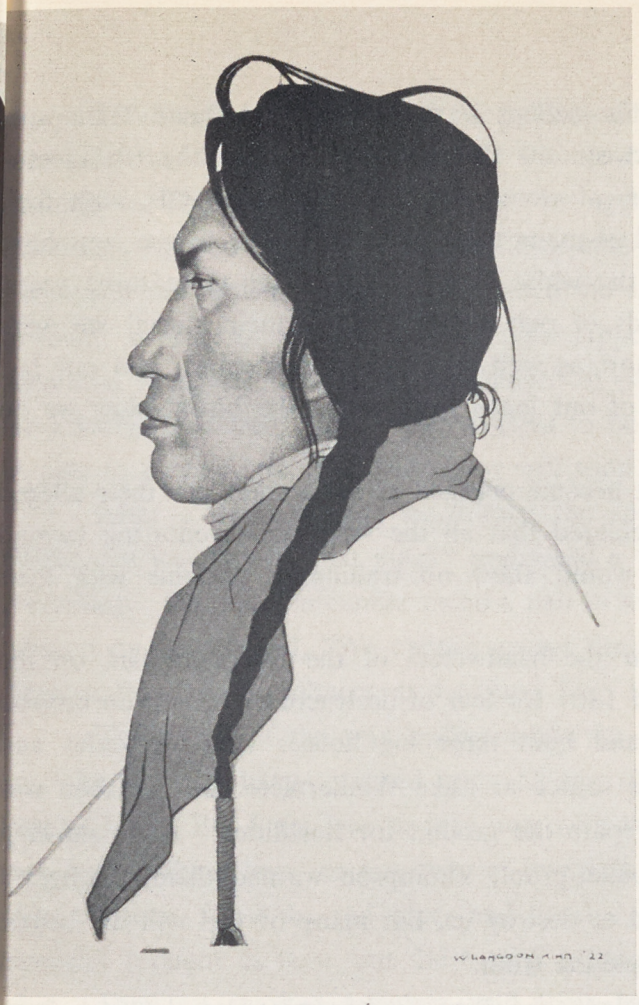
Frontiers were not an idle question for the contenders. They meant safety within their borders where the hunters could scatter at random according to the needs of the chase. In the pursuits of nomadic life the welfare of all hinged upon the success of the hunt.



3. Ben Kakwits, a Stony, by W. Langdon Kihn.

Game and fish were plentiful in the early days, and there was little danger of starvation. Th buffalo roaming the plains in immense herds presently became the source of all their misfortune Parties of hunters from various tribes would clash over conflicting claims. No redress could be foun but in violence. The security of frontiers once abolished, might proved the only protection, numbers an cunning the only pledges of victory. In the earlier encounters, the Crees, and then the Blackfeet, had th upper hand. They had secured firearms from the traders. The Blackfeet were the bedouin of the prairies Their numbers and boldness gave them the ascendancy over other nations, and they never relented in th defence of the vast domains, which extended from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains and from th sources of the Missouri to the Saskatchewan. Their war and hunting parties were the terror of the land. I the many encounters with the scattered parties of Cree, Stony, and Kootenay poachers, they wer generally victorious. And bitterness sank deep everywhere. The toll of lives grew heavier as time wen by. The confused threads of murder and revenge could no longer be unravelled.

Nor were the territorial claims of the Blackfeet beyond dispute. Were they not themselve intruders from the east, long ago? The Kootenays and the Flatheads, among others, claimed that th privilege of hunting the buffalo had come down to them from their forefathers. Though they now live across the mountains, they had always largely depended on the buffalo for subsistence. From childhoo they had migrated twice a year in family groups down the mountain passes for the same pursuit.



4. George Kakwits, a Stony, by W. Langdon Kihn.

The mountain tribes might have renounced their pretensions, for they were fighting a losing battle, with only bows and arrows to oppose the guns of the marauders of the plains. Game could be found on their own mountain slopes—deer, mountain sheep and goat, bear, wild-fowl and fish. But even the tragedy of their dwindling numbers failed to curb their hereditary bias. The buffalo was at stake, and if anyone hinted at withdrawal from the badlands, they replied that while a single one of their warriors remained alive they would do as their forefathers had done. No right could be relinquished.

Firearms were the cause of all their misfortunes, since only the Blackfeet could procure them from the North-West Company at Fort-des-Prairies, east of the mountains. The Kootenays and their allies—the Flatheads, the Cœur-d'Alènes, and the Shuswaps—entertained the most violent hatred against the white men for their harmful favouritism. But when they first met the fur traders in their own valleys they welcomed them. In the establishment of trading posts, beaver skins were the chief inducement to the stranger, as the Indians knew full well, and on their hunting grounds beaver abounded. So they obtained firearms to meet their old enemies on equal terms. They were overjoyed at their new opportunity, which meant salvation to them. They stocked up with arms and ammunition and were not long in finding a chance for bloody reprisals against the Blackfeet. From that day, their encounters on the plains took a different turn.

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In the autumn of 1812 a Salish chief vented his feelings in the presence of David Thompson the explorer, who attended the peace pourparlers between the Piegans—a branch of the Blackfeet—and the mountain tribes: "We have now twenty tents of women who have no husbands, with their children whose fathers are in the Land of Spirits, and as many tents of aged women whose sons have fallen in battle. We have all noticed the arrival of the white man among us for these three years bringing us guns, ammunition, and iron for the heads of our arrows. Before their arrival we were pitiful and could not defend ourselves. But we are now as well armed as our enemies, and our last battle has obliged them to give up to us great parts of our lands for hunting the bison. Now we do not fear to war with them."

Taken by surprise and defeated, the Blackfeet became enraged at the traders for their alleged duplicity. They proceeded to Fort-des-Prairies and declared that all the white men venturing beyond the mountains would be treated as enemies. They would allow no trading in firearms with their rivals. And their threat was put into execution.

The North-West Company's trading post near the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, on the Kootenay Plains, had to be abandoned in the spring of 1807 for fear of destruction. Thompson crossed the mountains by the defiles of the Saskatchewan and built three log houses with stockades and bastions near the point where the Columbia leaves its source at Lake Windermere. But he soon was visited by two Piegans, who had come on foot to prepare the ground for hostilities. After showing them that the solid walls of logs were strong and bullet-proof, Thompson warned them, saying, "I know you have come for an evil purpose. You intend to destroy us, but many of you will die before you do so. Go back to your country, and tell your people the truth."

When the spies returned home with their message, the Piegans determined to despatch forty warriors to attack the new outpost. The raiders camped in front of the bastions, close to the gate, so as to overawe the traders, six lone white men within, and compel them to surrender without a shot. There they remained stationed without venturing to attack, for their chief, Kootanae Appee, had received instructions not to lose a single warrior. They never found their chance. The white traders were on the watch behind ten well-loaded guns in large "augur" holes. What is more, they were much disturbed at being discovered by some Kootenay hunters. They knew that their presence in foreign territory would be construed as a transgression, inviting reprisals.

The party departed after a siege of three weeks, and its report aroused the Piegans to decisive measures. The Kootenays and the white men were to be crushed while it was easy. The war chiefs agreed that this would soon be made impossible by the introduction of firearms among their enemies; they declared, "The Kootenays have always been our prisoners, and now they would equal us. No, we must not suffer that! They shall all perish, for we know them to be desperate men." An old chief observed, "We are called upon to go to war against a people better armed than ourselves." But this remark brought only rebuke upon him from the others, who said, "The older he gets the less sense he possesses."

A party of three hundred warriors under three chiefs gathered. Kootanae Appee exhorted them in a speech. He advised each man to take dried provisions for ten full days, "for we shall leave the country of the bison. After that we must not fire a shot or else we might be discovered."

The Piegans proceeded by the defiles of the Stag River across the mountains to the Columbia, some distance from the trading post. Two of their spies called at the post, thus unwittingly giving warning to Thompson, who suspected the approach of a large force. It was fortunate that some Kootenays arrived at that moment. Their eyes glared like tigers' at the Piegans. To avert disaster Thompson resorted to cunning. He invited the spies to sit down and smoke, and he brought presents to them: six feet of tobacco for Kootanae Appee, their chief, and a calumet of red pipestone with a decorated stem; eighteen inches of tobacco to each of the three chiefs, and a piece for all the others. He solemnly declared, "You have no right to be in this country. You must hurry away, for I will not be able to protect you. The Kootenays will soon be here to fight for their own trading post."

After a day's journey northward the spies met their own party and delivered the presents. "What can we do with that man?" exclaimed a war chief. "He knows all about the stars; he can see everything. Our women cannot mend a pair of moccasins but he knows it." He laid down the pipe and tobacco on the ground, "We cannot accept these if we decide for war." A great temptation came to them, as they had no tobacco at the time. They looked at the prize wistfully.

The oldest of the war leaders made up his mind. "You all know me, who I am and what I am," he said. "I have attacked tents all my life; my knife cuts through them. This I shall do as long as I live. But I am face to face now with logs that balls from our guns cannot pierce. The white men behind these logs are not even at war with us. I shall go no further." Upon these words he cut some tobacco, filled the red pipe, and handed it to Kootanae Appee, the head-chief, adding, "You have not brought us here, but the foolish tribal chief who himself never goes to war."

They all smoked together, and their feelings were relieved. Peace was the only outcome. The next day they retraced their steps and climbed back into the mountain passes.

Though they refrained from further incursions across the mountains at that time, the Piegans did not forget their grudge. When Thompson, in the autumn of 1810, proceeded up the Saskatchewan with goods for the need of the trade along the Columbia, he was stopped by Black-Bear, a Piegan chief, and forced to turn back. With grave risks he resumed his journey by subterfuge at night.

To his dismay, some of his canoes failed to make an appearance the next day. Danger was imminent. An old hunter rose early in the morning, looked at the fresh venison hanging from poles outside, and said, "This meat will never be eaten. I have had a bad dream." Two scouts started back to look for the stragglers. They found the spot where the canoes had last landed and noticed blood on a low stone rampart erected for self-defence. To warn the canoe men of their presence they imprudently fired a shot; the Piegans' camp stood only a short distance away.

In a hurried flight for life up the river, Thompson aroused his party to action. But the odds seemed against him. Fallen trees blocked the trail at every turn, and the tracks of the horses made it easy for the pursuers to gain ground on foot. A fall of snow early in the afternoon made the chase difficult. Then the sight of three grizzly bears smelling the tracks of the horses in front of them took the warriors by surprise. Nothing but the white man's witchcraft could have induced these spirit-like bears to stand there for their protection. So the chase had to be given up. There was nothing else to do against such a foe. This belief was a mercy to the fugitives, who rode through the woods until dark

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5. Mrs. Halloway, a Stony, by W. Langdon Kihn.

and then at night awaited their fate with anxiety. When they saw no enemy the next morning, they were at a loss to know what to do—take to the defiles in the mountains or return and look for the straggling party behind. Two days afterwards, men and canoes were found at the lately deserted trading post, forty miles below. It was determined thereafter to adopt a safer route to the Columbia River, that of the Athabasca River passes farther to the north.

Other Piegan war parties went out later to intercept Thompson's progress, but to no avail; they could not trail him. Out of spite, they destroyed Salish House, one of his new trading posts, attacked some of his Iroquois hunters, and slaughtered a whole family of Kootenays whom they found in the neighbourhood.

The Piegans soon perceived that the advantage would not forever be on their side, for their enemies were growing bolder and more successful whenever they appeared on the plains for the buffalo hunt. Being the westernmost relatives of the Blackfeet, they stood the brunt of the war and had much to complain of in other ways; their own allies would often steal their horses on pretense of making raids beyond the foothills. So they decided to sue for peace.

Five of their emissaries met the Columbia River tribes in council. The Salish, the Kootenays, and their neighbours longed for peace but could not trust their enemies, who had deceived them too often. An old Spokane chief threw his robe aside and showed the scars on his breast. "Our enemies



6. Mary Alice McLean, a Stony, by W. Langdon Kihn.

are proposing peace," he said with bitterness; "how often have they done so before! Whenever we trusted their words, we scattered in small parties and hunted the bison. But we were attacked; our women and children were destroyed. Who among us has not many times cut his hair to mourn relatives and friends? We were willing to trust but were sure to be deceived. Peace in that way becomes a time of anxiety. Who is there among us who believes them?" Speaking to his own friends, he added, "Do as you please. Now I sleep all night, but if you make peace, I shall sleep in the day and watch all night."

Reliance could not be placed in the intentions of the Blackfoot nations. Their offer could not be accepted. The chiefs agreed, "We are now as well armed as they are. When we had no guns, no iron heads for our arrows, we had to accept our fate. We were called cowards. They often came to our lands and left marks of blood. But now we must show ourselves on their prairies. When the bison become fat again in the summer, we shall hunt not only upon the land we have always claimed, but far beyond. The hearts of our men are sore. We shall muster strong and make ourselves respected."

The chiefs kept their pledge. When the buffalo became fat, they formed a strong party and marched down into the prairies for the hunt. Their inroads upon the territories of the enemy led to an encounter. They selected their ground behind a grassy ridge where they could hide and observe the enemy. The horses were used only for riders to watch enemy movements.

Thrown upon the defensive, the Piegans and their allies would not yet go forward; their idea was first to ascertain the numbers that confronted them. They did nothing the first day but dash about

in small groups on horseback, attempting raids over the hillside. But they could not draw the enem out of their positions. As soon as the Piegans knew that the chances were about even, they decided on a bold attack. They formed a single line, at intervals of about three feet, and dashed up the slope singing war songs and dancing a wild dance with snake-like movements. The Salish and their allies were ready for the battle. Their songs enlivened the echoes to the west, as they called forth their war manitous, the Sun and the Thunder. On their cheeks, on their breasts, and on their thighs they had painted rain-drops with red from the vermilion springs in the mountains. The rain-drops meant "When I am wounded and the blood runs from my veins, may it not trouble me more than this red paint on my skin." On the shoulders of their horses, red human hands had been drawn so that the enemies might fall in front of them and raise their hands for mercy.

The songs and dances suddenly came to an end. The two lines stood at close quarters. War whoops rang out, and the warriors fired their guns and discharged their arrows. The missiles from the hands of the excited fighters flew in all directions, but few were hurt. In the confused struggle that broke out, men and women from both camps met hand-to-hand with unearthly yells. While the men stood the brunt of the battle, their wives and sisters helped them, cheering them. Here, a mother led her sons to the attack; there, a young woman picked arrows on the ground and filled her brothers' quivers. Another shouted, "I thought those great warriors were men! I was wrong. It is not worth while even for a woman to chase them."

Many warriors lay scattered in the grass along the ridge, some dead, others wounded. The battle came to a halt, and the Piegans retreated with difficulty, carrying off their fallen and leaving behind some prisoners. Here they had met with their first real defeat.

The captives could expect no mercy at the hands of the victors. Torments ending in death at the stake awaited them; their sufferings would make the blood curdle if they were described. To understand the bent of the natives for vindictiveness, one should fathom the depth of their feelings at the loss of cherished relatives.

A Blackfoot warrior was tortured by his captors on Christmas day 1812, and Ross Cox relates with what courage he defied his tormentors. The Flatheads had gathered around the fire to witness the spectacle. Some of them heated an old gun barrel until it had turned red, and then burnt stripes as if to make a pattern on the legs, the thighs, the cheeks, and the neck of the prisoner, who stood perfectly motionless against a tree, to which he was tied. Then they cut the flesh about his nails and separated his finger joints, one by one. The Blackfoot never winced. Instead, he laughed and goaded them on to further efforts. "My heart is strong," he would say; "you cannot hurt me; you are like fools. Try it again; you don't know how to do it. We torture your relatives far better, because we make them cry like children."

A Flathead, who had lost one eye in an encounter years before, was standing sullenly near the fire. So the prisoner taunted him, "It was by my arrow that you lost your eye. Do you remember?" Thereupon the one-eyed brave darted at him and in revenge gouged out one of his eyes.

Undisturbed, the Blackfoot now looked with his remaining eye at another of his tormentors and said, "It was I who killed your brother and scalped your father. Have you so soon forgotten?" At this provocation the Flathead warrior sprang up like a panther, scalped his insulter, and would have plunged his knife into his heart had he not been advised to desist.

It was now the turn of the head-chief to be insulted by the bleeding prisoner at the stake. "It was I who made your wife a slave last year. We put out her eyes, tore out her tongue, and treated her like a dog." A shriek of rage greeted these words. The chief seized his gun and, before the sentence was complete, shot a ball through the prisoner's heart, thus ending his torments.

Blood-revenge was not enough to wipe out the sorrow of this respected chief. At the memory of his loss he retired to the woods, and there, in solitude, he called on the soul of his deceased wife to appear to him, as she was now free to proceed upon the trail to the land of the dead. Time did not efface his grief, and his hatred of the Blackfeet, like that of his warriors, was so intense, so deep, that no permanent peace could ever be patched up. Murder and revenge had to swing from side to side like a fatal pendulum until there were but few fighters left.

Although for many years the Blackfeet had been able to repel invasions and terrorize everyone, white man or Indian, they now had to face adversity at the hands of many enemies who formed alliances for self-protection against them. The ring of their frontiers once imperilled, the warriors could no longer parry all the blows aimed at their scattered camp-fires. Scarlet fever and smallpox carried off thousands, and disasters multiplied from year to year until they sat despondent, with their hair cut and their faces blackened. The year 1845, according to Father de Smet, was a sad one for them. In two skirmishes with the Flatheads in the west they lost twenty-one men; the Crees in the east carried off twenty-seven scalps and a great many of their horses; and the Crows in the south stunned them with a mortal blow when they massacred the entire Little Robe band, consisting of fifty families, and took nearly two hundred women and children into captivity.

It has been the Indians' own folly not to grasp the trend of their destiny when they first encountered the white people. Here they stood confronted with a race whose destructive powers and selfishness would invade their lands and their souls in such a way as to smother them out of existence. The struggle had begun at the first council-fire when the newcomers, as they smoked the calumet of peace with their native hosts, handed them guns and ammunition, introduced fire-water, and unwittingly spread abroad the germs of deadly diseases, so far unknown in the land. Wisdom called for peace, solidarity, and self-protection. But the Indians were driven by blind impulse to self-destruction, only to suit their conquerors. Their wars never helped any of them, but only stripped the country of its native occupants to such a degree that to-day their scattered remnants are easily lost sight of in the turmoil of modern life.

TCHAKTA, THE STONY USURPER

Tchakta [1] felt the lure of the white man's ways from the days of his youth. He never ceased to wonder at the enchanted existence of the pale-faced strangers recently arrived on the prairies. Whenever his tribe returned to the posts, year after year, he would lurk around the counters, gazing at the goods displayed before his elders, the Stony hunters, and feeling with his hands the queer shapes of the trading wares never before seen in the land. Curiosity among his kin did not endure long; novelty soon wore off. Indifference was the rule. Yet he, Tchakta, was never satisfied.

[1] Father de Smet called him Tchatka, but the Stony informant at Morley Reserve converted it to Tchakta in 1926.



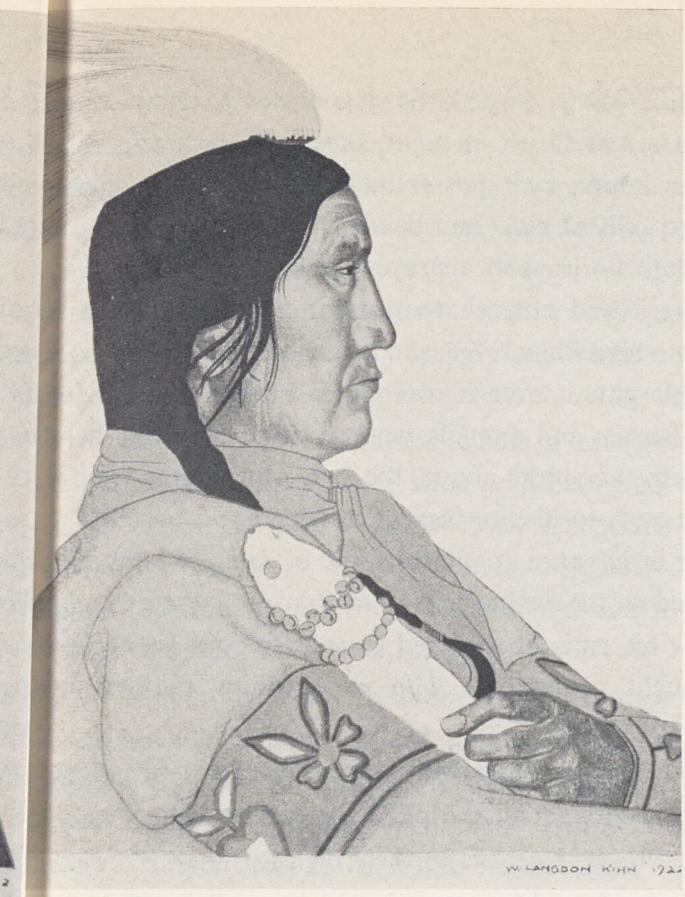
7. Georgie Hunter, a Stony girl, by W. Langdon Kihn.

His craving for new things persisted as he grew older, and his day-dreams were of massive log houses in palisades, of flashy garments, powder and gun, knife and dagger, and firewater to boot.

The fur traders could not fail to notice his unusual attention to all that concerned them. They took to him kindly for his youth, his good looks, and his cleverness. The French voyageurs laughed encouragingly at his attempts to conquer their vernacular and poked fun at his naïve pursuits and queries. "Le Gaucher," *Tchakta,* was the nickname they gave him, and as he was left-handed it passed on even among his own people.

Tchakta's natural abilities marked him as a leader of men. His family, besides, was a large and influential one among the eastern Stonies, whose hunting-grounds in those days—around 1770—extended west of Lake Winnipeg. His uncles wanted to train him in the wilderness, according to custom, for the only careers were those of a hunter and a warrior. Privations and toil made of a man a successful hunter; courage was the warrior's own virtue. But they found him lazy and cowardly. He disregarded the dictates of ancient wisdom. So they shook their heads. His uncle Walking-Bow dismissed him with a threat.

The truth is that he cared little for pelts and scalps, the ruling ambition of the time. He had notions of his own. He often resorted to the nearest trading-post, forsaking his relatives for prolonged periods. By sheer persistence he managed to learn many truths and many lies and to unravel a few puzzles. He finally penetrated the mysteries of the gun, casting death from a distance; of powder, tearing things to bits when it explodes; and of poison, slowly bringing death when consumed with foods.



8. Jake Swampy, a Swampy-Cree, by W. Langdon Kihn.

Above all he never tired of listening to the tales of another world. The French servants around the stores were fond of telling stories. He sat gaping at what they said of vast wars across the seas, of boundless armies, of guns the size of trees, of generals commanding thunder and lightning, of witchcraft producing wonders, and of kings and princes of fairyland basking in splendor and glory. The ambition to contemplate these marvels some day with his own eyes aroused him. But it also dawned upon him, after many disappointments, that the trail to the home of the mighty was long, almost endless, and was strewn with pitfalls. He could not very long entertain the hope of becoming a white man himself or of even living like a white man. Indians, it was easy to see, were not really wanted at the forts, except to procure furs, fish, and buffalo meat from their hunting grounds. And his services as messenger and guide did not seem much appreciated. One day he gambled on his last chance.

A chief in his own country always married his daughter to a chief's son. That was the custom. He himself was of good lineage, the nephew of Walking-Bow, whose fame as a powerful warrior had spread from the lakes to the mountains. And the chief trader's daughter was still unwed. More than once he had seen her, watched her; he had gazed at her as she smiled at him. That is why he made up his mind. She would be his bride, and he would live at the post with the white men. So he came with presents for the would-be father-in-law. His proposal was listened to politely. But the bridal presents were returned before the morrow. He had courted defeat.

In the face of humiliation he managed to curb his wounded pride; he stayed on at the post for a time. So strong had been his hope that it could be smothered only by stages. Then a feeling of revenge crept into his heart, only to be silenced. An Indian is never in a hurry.

He turned away at last from the land of promise, slowly, very slowly. His uncles were still wait for him on the prairies. To them he would return. He started off at night, unseen. The heavy bun on his back contained what was left of his former hopes, rich possessions for his life to come tobacco, a beaver hat, a red sash, a bright calico shirt, pills of slow and deadly poison, a double-blad knife in a sheath, a flintlock gun, gun-powder in buffalo horns, and a prayer-book full of magic son

Failure had not crushed Tchakta's ambitions; it had only sharpened his faculties. He was longer an inexperienced youth. The exploitation of his new knowledge and strange crafts enhanced prestige among his nomadic folk. Shrewdness was his gift, if ever it was in an Indian. He possess the white man's "powers," as every one could see. Charms and amulets worked miracles in his han He whispered incantations at night and communed with the spirits above, the powerful totems from t east. The potency of his magic bundle in itself was enough to inspire respect in friend and foe alike.

Prophecy had always led believers to submit in advance to the dictates of fate. No one dar resist the supernatural powers. To Tchakta it appealed as the easiest means for him to achieve domin tion. So he became a seer and a sorcerer. To further his ends he resorted to secret spots, had vision associated with jugglers and medicine-men, and sought young men who were willing to serve hi blindly as disciples.

Vigorous and strong, he always avoided danger. He sat on a hill or in a grove where he cou safely follow the progress of a battle, while the warriors fought in the plain. In case of defeat he w the first to escape, as a fleet horse stood behind him. Others were left to their own fortunes. To disar censure he would say, "I am not a fighter; I shall never be. My power is in my medicine." And h really was a great sorcerer. Every day added to his fame. Future events he could foretell as if readin them out of his prayer-book. His wisdom knew no bounds. He could see far away beyond the sky-lin What the others failed to detect was the means at his command: the young spies who served him a secret messengers to get wind of news. Probabilities were a guide to his foresight; so his prediction seldom failed.

The customs that regulated the choice of civil and war chiefs at first baffled his ingenuity Scalps and wounds from the battlefields alone recommended the newly elected to the tribal councils And he could show none. His black arts would not serve as substitutes. But the obstacle was overcome Walking-Bow, his uncle, had enough influence to help him in defiance of all precedents. And he wa finally admitted to sit among the brave and wise men of the nation.

The road to higher dignities seemed too uncertain for him. Others, young and old, excelled him in the ancient pursuits of war and peace. Their authority was so entrenched that it could not be disputed. What should he do? The reply was not long in coming. For his own advancement he would avail himself of his gift of foretelling the future and his power of destroying life with poison. Thus it came about that in prophetic spells he would say, "This chief has not long to live; so my manitou has told me." And the unfortunate leader whose name had been uttered would fall the victim of a mysterious ailment after weeks, sometimes months, of mental agony. All his rivals disappeared in the same way, one after another. Suspicion and the desire of retaliation more than once brought peril near him. Anger smouldered in many breasts. But he inspired fear, as one who can dispose of life. Many were they who thought it best to appease him by offering presents, buffalo meat, horses, and trophies.

Walking-Bow, the head chief, at times had to shield him against rivals and foes at home. He used his influence to help him in his rapid rise to power. No one dared oppose his will, for his stature, bravery, and violence defied resistance. Scalps taken from the enemy adorned his head-dress, his robe, his spear, and the saddle of his steed. Tchakta more than any other feared his anger. By flattery and deceit, by subservience to all his desires and fancies, he succeeded in winning his confidence and friendship. They often travelled together and gave one another feasts and banquets, in which the greatest harmony prevailed. Jealous as Tchakta was of Walking-Bow's rank, he could not dispense with him until all those opposing his march to supreme power in the tribe had been removed.

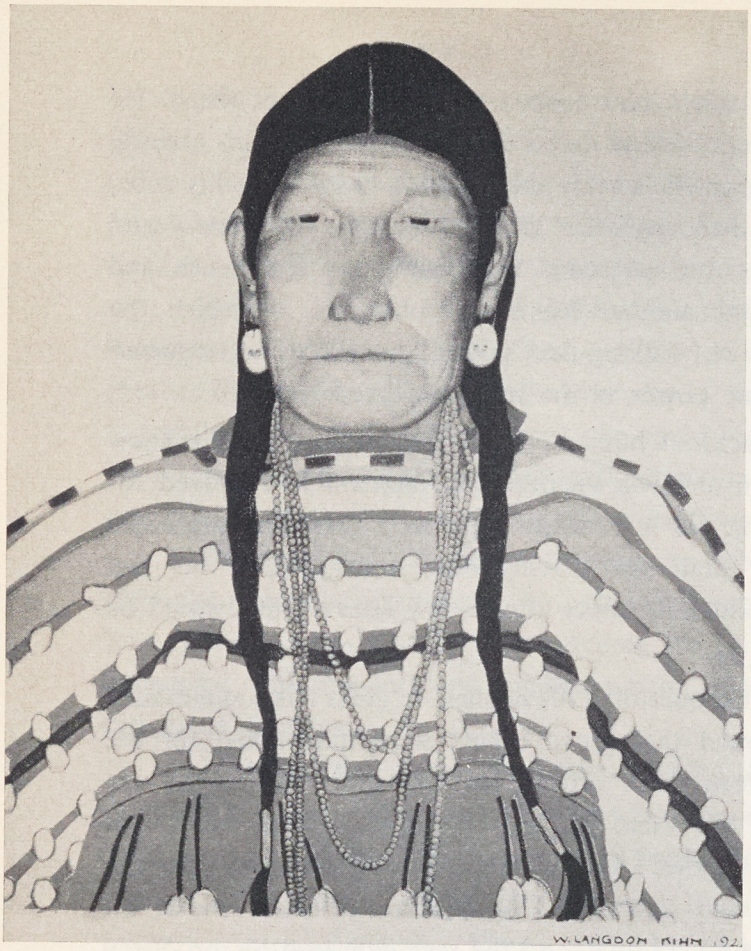
One day, his emissaries sighted a camp of Blackfoot hunters. From their description he knew that the warriors of his own tribe could surprise them and win victory. The moment had arrived for him to foretell the event and to strike a supreme blow. He invited his uncle to a feast and presented him with a poisoned dish of buffalo tongues. The fatal meal having been consumed to the last mouthful according to custom, it could not fail to produce its effect after a few hours. Thus would be removed the last obstacle in his path.

Walking-Bow had no sooner departed after the banquet than his nephew in great haste summoned all the leading warriors to his lodge. Word went round that grave events were impending, for the manitous had given warning. Tchakta appeared before them attired for the first time in all his finery—the flowing calico shirt, the red sash around his waist, the tall beaver hat on his head, and the open prayer-book in his hand. His manitou, the Thunder, stood in the centre of the lodge near the fire, under the shape of a magic stone painted red and surrounded by a fence of short sticks. At the sight of these strange objects, the assembly sat dumb with awe, and the seer delivered his prophecy as if under a spell. He could see far away and tell what was to happen. A camp of the enemy stood near a river, a few days' journey away. The Stonies could take it by surprise and capture many scalps. Time had come for them at last to avenge previous defeats. But that was not all. A most valiant brave present at the assembly would fall this very night never to rise again, and at the moment of his death the Thunder manitou would blow up in pieces with a dreadful noise, to accompany his departing soul into the world of spirits. Another chief, more favoured by the manitous, would step into his place for the good of all the nation.

A dismal silence greeted these prophetic words. Victory and revenge naturally aroused their expectations, but in spite of it all, dread appeared on every countenance. Who was to fall that very night? No one could tell, as many leaders were almost the equals of the head chief. Not even Walking-Bow had any idea of his own doom. But the prophecy could not be doubted; too many others had already proved true. The warriors withdrew in silence and gloom. Dark apprehensions invaded the camp with the shades of night.

At midnight a messenger came running to Tchakta's lodge, "Come, come! Walking-Bow is ill, very ill." But the wily seer could not so easily be induced to affront danger. His uncle, he knew, now suspected his treachery. He would stretch him dead at his feet while he still possessed enough strength. So he replied, "Go and tell him that my visit would not help him. And I could not at this moment leave my manitou alone."

Suffering from terrible convulsions, Walking-Bow declared to the friends and relatives surrounding him, "I suspect him, my nephew." Consternation and tumult spread to every lodge. So warriors



9. Mrs. Ben Kakwits, a Cree Indian, by W. Langdon Kihn.

uttered frightful yells, vowed revenge, and approached Tchakta's quarters. The seer, still attired i his finery, stood alone near the fire, facing his Thunder manitou. At the news of his uncle's ordeal, hbu pretended real sorrow, and trembling at the sight of uplifted tomahawks he enjoined the avengerwo to stay their arms and listen once more to his words.

"Relatives and friends," he said, "Walking-Bow is my uncle and my friend; we are of the samN blood and eat from the same dish. How could I injure him who has always given me his help an" confidence? He was the strongest of warriors at sunset and now is grappling with death. This show how powerful are the manitous. What could I do? If I predicted his death, it is because the verth spirit of Thunder was speaking through my mouth." As the tomahawks were still threatening him, heo pleaded again, "You disbelieve my words? If you do, look at my manitou, the red stone; look at it closely, for what I have predicted will happen. It will blow up in bits with a terrible noise when the great warrior dies. And when it has happened, will you again lift your arms against me? Will you distrust me as you do now?"

One by one, the warriors drew inside the lodge. Like mute sentinels they sat around the mysterious red stone. As they waited in dread for its disappearance, the fire grew dim and the light shimmered on their sinister faces. Ghost-like shadows danced on the sloping sides of the lodge. Runners from Walking-Bow's tent came by at intervals, shouting, "The chief utters naught but shrieks of rage against his nephew . . . He is in convulsions . . . He is growing more feeble; his speech is gone . . . He is in agony."



10. Joe Nana, a Kootenay, by W. Langdon Kihn.

Cries of despair responded to the last message: "He is dead!" And the red stone by the fire burst into a thousand fragments with the noise of thunder. It filled the lodge with fire and cinders, wounding those who sat near and frightening the others into a wild stampede. Tchakta's powers once more stood vindicated in the eyes of all. The feeling of revenge gave way to one of terror and reverence. No one approached him but with respect. His manitou being the Thunder, he now received the name of "Great Medicine."

At the back of his mind, Tchakta could congratulate himself on his good fortune. Simple though his deceits would have appeared to any white man, they meant witchcraft to his folk. The powers of gun-powder were still a mystery to them. Even if they had known how Tchakta had drilled a hole in the stone, filled it with nearly a pound of powder and fired the train from a safe distance in the dark, his prestige would not have been much lessened in their eyes. To them he was the greatest sorcerer ever known. His second sight encompassed both the future and the past, and his incantations reached beyond the world of the living into that of the dead.

Tchakta remained in seclusion the day that followed his uncle's death. No one but his secret spies dared approach him. The whole of the second day, the same silence continued around his abode. The same ominous quiet lasted through the night, until the morning of the third day. Some warriors then seemed again to be wavering between fear and vindictive hatred; others, less credulous, cast threatening glances in the direction of the medicine lodge. Great uneasiness now spread to every one,

and it seemed as if the band was about to split into two independent parties to avoid strife. "Wa the Great-Medicine lodge!" was the word that passed around about sunset. Agitation ceased all once. What was the powerful Tchakta doing?

The sky was overcast. Dark clouds speeded up from the northeast accompanied by flashes lightning and rumbles in the distance. The Thunder manitou, in the belief of many, was again approa ing the Stony encampment at a quick pace. Tchakta, on his side, awaited for the elements to a their pageantry to the display of his unearthly powers. Anxiety was the best background for triumph of witchcraft, and he was conscious of his renewed good fortune.

When the storm was about to break out at midnight, a deep sound from the seer's lod startled the people, a sound like that of a water drum. It was loud enough to be heard throughout camp. Tchakta's voice rose gradually, and the meaningless syllables he uttered were those of a n incantation. Runners now summoned the warriors to the Great-Medicine lodge, and while according etiquette, the assembly gathered, the wind, the rain, and the thunder roared mightily in unison.

At the back of the lodge stood Tchakta, a head-dress of swansdown on his head. His left ha beat a *tchantcheega*—a huge drum made of a hollow tree, about three feet high, with a deer sk tightly stretched over it and pegged at one end. Powerful new manitous, Lightning and Buffalo-Bu were painted yellow and red on the bleached skin, and on the wood all around a large number small human faces were outlined in black to represent Blackfoot heads.

Apparently unaware of the warriors' entry into the lodge, he continued his incantation, a when all were seated in a half-circle opposite, he kneeled down in the manner of a Christian a offered thanksgiving to the Great Spirit and his new protectors, the Lightning and the Buffalo, f their favours.

Standing up defiantly while thunder and storm raged outside, he intoned a war song. His li were dyed red with vermilion to indicate that the spirit of war was in his breath and that his thirst w only for blood, the blood of the enemy.

"Listen; listen to my dream, warriors and friends," he cried; "listen!" And they replied, "H ho! we do."—"For three days," he continued, "three days and three nights, I dreamed. My bod and my soul left this land and travelled westward to the abode of spirits and ghosts. There I hav beheld frightful scenes. I have heard sighs, moans, and lamentations. I have walked among the dead whos bones whiten the plains and are gnawed by the wolves in their lairs. The spirits of the dead were thos of our dear relatives, our unavenged warriors, women and children, those who have fallen by the han of our enemies, the Blackfeet. I see you tremble. Do you want to hear what they told me, or are you to frightened?"

An old sorcerer, perhaps a confederate of Tchakta, replied, "Young man, my friend, I believ in your words, for you always speak the truth. Your power is great, for Thunder and Lightning obe your command. Speak, if you love your tribe, speak out! We know that danger is near; you have alread warned us. I am an old man now; my limbs are feeble, but my mind is still clear. Speak! We listen t your words. What have the dead told you when you heard their moans and lamentations?"

With confidence Tchakta related the tale of his dream. "Let those who have ears listen once fo all! There is no time to lose. The souls of our massacred relatives cannot go to the land of rest unt they are avenged in blood. They wander up and down in the dark, through barren deserts, without

od for subsistence. They are cold, thirsty, and hungry. We are the cause of their torments, since e dare not start on the war-path against our foes, and they complain of our forgetfulness. My limbs embled at their sight, and my hair stood up. A friendly soul touched my hand and said, 'Tchakta, we now you. You are a great sorcerer. It is in your power to bring our deliverance. When you return to ur people, tell them what you have seen. In your tipi, you will find your new manitou, the drum *hantcheega.* Arise and beat it at night when the storm breaks out. We shall be near. Tell the warriors be ready to start on the war-path at daybreak, for thirty Blackfoot tents stand at the source of the Milk River, not far away. Victory shall be yours. Revenge will end our suffering!' Thus the ghosts have poken, and when I recovered my senses I found the drum *tchantcheega* at my feet. Now you have eard the truth, friends and relatives. What shall you do? I have spoken."

The Stony warriors rose to the last man before Tchakta's words were fully spoken. War was like he breath of their nostrils. They felt on their own conscience the reproach of unavenged deaths. Their atred of the Blackfeet was deep, unconquered. A rousing war-whoop went up, first in the medicine odge, then outside in the other lodges throughout the camp, and while the wind, rain, and thunder ere raging in the sky, the blood-curdling scalp dance circled wildly round the fire.

No time for sleep now. The women mended the moccasins and the leggings and prepared the ood bags. The men sharpened the points of their lances, filled their quivers with arrows, smeared their omahawks with paint, chanted invocations to their friendly manitous, and daubed their faces with ermilion. Tchakta now remained alone, sitting silent within his tent, near his big drum.

Four hundred warriors stood ready to start at daybreak, with their horses bridled and saddled. As they could not see Tchakta, they sent a delegate to his lodge, asking him to take the lead. But he replied, flattered though he was, "No, what you ask me cannot be done. A seer am I, not a warrior. My place now is near *tchantcheega,* the drum. Choose one from amongst yourselves." More delegates came forth, even from the families of his former rivals. They prayed; they insisted that no other but him could lead them to success. Their best leader was gone; Walking-Bow lived no more. He should stand up in his place. "Why should it be so?" he protested; "only yesterday your tomahawks were raised over my head. You wanted to shed my blood because I had foreseen what was to happen. You did not believe my words." But it was all different now. Never had they felt more confidence in their good fortune. The seer's promises were truth itself, and the opportunity to wipe out their shame and avenge the death of their fallen relatives had at last arrived. In the end Tchakta surrendered to their entreaties, but only after they had promised him unquestioning confidence and accepted him as head-chief of the whole tribe.

He then summoned one of his faithful spies to saddle his good steed. When it was done, he fastened his drum behind the saddle and intoned his war chant. With no other weapon than his dagger, concealed in its sheath under his garments, he joined his band, and all could gaze in the light of day upon the painted Blackfoot heads on the drum, the heads that were soon to be in their hands.

The rest of the day and the following night the Stony warriors travelled with the greatest precaution for fear of a surprise. They rested at dawn, while the scouts beat the surrounding country and planted rods in their path to indicate what direction to follow.



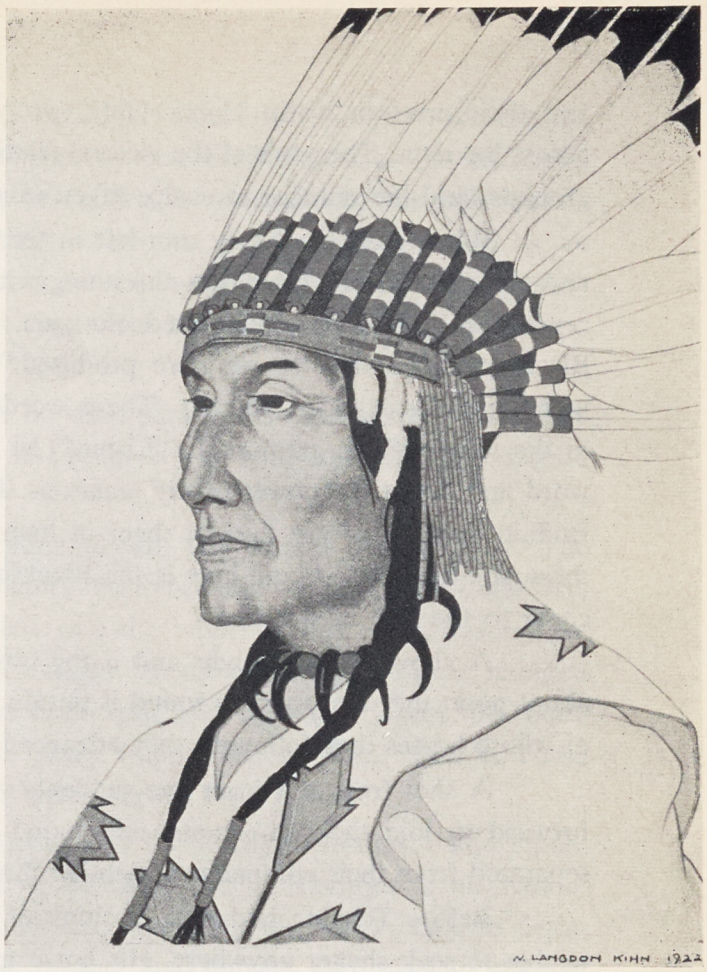
11. Louis Arbelle, chief of the Kootenay, by W. Langdon Kih

Before the party resumed the march, Tchakta declared, so that every one might hear, "If m predictions come true, we shall tear from the enemy as many scalps as there are on my drum. We sha see the great chief of the Blackfeet as he appears here, without scalp and without hands. All this is t happen before I have slept twice on the trail."

Some time before sunset a dense grove could be discerned in the distance on the edge of small stream. A few scouts ventured forward to guard their friends against surprise attacks. Upo finding the place unoccupied they erected a parapet of dried tree trunks and branches all aroun so as to make it into an encampment for a peaceful night. By a stroke of good luck, a herd of buffal came by in the morning, and it was easy to replenish the stock of provisions for several days to come

Tchakta meanwhile kept in constant touch with his runners. After a long day's march, he starte to beat his drum gently, and the warriors gathered around him. As they stood near the slope of a lo hill he raised his left hand, pointing beyond. "There you shall see the first signs—the mark of thei feet." And indeed, they discovered the tracks of nearly a hundred horses. The tracks were fresh; s the enemy could not be far. Their ardour for the battle increased ten-fold.

It was disappointing not to discover the Blackfeet the next day, nor the day that followed. Al the runners but one had returned without having sighted anybody. Some of the older warrior murmured, "The appointed day has passed, and yet what have we seen?" Another replied in jest, "Yes we have seen tracks of wild horses that lead nowhere." Tchakta silenced them, saying, "The time ha



12. Albin, a Kootenay, by W. Langdon Kihn.

not passed. I have slept only once on the trail. Rather say, the time has arrived, you men of great courage but little wisdom! Where do you expect to find the tipis of the enemy, on the open plain where you hunt the buffalo or in the groves where you camp at night? Perhaps on the hill-tops in the sight of all? The bear and the cougar hide their offsprings in their dens; the wolf, in a hole. The goat covers them up with hay. When you hunt the deer, do you peep through the bush and the briars? In the pursuit of the fox and the badger, do you seek the lairs where they are usually found? And where do you expect the Blackfeet to leave the tents that shelter their women and children while they are out after the buffalo?" Pointing his hand to a low forest beyond a large rock, at the end of the prairie, he concluded, "This is the rock I have seen in my dream."

Some of the most experienced men were at once dispatched toward the forest, under the cover of dusk. They returned before midnight with news that thrilled the hearts of all. "So it is: we have found the Blackfoot encampment, thirty lodges in all, occupied by old men, women, and children." The rest of the night was spent in war dances and in invocations to the manitous at the sound of the big *tchantcheega*.

The whole force of the Stonies surrounded the thirty Blackfoot lodges at daybreak, and the defenceless occupants were frightened out of their sleep by unearthly yells from every side. A handful of boys and women had the desperate courage to fight against all odds. The battle was short and the outcome hideous beyond words. The hour of revenge had come, and the Stonies bathed their hands

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and their arms in warm blood. Only two young men escaped death or capture by taking to flig across the river. The souls of the victors' relatives were now free to go on their way to the happy hunti grounds, and the number of scalps taken exceeded the marks on the seer's drum.

When there was only ruin left in the Blackfoot camp, the Stonies started back, past the for and the rock. Every heart was throbbing with savage joy, and yet there was one who could be hea remarking, "We have slaughtered old men, women, and children, but we have not encountered t Blackfoot head chief as we were promised."—"His picture is on Tchakta's drum, without scalp a without hands," added another. These words were reported to Tchakta, who assembled his warrio in the shade of the great rock. "Listen!" he said, "there are still some among you who disbelieve m word and doubt the power of my manitous. Let them beware, for my protectors the Lightning and t Buffalo may soon turn against them in their wrath! Look at my drum again! Here are the heads those you have killed, and here is the Blackfoot chief who is soon to die at our hands. We have not y come to the end of the trail."

A shower fell at night and a fog obscured the horizon in the morning. So dense was the fo about noon that the warriors found it unsafe to proceed single file. Preceded by their scouts, the track of whose horses they followed, they advanced in a body.

A shot from the front line suddenly warned them that an attack had commenced. They rushe forward to join the combatants, and found a band of thirty Blackfoot warriors, whom the fog ha separated from their companions, fighting their vanguard. The struggle was swift and deadly.

Before Tchakta had time to think of his own safety, he found himself in the midst of fighters unable to seek shelter anywhere. His horse tumbled under him and he fell to the ground. A Blackfoo of lofty stature and great strength hurled his spear at him. The weapon grazed his head and sank quivering into the earth. Then he dashed for him, knife in hand. Tchakta by then had had time t jump to his feet and draw his double-bladed knife from its sheath. Coward as he was, he found himsel compelled against his own choice to fight for his life. And he did fight with boldness and skill. He seized the wrist of his adversary, and managed to hold the knife off his own body.

When the battle in the front line had ceased, the Stonies returned to look for their chief, whom they had lost sight of. They found him struggling arm in arm, on the ground, with a powerful enemy. The Blackfoot at this moment disengaged his arm and raised his knife for a fatal thrust. But a tomahawk from behind stretched him unconscious, and Tchakta in his turn raised his own knife, shouting, "Friends, behold the chief of the Blackfeet!" and plunged the blade into his heart. With the same blood-stained knife he scalped him and cut his hands off, to fulfil the prophecy which has ever since been retold among the Stonies. Then he said, "Here is Bear's-Foot, the terror of our people for so many years," and he pulled off the white man's medal which hung from his neck as a mark of distinction. His warriors, in commemoration of this, now conferred upon him the name of Minayonka, "the Knife-holder."

After so swift and overwhelming a victory they all returned home with trophies. The exultation of the whole tribe ran so high that public rejoicing lasted for a whole moon; scalp dances, songs, and thanksgivings were repeated a hundred times. Tchakta's new name, Minayonka, "The Knife-Holder", was celebrated in every mouth. Never had the nation known such a famous leader, warrior, and sorcerer all at once. His ambition was fulfilled at last, for he was entrusted with the supreme, undivided

authority over the affairs of the nation. To mark his own triumph, Tchakta selected three wives on the same day, without even considering that two of them were already betrothed to two of his influential warriors. Protests were not heeded, and the parents of the brides felt so honoured by the head chief's choice that they forgot their former pledges and took their daughters to his lodge as soon as an invitation was received. To curb discontent and restore peace in every household, Tchakta decided to start for the hunt, but not without leaving orders to the most trusted of his partisans to poison his two rival pretenders in his absence.

Upon his return he feigned surprise at the news of the death of the pretenders, and only concluded, "So it always happens. The manitous have done it. Let those who contradict me, who despise my power, remember it! Their danger is near."

Powerful and satisfied as he should have been, Tchakta still felt restless in his heart. The recollection of his youthful disappointments at the fur traders' establishment—Fort Union—was still alive in his memory. But he could not yet determine what was the wisest course: seek revenge or swallow his resentment for fear of the white man's superior might. Secret misgiving, besides, haunted his mind. His drum *tchantcheega* was lost to him; it had been split and destroyed under the body of his fallen steed on the battlefield. The mishap was of slight importance to him. Still he could not forget it, and in it loomed up in his imagination an evil omen for his life to come.

Good fortune for over two-score years favoured Tchakta in his warlike ventures. His repute travelled far on the western plains, and he inspired dread in the camps of the enemies of his nation. When his warriors were defeated, as sometimes happened, he was invariably the first to take to flight, afterwards to state as an excuse that his new manitou, the Badger, had carried him away in spite of himself. No one but the most reckless would have dared question his word, for sudden and mysterious death never failed to overtake his opponents. He held the Stony tribes under the sway of his domination.

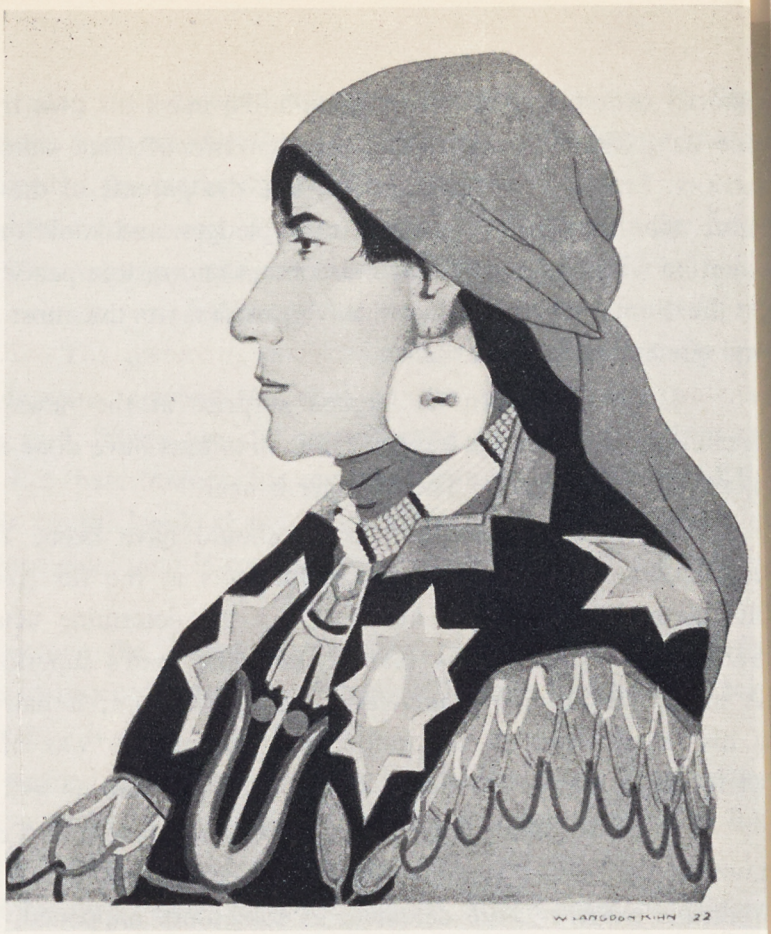
His first great reverse occurred in the year 1830. It was unexpected. Sixty of his warriors slain and sixty more left wounded in the hands of the Blackfeet was a heavy toll for a single encounter. Even with the utmost ingenuity, his false promises of victory could hardly be excused. A number of leading families went into deep mourning. Dismay soon gave way to resentment, to outspoken agitation. From this black day on, the prestige of the Stonies and their famous leader seemed to wane.

Tchakta planned a bold stroke in a new direction. Without any loss of time he must retrieve his great loss, arouse his warriors out of their despondency, and "cover the dead," so that the period of mourning of the aggrieved relatives might come to an end.

He retired to his sacred lodge in anticipation of new dreams, new visions of victory. This time his determination moved against the white traders stationed at Fort Union, the post where his early ambitions had encountered defeat. Badger, his manitou, had ceased to serve his purpose, so he called back his old-time protectors, Thunder, Lightning, and Buffalo-Bull. The mere allusion to their familiar names would spur confidence and instil new vigour in faltering hearts.

Summoned to his lodge, the tribal leaders and the warriors heard of a new war adventure to the east. Untold riches were to fall into their hands without bloodshed, in a single night. Spoils would be so abundant that the horses of the whole tribe could not drag them all on their "travois." The prophecy was bound to be true, for Tchakta's manitous of old now had returned from their retreat.

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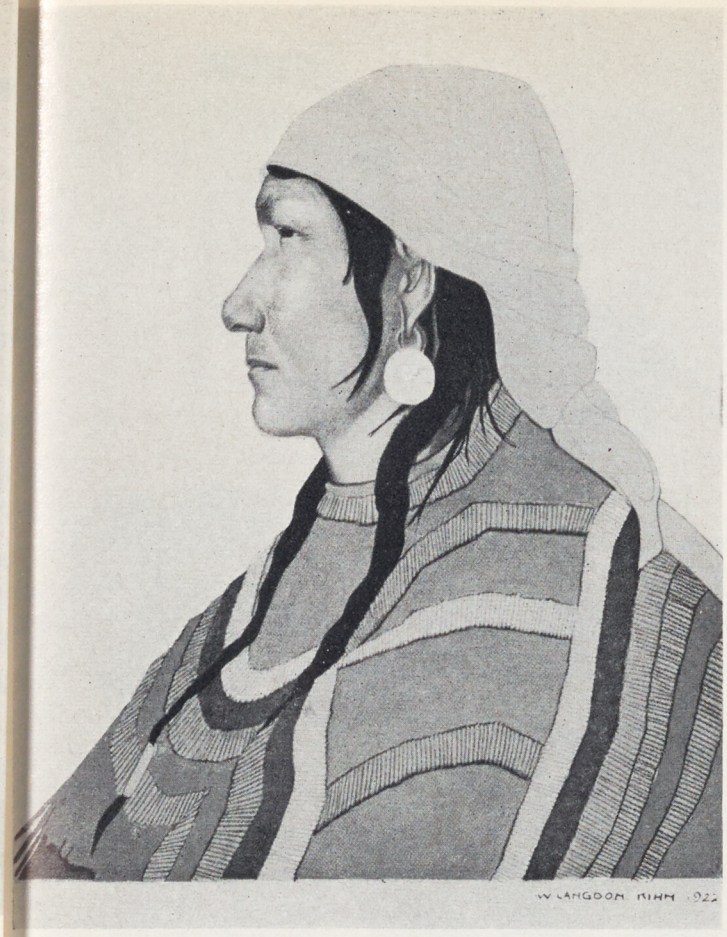
13. Mary Isaacs, a Kootenay woman, by W. Langdon Kihn.

The raid contemplated against the trading establishment, Fort Union, was devoid of risk. The white occupants had no reason to be suspicious since the friendliest relations with all natives had always prevailed. The prize lay within the grasp of the Stonies, but on one condition only: they must agree with the plan of their chief and remain faithful to the very end. They all pledged themselves to obedience. Brighter days were in sight.

Escorted by three hundred of his best warriors, Tchakta started in the direction of the fort which stood on the prairie not many days off. His scheme was to approach the traders with the customary amenities, then overwhelm their small force at night and take possession of the two years' stock of goods which had just arrived for the needs of the fur trade.

The Stonies were greeted at the fort as on former occasions. The calumet was lit and handed over by the chief trader to the leading visitor, Tchakta, who passed it on to his followers without drawing a whiff of the white smoke like the others. This apparent oversight was barely noticeable, and the usual precaution of disarming the native visitors for the night and placing their weapons under lock and key was not even resorted to: Tchakta's old-time friendship for the white people sufficed to remove all suspicion. The guns and ammunition he wanted were to be used against the Gros-Ventre, an unfriendly nation whom his warriors were now on their way to attack on the Missouri River. Daybreak would again see his party on the march.

By a shrewdly concerted plan, however, the dusky warriors had arranged to retire to the various rooms of the establishment for the night. To Tchakta and a follower was reserved the keeping of a



14. Mrs. Albin, a Kootenay, by W. Langdon Kihn.

small detached dwelling within the fort's enclosure. In that house resided a white woman whose life he wanted to spare, for he remembered her from the time of his youth. She was to be his prisoner, perhaps his wife in spite of her being married—for he had never forgotten her as the late chief-factor's daughter, the very one who had been refused him at the time of his illusions, long ago. All the other residents were to be massacred at a given signal before the break of day.

A Stony runner whose sister was married to a white servant at the fort could not silence his brotherly feelings. He invited her in deep secrecy to resort to his room for the night. But, as she could not understand his meaning, he explained that all her white friends were to perish before sunrise. She promised to follow him, but, instead, hastened to confide in her husband, whom she wanted to save from death.

The plot at this stage could no longer remain a secret. It reached the authorities in the twinkle of an eye. Orders from headquarters were whispered around quietly and swiftly. Every white man was armed to the teeth, the guns were loaded, and the two bastions were made ready for a siege. All hopes for a successful resistance might have been in vain but for a singularly fortunate coincidence; a number of Canadian employees, altogether about eighty, had arrived a few days before from the northern posts to receive their share of the new trading goods. Their presence now made a great difference; it offered the only safeguard of the moment.

As soon as all preparations were complete, Mr. Denig, the chief trader, summoned Tchakta and a few of his accomplices to appear before him. He reproached them with their treachery. They wanted



15. Susette, a Kootenay, with a child, by W. Langdon Kihn.

to stab their own friends and protectors in the back. How could he place further reliance in them since they acted as liars and traitors? They deserved only contempt. Their choice now was either to quit the fort or to be destroyed by the big guns levelled at them from every side. Dumbfounded, the warriors decided to withdraw, even without consulting their leader, who was confused at the failure of his plot.

The blow to the great seer's prestige among his own people was decisive, final. Anger and defiance could no longer be suppressed, particularly since the supply of poison in his medicine bag was nearly exhausted.

In the year that followed, he succeeded in inducing many of his warriors to start for the conquest of a village of Mandans, near Fort Clarke. "We must offer them the calumet of peace," he said; "they will be only too pleased to accept it, for they are weak and helpless. Our friendship would be a blessing for them in their misfortunes. They live in fear of the Sioux, their enemies, against whom they cannot muster enough warriors. When they have smoked the calumet, let us scatter throughout their village and fall upon them. They shall cease to exist. Their horses, their lands, and all they possess shall be ours."

To retrieve their fortunes, the Stonies were only too ready to listen to rash counsels. They must wipe out their shame, and this was their opportunity. The Mandans could not offer much resistance. So Tchakta again found himself on the war path with a small band of followers.

They stopped on a hill, when they arrived in sight of the Mandan village, and sent off a delegation on an errand of peace, with a small flag and a calumet of red stone. The delegates and their hosts sat in council and smoked until reconciliation was complete.

They were still recounting their glorious war deeds of the past, as always happened in peace reunions, when a war whoop rang out from behind the Stony position of the hill outside the village. The whole assembly was taken by surprise; no one could understand, and the delegates were perplexed, now looking one way, now another.

A party of several hundred Arikaras, the neighbours and new friends of the Mandans, had spied the coming of their ancient foes, the Stonies, and rushed upon them with blows from behind while they were plotting black treachery. The slaughter no sooner ended than the Arikaras gazed around, inquiring, "Where is he, Tchakta, the Knife-Holder?" Nowhere could his body be found, neither on the hill nor in the village below. "There I see him!" shouted a scout; "there he is fleeing on his horse towards the forest." Some Arikaras darted after him in hot pursuit, firing repeatedly until his horse fell under him. He rose instantly and ran for his life toward the forest near by. It was his only chance. Though no longer young, he could run as fast as a deer. Fear gave wings to his heels as he managed to reach cover before he was overtaken. Finding him so swift on foot, his disappointed pursuers nicknamed him Tatokahnan, meaning "Wild-Goat" in his own language, the goat being the fleetest animal they knew.

The times had changed. Tchakta remained silent when he returned alone, on foot, to his tribe. In the absence of sufficient warriors, his people now were to live in constant fear of further disasters, perhaps total extermination. His years were advancing. His manitous remained silent for long periods as if they had forsaken him, and he seldom tried to foretell the future. His sacred lodge was no longer the resort of warriors and chiefs. Many were they who ventured to defy his orders, for it became known that such transgressions did not spell death, as they had done for so many years.

At the head of a small party of hunters Tchakta appeared once again at Fort Union, this time to trade pelts. He secretly offered the clerk in charge a large pile of valuable furs for a little tobacco—"My heart is sick!" he said—and a quantity of poison at whatever cost. Without this powerful charm, he claimed, the Stonies were lost, since they would no longer obey orders and stand up against their enemies. His proposition aroused horror and contempt. Rebukes for his atrocities only hardened his heart. He smiled grimly and retorted, "I still have some in my medicine bag," and left the fort with signs of discontent.

An epidemic of smallpox, the most dreadful and ruinous of the century, broke out in the spring of 1838 and spread its ravages to every Indian camp. In a single season, the Crows and the Blackfoot lost ten thousand of their numbers. Of six hundred Mandan warriors, only thirty survived. The Stony braves were reduced from more than a thousand to a mere handful capable of bearing arms.

Evil days had come to the land. Tchakta's nation had almost vanished. His two sons had fallen in the Mandan adventure. No one worth while was left for him to command or to poison. His sadly reduced band of Eastern Stonies congregated one day and decided to migrate westward, toward the

foothills. Their only salvation could be found in their union with another branch of their nation, th "Gens-du-Nord," the Northern People.

After all these disasters Tchakta no longer concerned himself with public affairs. He lived in retire ment. But he remained a great medicine-man, a great seer, in the eyes of all, at home or abroad. His mer presence inspired awe and reverence, even to those who once had to bear the weight of his oppression se

When the "Northern People" repaired to Fort Union for the barter of furs in the autumn o six 1843, the first among them to appear at the gate and to shake hands with Mr. Denig was none othe It than old Tchakta. "Friend," said the visitor, "here is the place where I have always wanted to live A to die, among the friends of my youth." Little importance was attached to these words, as the old C chief seemed well and unusually cheerful.

"Did you understand, friend?" he inquired after a long while. "Never again shall I visit your fort Never shall I see the country of the white man across the sea. My time has passed." At this Mr. Deni felt uncomfortable, and he inquired again about his visitor. The Stonies all agreed that he was i as good health as ever. Only this: before leaving the village he had had a vision. "My end is fas approaching," he had predicted; "before many sunsets my soul shall depart for the prairies of ou dead relatives."

Tchakta's words were not without a hidden meaning, the traders knew only too well. As they had not forgotten his black treachery, they feared a new plot. So Mr. Denig called him aside and questioned him. But he only smiled despondently. He was well and contented; he wanted nothing of the white man's goods. A pipeful of tobacco was all he desired, as he had arrived at the end of his long journey. "My manitous all, Thunder, Lightning, Buffalo-Bull, and Badger, are near. I have seen them las night. They are calling me. I must go!"

He took a hearty supper at night and slept peacefully while his friends enjoyed a Buffalo dance and a Prairie-Chicken dance outside, in the open. The next morning he came to greet Mr. Denig, and spat blood at his feet. It was useless to offer him medicine. He left the room and walked out to the edge of the river, where some children were playing.

A boy ran in to say, "The chief is sick; he is spitting blood." Those who went out found Tchakta in the convulsions of death, rolling on the ground with his mouth foaming. They placed him on a sleigh and started at once for the Indian camp. He died on the way in terrible torments—just as had happened to so many of his victims.

"As he lived, he died," so conclude Mr. Denig and Father de Smet, his early biographers.

His lifeless body was carried off to the village of the "Northern People." After memorable ceremonies, it was wrapped up in a scarlet blanket and a buffalo robe embroidered with porcupine quills. Then it was raised and fastened to the limbs of a large tree, while the multitude shed tears and broke into lamentations.

The place where Tchakta's remains reposed was one of deep veneration for the Stonies, even many years after he had died. The sacred tree, in the deep-rooted belief, was still guarded by his shadow, whose power it was to procure an abundance of buffalo to the living generation or, if angered, to drive the herds away from the country. "Hence," Father de Smet has deduced, "whenever they pass near, they offer sacrifices and oblations. They present the calumet to the manes of Tchakta, the greatest man that ever visited their nation."

INDIAN NATIONS ON THE WESTERN CANADIAN PRAIRIES

The natives dwelling on the western Canadian prairies and the adjacent Rockies belong to several linguistic stocks and races. This was not realized by the early observers. It is only in the last sixty years that ethnographers and linguists have unravelled some of the knotty problems of their history. It is now accepted that they belong to several unrelated language groups. These are the Siouan and the Algonkin east of the mountains; the Kootenay and the Salish on the southeastern plateaux of British Columbia; and the Athabaskan or Déné, in the north.

THE SIOUAN TRIBES

The only distinctly Canadian representatives of the widespread Siouan languages, formerly spoken over a vast area in the central and eastern United States, are the Assiniboine or Stony Indians, who belong to the Dakota branch of the Siouan stock. After their separation from their kinsmen, at the headwaters of the Mississippi, they are believed to have settled between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay in 1658, and thence to have moved to the neighbourhood of Lake Winnipeg. The early explorers noted that their country extended from the Red River to the junction of the North and South Saskatchewan; and their bands roamed over Manitoba and the southern parts of Assiniboia and Alberta. Owing partly to the preponderance of the Blackfoot, who were among the first to get fire-arms from the whites, the Assiniboine gradually moved toward the mountains. The region extending between the Rocky Mountains and the Jasper Forest parks became the hunting grounds of the 'Mountain Stonies.' The Government has now placed them on many reserves, widely scattered on the prairies and the foothills. The best known of their reserves is that of Morley, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about halfway between Banff and Calgary. Those of the Edmonton Agency are situated on the Ste. Anne and Wabamun lakes, west of Edmonton. Their population was estimated by Alexander Henry, about 1800, at 10,000. Only 2,500 are now left, about 1,400 of whom live in Canada.

THE ALGONKIN

The Blackfoot and the Plains Cree, two independent Algonkin people, speaking widely different dialects, formerly occupied immense territories on the plains, east of the Rocky Mountains.

The BLACKFOOT, a powerful and warlike nation, were the bedouin of the plains. Their already decreasing population was estimated at 7,300 in 1858. The vast country extending from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, and from the sources of the Missouri to the Saskatchewan River, was their former home. Their three subdivisions, consisting of the Blackfoot proper (or Siksika), the Blood, and the Piegan, are often erroneously stated to have formed a confederacy. They merely considered themselves as one family, the three branches of which descended from three brothers. Their war and hunting parties used to roam over the prairies, and their many enemies dreaded them. Tradition has it that they originally came from Lake Winnipeg, but there are indications that they migrated from the north or the southwest. There is no doubt that in remote times they originated in the east, the home of the Algonkins, and that they displaced many tribes on the plains, compelling them to withdraw in various directions. The traditional feuds resulting from such encroachments lasted for centuries and have never been forgotten. In their wars against the Crees and the Assiniboines, the

Blackfeet joined forces with the Sarcees, an Athabaskan tribe from the north, to whom they extend their protection. Their much-reduced population—about 4,600—is now confined to a few reserves Alberta and Montana. By a treaty with the government, in 1878, the Blackfoot and Assiniboine yielde the whole country from Lake Winnipeg to the mountains. They were granted two reserves in Albert After some readjustments, the present régime was established. The reserve of the Blackfoot prop is now situated at Gleichen, about 50 miles east of Calgary, on the main line of the Canadian Pacif Railway. Two other Blackfoot (that is, Blood and Piegan) reserves are those in the neighbourhoo of Waterton Lakes National Park, in the southwest corner of Alberta. Near Fort Macleod, on Oldma River, the Bloods have the largest reserve in Canada. The Piegans have their land at Brocket, on th Crowsnest Pass Railway.

The PLAINS or WESTERN CREE, together with their kinsmen, the Swampy or Woods Cre and the Eastern Cree, until lately held more territory in America than any other Indian nation. Thei country extended from Hudson Bay and Athabasca Lake to the Rocky Mountains. Spreading westward they invaded the domains of the Blackfoot and Athapascan nations. Bitter enmity ensued between th Cree and the Blackfoot, and the early explorers often encountered their contending war parties Although the Cree were the indirect cause of their troubles, the Assiniboine (Stony) sought thei friendship and long ago became most intimately connected with them, to fight their common enemy, th Blackfoot. The total Cree population is now reduced to approximately fifteen thousand, two thousand of whom have not yet been placed on reserves. The westernmost reserves of the Plains Cree are those of the Hobbema and Edmonton Agencies, the first situated halfway between Calgary and Edmonton, the second a few miles west and north of Edmonton.

THE KOOTENAY

The Kootenay stock, consisting of the Upper and Lower Kootenay, claims as its own the southeast corner of British Columbia and a part of Northern Washington. These tribes originally seem to have dwelt east of the Rocky Mountains, possibly in Montana, and they have to this day retained many characteristics acquired in their former habitat, the plains. A century ago they lived as much on the eastern slope of the mountains as on the western; they used to trade horses with the Stony-Assiniboine and hunt the buffalo. Although expelled by the Blackfoot from the home of their ancestors, they seem to have forgotten their long standing quarrels, and, as their close neighbours, they now live on friendly terms with them. Four or five hundred of their kinsmen still reside in Idaho and Montana.

The Lower Kootenay tribe is located on the eastern frontier of Waterton Lakes National Park (Alberta). The Upper Kootenay tribe, whose population in Canada slightly exceeds five hundred is almost entirely within the domains of the Upper Kootenay. It is only a few years since they have been placed on four reserves, with headquarters at Steele, B.C.

THE SALISH

Most of southern British Columbia and the northern part of Washington have been the home of the Salish for an indefinite time. The well-known custom of flattening or artificially deforming the head as an identification of high standing in society was enforced only among the coast tribes, whose

culture was quite different in type from that of their plateau kinsmen. In the vicinity of the Canadian National Parks, the Salish are represented by the Shuswap, the Thompson River or Ntlakapamuh, and the Okanagan. The largest of these three nations, the Shuswap, formerly held the territory between the Jasper Forest Park, at the headquarters of the Athabasca River, in the north, and the Fraser, Thompson, and Columbia rivers. With the exception of the country of the Thompson River Indians, in the neighbourhood of the river bearing the same name, the Okanagan tribes occupied the corresponding stretch of land to the south, including a part of northern Washington.

The total Salish population in Canada is now over ten thousand. That of the Shuswap slightly exceeds two thousand, a decrease of one-half in the past fifty years.

Two small Shuswap bands are now settled in the proximity of the National Parks, the first near Arrow Lake, south of Revelstoke Park, the other, originally from Shuswap Lake, in the Lake Windermere district, south of the Rocky Mountains Park.

THE ATHAPASKAN TRIBES

Of the many Athapaskan or Déné nations, at least four are represented in the north of the Canadian National Parks. These are the Sarcee, the Beaver or Castor, the Carrier, and the Sikanee (Sékanais). While the Sarcee and the Beaver live east of the mountains and belong to the eastern group of Déné, the Carrier and Sikanee are plateau Indians in British Columbia and belong to the northwestern group of Déné.

The Athapaskan linguistic stock is, with the Algonkin, the most widely distributed stock in America. Extending from the interior of Alaska to New Mexico, the Athapaskan tribes have retained a remarkable uniformity in their language, although they have readily assimilated other elements of culture from their highly differentiated neighbours. If there is a wide gap, on the plains, between the Athapaskan or Déné of Canada and their kinsmen in the United States, it is no doubt partly due to the sweeping migrations of many eastern tribes toward the plains. The warlike Crees, in the north, have spread from Hudson Bay to the Peace River and the headwaters of the Athabasca. Without offering any resistance, the timorous and unwarlike Déné were gradually pushed away to the northwest. Meanwhile the Kootenay, the Assiniboine, and the Blackfoot were moving into the plains, thereby displacing the earlier occupants.

The Sarcee, whose hunting grounds were situated in the neighbourhood of what is now the Jasper Forest Park, are divided into two bands, the Blood and the Real Sarcee. Now numbering, in all, less than two hundred, they live on a reserve near Calgary. When, long ago, they separated from their own nation—the Beaver or Castor—the Sarcee migrated southward, according to their own legendary account, and became the friends and protégés of the Blackfoot, with whom they have ever since been closely associated. Their tradition relates that when their ancestors once crossed a lake in the north, a boy happened to lay his hand on a buffalo horn sticking out of the ice, and it remained attached to it. When it was hit, the ice broke and drifted away. Some of the people therefore remained in the north. Others, who had already passed, went south and became the Sarcees. Those who were engulfed in the lake became the monsters now living in the water.

When first discovered, the Stonies were pure nomads. Like the other prairie tribes, they kne no fixed abode within their far-flung boundaries. Bedouin-like, they shifted their skin tipis incessant from place to place under stars that were never quite the same. For subsistence they depended upo the bounties of the buffalo hunt and had little fear of starvation as long as the herds continued t swarm over the plains in large numbers.

Before the appearance of the "cayuse" and the gun, the capture of the buffalo required greate exertions on the part of the hunters, who had recourse to stratagems. Now they would crawl singl to the outskirts of the herd and shoot the largest of the animals as they grazed, or they would "make calf," one man covering his back with a skin, squatting down and bleating like a calf to attract th cows toward his companion lying in ambush.

The most popular method, however, was to organize in large parties and stampede the her toward steep river-banks or high cliffs, over which the animals would tumble pell-mell to destruction Many spots on the plains were whitened with the bleached bones of countless buffaloes thus exterminated

Some of the mountain tribes, as we have seen, also resorted twice a year to the prairies fo their share of the booty. The Upper Kootenays, for instance, travelled alone or with their allies, th Flatheads, through the Kootenay Pass (where Elko now stands) and the Grave Creek Pass (jus south of the boundary), and reached as far as the Sweet Grass hills in Montana. There they killed the buffalo and dried the meat in the sun instead of making it into pemmican after the manner of the Stonies

But the buffalo hunt provided them with only part of their subsistence; a very little for the Lower Kootenays—the Lake Kootenays, Arcs-à-Plat or Flatbows—as they seldom crossed the mountains. Like most northwestern tribes, they congregated along the canyons in the summer at the time when the five varieties of salmon ran, in turn, up to the spawning bottoms at the headwaters of the Columbia River, about 1,400 miles from the sea-coast. Here the greatest activity in the year prevailed; the men watched on their platforms, gaffed or speared the fish or caught them in weirs; and the women split, dried, and smoked them on green willow racks for preservation.

Salmon were so plentiful, gathering in such incredible numbers at the spawning grounds near the headwaters, that it was an easy task, particularly for the Upper Kootenays, to replenish their stores. The vertebra of the fish rotted every year in layers so thick as to form "ridges" that even yet have not entirely disappeared at the place named "Salmon Beds," now Athalmer townsite, though for a long time now the annual run of the salmon has dwindled to nothing.

The freshwater ling—an evil-looking fish, large, scaleless, and meaty—was also a favourite food staple, particularly for the lake tribes. The Kootenays used to camp on the ice in midwinter, when the ling were most abundant, and catch them with hook and line through water holes. As many as fifty tipis were stationed annually for that purpose at the mouth of Windermere Creek alone.

Many more occupations filled up the lives of the mountain people throughout the year. Besides their menial tasks, the women had to attend to clothing and food preparation. In due season they went out with long crooked sticks and dug for the camass—the "queen of the wild root family in the Creston country"; they gathered other nutritious roots and wild fruits, such as wild rice, caious (a biscuit root), wappato (a bulbous, bitter root), haw rose buds, and mountain cherries, which they

dried into cakes. The men meanwhile resorted to the mountains for the hunt, to the quarries of red pipe stone or the natural paint pots along the Vermilion Pass where, by means of fire, they converted the liquid ochre into red oxide pigments for native trade purposes.

Daily life differed considerably east and west of the mountain ranges. The nomads of the flat lands to the east travelled in bands throughout the year, while their upland neighbours remained most of the time in small parties on hunting grounds that were parcelled out among the individual families of the various tribes. The wasteful habits and the spasmodic idleness of the prairie rovers, owing to the abundance of the buffalo, could not prevail among the mountain dwellers, whose interest it was to safeguard their more varied, but less easily procured, food staples.

Whatever their nation, the Indians in those days had little to regret, little to desire. They roved at liberty, as they pleased, on domains that extended as far as they could reach between sunrise and sunset. Their needs were few and were easily satisfied. Giving little thought to the future, at least beyond the span of a year, they would rest as soon as their food stores were replenished and their security was assured. In a word, they lived in a golden age of simplicity and innocence. True enough, there were seasons of scarcity and periods of abundance. At times a long and severe winter hampered the usual activities; the buffalo herds occasionally migrated far away; the salmon run failed once in every few years. Famine was not unknown, even in the early days. But these were only passing trials. Scarcity was not a man-killer, for native constitutions were hardy and elastic. The bounties of nature, when they returned, were only the sweeter, the more appreciated. Famished mouths feasted upon the first fruits of the new season with a gusto that would have startled any white man unaccustomed to the "riddle of the Indian stomach," as Father de Smet termed it. After a period of starvation, not so long ago, a little band of Stonies surrounded a herd of goats near Mount Chancellor and shot down thirty-one head. The feast that followed lasted three days and four nights, during which time the fires blazed incessantly and the cooking pots were never empty. The gorging continued until five of the hunters, stricken with fatal internal pains, lay down to rise no more. But no such mishap could have occurred under primitive conditions when the natives depended on bows and arrows for the success of the hunt. Contrasts made their naturally spasmodic and adventurous lives only the more enjoyable, the more thrilling. What more wonderful home could they have desired than this country, so full of resources, so varied, so beautiful, that it seemed like a Garden of Eden!

Soon after the landing of the strangers on the east coast of America there broke out among the Indians the scourges of smallpox, cholera, and measles, taking everywhere a heavy toll of lives. A smallpox epidemic visited the eastern Indians as early as the first part of the seventeenth century, and the *Jesuit Relations* describe its horrors among the Huron tribes of Ontario. But no one at that date could have had the faintest idea of the extent of its ravages among the yet undiscovered tribes of the west. When David Thompson, Father de Smet, and other pioneers travelled across the mountains they heard of prehistoric plagues, which had blotted out whole tribes. To this day the Stonies and the Kootenays have preserved traditional recollections of that terrible calamity, which heralded the advent of the white man and the dawn of a new age. Here is the preamble by Diamond Jenness of such a narrative recorded among the Stonies.

"Long ago the Sioux chief, a medicine-man, predicted that if he ever died at the hand of a man, all of his people would perish. One day he was killed in a feud. On the third day following, all the people in his tent died. Those in the nearest tent died the next day, everyone to the last. So the trouble went on, until the people broke camp and took to flight. Yet even as they fled they died one after another, a family at a time. In the end only one child was left, a boy of seven years, who fed from the breast of his dead mother for four days and four nights. A voice singing outside on the fourth night summoned him to leave the tent of the dead, for he would be spared; he would live to be an old man. So he wandered far away, until he came upon a tent where an old man, his wife and their three sons lived together all by themselves. The old man adopted him as his fourth son, and from these four children, by marriage with women of neighbouring tribes, arose a large posterity—the several bands of the Sioux and Stonies of the western plains."

Somewhat similar is the legend which, according to Franz Boas, has survived among the Kootenays.

"I will tell the story of what happened long ago. The Kootenays were living together. Once they fell sick; sickness spread to everyone. They died, they all died, all but a very few. And it was everywhere the same. Those who were left travelled to tell the news, they travelled without finding anyone alive. At a village far away the Kootenays had died. The only one left was a man. He was alone. So he also decided to travel and look for people. 'I must go all around the world,' he said. Then he started in his canoe around the lakes. Now he landed at a camp of the Kootenays, their last camp. But there was nobody. As he went about he saw only dead ones, the bodies piled up inside the tents. No sign of any one living. He cried and went back to his canoe, thinking to himself, 'I am the only one left in this country, for the dogs also are dead . . .' "

In spite of these dark colours in the legends, it is clear that the diseases of the Europeans at their very first introduction did not completely destroy the Indian nations. Neither did the remote mountaineers have any notion yet of the impending revolution in their lives. To them the scourge did not come as a warning, but from nowhere, or possibly from unseen manitous angered by evil deeds, transgressions of some sacred taboos of old.

Not until long after did rumours arouse the attention of medicine-men and jugglers. Beeny and Gustlee, the rival seers of the Carriers in the northern Rockies, always remained with their ears to the ground, as it were, for tales of new wonders from abroad; they could not fail to respond. They startled the mountain tribes far and near with the news of marvels forthcoming from the world of ghosts and spirits. The advent of the white man was no ordinary occurrence to them, but a supernatural experience. They could be nothing but manitous of a new kind, manitous such as were wont to appear in every-day life from time immemorial.

To Beeny their appearance in the land meant the golden age, a time when "dogs in the sky would carry the Red Man's burdens, when new contrivances would make life and the world more comfortable, and when sky beings would bring salvation to all who greeted them as messiahs. But Gustlee entertained no such belief. The newcomers were not friendly spirits but only the Kannawdzet of the mountaintops, the mere sight of which killed the people.

We may wonder at the attitude of despair that prevails among the dusky wise men of the present day. Is there any justification for their gloomy outlook? Have they not simply met the disappointment that must follow false promises and the lure of a Utopia? It is only too easy for these reformers to answer such questions. Life has indeed been made "easier" for them since the introduction of the rifle, the steel axe, and the iron pot, not to speak of clothing, castile soap, and a decent language. They used to idle away their existence in squalor and crass ignorance. Their idiom was a mere grow

from the throat. Their tools were of stone and antler, and their artifacts only fit for a bonfire. Their companions were the animals of the forest or the prairies. Their dwellings were huts and movable tents, where they froze in winter and starved between seasons. In a word, they were uncivilized; they were savage men of the wilds with unaccountable ways of their own; they were heathens, with no knowledge of God and his favourite son, the white man; they were not the descendants of Abel, but of Cain, or perhaps of some later reprobate, who knows!

Since the Europeans first appeared, epidemics and wars have swept the country from time to time, killing the natives or scattering their remnants. Nations once twenty or thirty thousand strong have dwindled to a few hundred, a mere handful, even if we include the half-breeds. Now it is consumption that is decimating the ranks of the survivors.

Formerly the buffalo covered the plains and even resorted to the forests across the mountains. Salmon so swarmed in all the rivers to the west of the mountains that the Indians could "cross the water" on their bodies. Trout and whitefish abounded in the lakes. Mountain sheep and goat, deer, moose, and beaver were plentiful, as well as everything that crawls, leaps, or flies amid the trees of the forest. Now it is all different. The beaver has disappeared in most places through the use of castoreum—a bait that never fails; the females and the young ones have been exterminated by the free hunters. Game has become scarce everywhere; it no longer exists wherever the white man can reach, except in the national parks. The native hunter used to husband the resources of his territory for future use just as carefully as a rancher does his cattle. But the casual sportsman who seldom visits the same spot twice cares not what happens on the morrow. He brings ruin.

The roving herds of buffalo on the prairies are no more. Their disappearance, which has meant so much to the Plains tribes, dates back to 1878–1880, when the troops of the American Government undertook to clear the prairies of all encumbrances—buffaloes and Indians alike. If a massacre of the Indians was not contemplated, as in the case of the Oregon and Washington campaigns in the thirties, it was because the day had passed when such a bare-faced policy could be openly confessed. Opinion at home was divided; the murder of innocent Indians would leave a blot on the national escutcheon. To provoke an insurrection might prove embarrassing. Why resort to antiquated methods when a subtle distinction was enough to save face and lead to the same results? Why not simply remove the food supply of the undesirables? And so it was done. No sooner had the buffalo vanished than the Plains Indians, to their consternation, found themselves face to face with starvation. The corner-stone of their very lives had been taken away. Two winters of dire famine played havoc with their numbers; a band of Sioux actually fled across the border into Manitoba, where they received rations from the Canadian Government. Following an outcry, a policy of artificial support was inaugurated. But from that day, starvation has never ceased to stalk over many western reservations, where it has developed into a chronic disease slowly smothering life.

About the time when their food supply was giving out, and their physique, in consequence, was being undermined, the Indians of the northwest suffered the most painful experience of the century, what to them meant no less than exile. They were forced to renounce their territorial rights, to give up the hunting grounds they knew and loved so well, the lands where their forefathers had lived

and were buried. In return they accepted gifts, small reserves with treaty annuities; and in the case the British Columbia tribes, reserves only and a forlorn hope of redress. With heavy hearts they h to acknowledge the inevitable and pass into comparative confinement, henceforth to find ample ti to dream of their past glories and ponder over the future.

Some means had then to be provided to keep them from absolute starvation. The Stonies and t Kootenays, like the rest, were advised to go to school, to cultivate the land, raise cattle, seek d employment with their white neighbours, in other words to shift for themselves. An existence traditiona nomadic is a poor farming instructor, especially when ill-fortune and discouragement linger on t door-step; the old life had bred an unsteadiness that was fatal to success. Nursing "food out of sa and rocks" after the manner of the white man still seems too tedious to the Indian, used to the thr of the buffalo hunt, to the arduous chase of the wild goat on the mountain sides, or to the bount of the salmon run. Yet, real progress towards adaptation is to be noticed in more than one pla Weaning the Red Man from his inveterate habit of "mushing the trails" has become a settled poli and the aid of the Mounted Police has been more than once invoked. It must be discouraging f government inspectors, however, to find so many ploughs rusting in unfinished furrows, and improv machinery, bought with treaty money, going to waste in untilled fields.

If the Red Man of America were devoid of speech and had inherited memories and hi emotional and reasoning powers, the Indian problem would be much simplified for social reforme instructors, and others. He might be gently chloroformed or preserved in a zoological garden; or he mig even thrive on a reserve as well as the buffalo and the national parks of Canada. But the blessing humanity—also its curse at times—is reason and memory. Human society does not subsist on bre alone; the secret of its permanency lies in its ethics. Social discipline and taboos, usually the result a long unifying tradition, are essential; else something goes wrong with the complex fabric, and collap is inevitable. No race on earth has ever thrived in defiance of custom, morality, and a deep-felt intere in existence. So with the Indian; so with the Sioux and the Blackfoot of the foothills and the Kootena of the mountains.

When still undisturbed, these natives had elaborate customs of their own. Marriage was regulate and licence was almost unknown in most parts, except among the Iroquois and Hurons. The childre loved by their parents, underwent systematic training in a way that fitted them for the pursuits of lat life. Bravery was associated with gentleness, native indifference to uncleanliness, and evil smells did n preclude health and endurance. If thievishness prevailed among the prairie tribes in their dealings wi the white men, it was excused on the ground that the strangers themselves were cheats. The mounta dwellers were more scrupulous in this respect, and their reliability was proverbial. Authority w paternal and friendly; it rested in the hands of the parents and elders, and in the wise men gathered council. Peace in intertribal trade and intercourse was based upon mutual respect, goodwill, and t acknowledgment of territorial rights. It came to an end only at the time when firearms ushered the period of transgressions and opened the door to the ultimate doom of the race.

Now, after more than a century of association with the "superior" race, matters have taken different turn. The ancient customs have disappeared imperceptibly, one by one. The thread of traditi was broken long ago. Marriage in the pagan style was condemned as unworthy by the early educato and missionaries. The seclusion of girls before puberty and premature betrothal were branded

barbaric. A church ceremony, following a semi-promiscuous education, was substituted, though in itself it considerably weakened the sexual taboos. Now, after years of gradual transition, church weddings on many reserves in the Northwest are going out of fashion. There can be no thought of reviving the old system. Some of the government agents are attempting to restore order out of chaos, but their efforts, on the whole, remain fruitless. The marital bond, when it snaps, is not one that can be welded by a blacksmith. It belongs to the mind and the heart and cannot hold firm when morality has strayed away from its sign-posts. Free unions, lasting for a moon or a year, or facile promiscuity are now coming to the fore, as all signs of restraint fade away. If this social phenomenon is worth the notice of theorists and eugenists, let them wait for a few years and behold the result. When marriage is abolished, parental duties are neglected and education is placed in jeopardy, in spite of government schools, which at best can enlist only a small minority of Indians.

The truth is that there are no longer any regular chiefs, and tribal councils are institutions of the past. Indian youth, like our own, is unruly. It knows too much, or else too little, to submit to age and experience alone, for it has grown impatient of training and control. Civil authority in the hands of the elders was firm and generous in the old days; it was wholesome, to quote the term of Father de Smet. It presided over the various phases of daily life. Why then should it have been allowed to disappear among the western tribes? The missionaries and government agents had come there to stay, to establish the new rule, the new standards of existence. The resistance they often encountered on the part of old chiefs was denounced as heathenish and noxious. As the newcomers had the upper hand, they succeeded in casting discredit on the old "pagan" leaders and soon established themselves as the only masters. On some reserves—as in the Kootenay country, for instance—the new authority has upheld its prestige and retained the reins of power for the good of their wards. But, unfortunately, this did not happen in most places. Many posts have been vacated altogether, or else strong personalities have given way to perfunctory successors. The influence of the missionaries has been decidedly on the wane in recent years. The government agents, as a rule, have not felt competent to take the lead or to do more than dole out relief and annuities or to call in the police and prosecute delinquents. At the present day the sole vestige of authority is the white man's law, sitting conveniently far away out of sight and usually also out of mind.

* * *

Deprived of his former hunting grounds and food supply, the Indian might still become an agriculturist. Denied the moral comfort of his ancient customs and government, he might still stand up and look for a ray of hope in the sky. He is by no means devoid of physical strength, ability, and endurance. His sagacity and shrewdness have always been proverbial. It seems only natural that he should desire to adapt himself to modern conditions for the preservation of the race. Why then does he remain sullen, discontented, voluntarily stooping, as it were, over the edge of an open grave? Why does he not feel impelled to fight his way definitely through life, as so many white men have done in the forlorn wastes of the new world?

The problem now resolves itself into one of mob psychology. It involves fundamentally the spiritual fibre and stamina of the race. There is no doubt that the Indian mind has lost its bearings on a starless sea. The ancient beliefs, notions, and myths have been shaken to the roots; the ancestral cosmogony has fallen to the ground, and the path to salvation can be found by no one, whether he be seer or sorcerer, wise man or fool.

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We have offered the Red Man our religion, our philosophy, our ethics, even our prejudices, exchange for his own. Our missionaries have taken pains to try to implant our dogmas in his bra but how successful have they been? Have we taken the same pains to teach him our manual arts industries?

Vivid religious notions had been firmly implanted in the land from the remote past. Th could not be abolished in a day simply by the good will of a few pious men, particularly since th latter-day apostles, not being blessed with the gift of language, spoke an idiom unknown to the ma tribes allotted to their keeping, throughout a more or less inaccessible country. It is not surprisi therefore, to find that even the church-going natives of the present day have retained many of t ancient beliefs of their forefathers. If "heathenish" practices have, on the whole, been suppressed, least within sight of the mission houses, it is more as a mark of outward submission to authority th an authentic surrender of the treasure-house of the old "paganism."

When the late Tetlaneetsa, a life-long Christian and a sympathetic chief of the Thompson Riv Indians, was reminded a few years ago that Jesus had fasted forty days in the desert, he approvin answered, "Yes, yes, he did. I know it! I myself fasted only twenty days before my snams (guardi spirits), the Twin-She-Bears, appeared to me in a vision, when I was a young man. Jesus fasted fo days, so he did, and he got his medicine too—good medicine, eh!"

The naïve mixture of incompatible religious notions among the Indians has impressed ma observers, missionaries and laymen alike. Sir George Simpson, for instance, noticed that wooden cross had been placed at the head of each grave in a Pend d'Oreilles (Pendant d'Oreilles) cemetery, just sou of the Kootenay frontiers, some time before the forties. These crosses, he says, "are the result of recent visit of some Catholic priests. But as a practical illustration of the value of such conversions, found on a neighbouring tree a number of offerings to one of the (recently) departed spirits and basket of provisions for its voyage to the next world. If the Indians had a definite idea at all of t cross, they put it merely on the same footing as their other medicines and charms."

The enmity between the nations east and west of the Rocky Mountains was so deadly that could not be blotted out, even among those who vowed obedience to the Jesuit Fathers. A Pen d'Oreilles convert, Peter, was called a saint and a true apostle by one of the early missionaries. Y he seems not to have endeavoured to reconcile his racial hatred against his enemies with the amenitie of his new creed. A Blackfoot warrior was captured and wounded whilst in the act of stealing a hor at night. His wound rendered him furious. He held his loaded gun and threatened death to any o who dared approach him. Peter, though he was advanced in years and diminutive in size, felt h courage revive at this challenge, and running up to his enemy he stretched him dead upon the grou with a blow from his tomahawk. This done, he kneeled down, so Father de Smet relates, and raisi his eyes toward Heaven, he prayed, "Great Spirit! Thou knowest that I did not kill this Blackfo from a desire of revenge, but because I was forced to do it. Be merciful to him in the other world . . .

When the early missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, first appeared in the northwestern expanse they were welcomed by the natives as the white man's sorcerers and medicine-men. Since the belonged to a people whose resources so far excelled their own, powerful must be their art, startli

must be their magical feats, and overpowering their manitous. It was the newcomers' unique opportunity —their new flock was in a fruitful attitude of expectancy and credulity. The soil was ready for their labours.

Only the old-fashioned sorcerers, seers, and jugglers whose prerogatives had been transgressed stood aside. They deeply resented the loss of their prestige. Though inclined at first to yield to the novel creeds, they soon rallied, to become the stubborn rivals of the Black-robes and Gospel preachers wherever they set foot.

Not many years of intimacy were required to remove the early native preconceptions as to the supernatural abilities of the white medicine-men. The new rituals, in failing to achieve anything but spiritual results, definitely passed out of the domain of awe-inspiring witchcraft into that of social entertainment, pure and simple. The Catholic chapels, where the religious services were more spectacular and the outward manifestation of worship more striking than in the Protestant, had a stronger appeal for most of the worshippers. Some of the early missionaries managed to maintain their foothold in spite of the disillusionment of their neophytes. But their success was due mainly to adroit and persistent efforts and to striking virtues that endeared them in a personal way to their flock.

No sooner did the medicine-men notice the backward drift of native opinion than they endeavoured to recover their former place in the esteem of their compatriots; and to the bitter disappointment of apostolic souls, many one-time converts disowned their pledges and returned to the more congenial "heathenism" of their birth.

A noted sorcerer among the Western Crees—"an adroit imposter who has been baptized," as Father de Smet terms him—once had a vision of the white man's Heaven, which convinced him that it was far too exclusive a Kingdom for the dusky people of the prairies and the mountains. The news of his revelation, after travelling abroad and becoming a tradition, is said to have impeded the progress of missionary labours among many of the western nations. The tradition was first reported by Father de Smet and Paul Kane in their memoirs.

"After I was baptized, I fell sick, I died," related the medicine-man at the time of his presumed resurrection. "Dead, I was taken to the white man's Heaven in the sky, as I had been very good. All the dead friends and relatives of our preachers assembled there were happy, very happy. They had everything the white man loves and wishes for, everything. And the country was fine, beautiful. But all was strange to me. No fishing, no hunting, no dancing. I could see none of the spirits of my ancestors. No one was there to meet me, to welcome me. I felt lonely, I felt sad. The Great Manitou called and asked, 'Why are you so sad in this beautiful heaven which I have made for you?' 'Because I am lonely and sorrowful,' I replied; 'I can see here none of my relatives.' The Great Manitou of the white people was very kind to me. He allowed me to leave his Heaven if I wished to, on account of my red skin. Then I went to the happy hunting grounds of my ancestors, where they refused to receive me. I was baptized, that's why. The only thing for me to do was to come back here to my tribe, renounce my baptism, and return to my medicine bag. The old-time ways are the only ones that can make us worthy of the wonderful plains in spirit-land, where numberless herds of buffalo roam day and night for the everlasting happiness of Indian souls."

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The calling of medicine-men has always been well represented among the prairie and Roc Mountain tribes of Canada. The duties of this privileged class consisted in dealing with the mysteri and supernatural agencies as they were understood from time immemorial, agencies that encompass the undivided fields of primitive science and religion combined.

It was not enough for the Indian mind to be confronted with the cosmic phenome overwhelming as they are; but a host of demons, ghosts, and spirits pervading everywhere were al conjured into existence. Visions and marvels occurred day and night, and no effort was made fathom their inner meaning. Seers and sorcerers held undisputed sway over credulous followe Amulets and incantations were the only instruments deemed fit to operate not only in the world of t living but more frequently in that of the shadows beyond.

Spirits were said to dwell in most objects under the sun, in trees, rivers, mountaintops, a animals. Manitous they were called by the eastern Algonkins, and snams among the Salish of t plateaux. Their powers were sought by men and women alike, and by none more emphatically th medicine-men and seers.

To secure the help of these spiritual benefactors one had to undergo a prolonged traini during adolescence. The longer the training, the greater the powers that might be derived, both actu and mystic. Fasts and seclusions in the wilderness brought about the long-desired apparitions of t manitous to their protégés; and these visions were held to insure welfare and success throughout t whole span of life. While the ordinary hunter and warrior could boast of no more than one humb manitou during his lifetime, the sorcerer, on the other hand, strove to enlist in his support as many the most powerful spirits as he could secure. With their assistance he would cast spells to injure h enemies, drive away diseases, command the elements, and even foretell the future. "In the wretche condition of the savage tribes along the Columbia," says Father de Smet, "there is one redeemi feature—a constant desire to discover some power superior to man. This disposition renders the attentive to the least word that conveys knowledge of a Supreme Being. Hence the facility with whic they believe anything that is at all akin to the Word of God."

When a "shaman" was called to practice his art over a patient, he resorted to means th resembled more the rituals of priesthood than the prosaic ways of our medical professions. He p on his skin robe and magic amulets. He beat his drum and sang incantations to reach into t invisible spheres. In his growing religious exaltation, he uttered supplications and magic spells, an when the trance was complete he ceased to be himself, but impersonated the spirit that he had conjure forth to his assistance.

"Very well, very well, child, I will sing for thee!"—so began a medicine-man of chief Kinbasket tribe, near Lake Windermere. "I will sing to the Lizard, the great one of the mountains. I will sing t the many Lizards, his sons and daughters. Let them roll along the mountain slopes; let them com down the steep hill-sides! As they glide down, the trees are crushed to dust, the snow turns into wate and the rocks are pulverized into grains of sand. Child, look at him coming, the great Lizard. He i followed by his children, every one. Now they sit in a ring at the bottom, and the bands around thei heads have come undone. The bands are blown upward by the wind from the canyon. Child, look, an look with me! The bands are like rainbows in the air. What wonderful rainbows! They stand up on en

and reach up into the sky. The rainbows are their breaths, the breaths of the Lizards from the mountain-tops, and this is what they sing, 'Child, the breath of our mouths are rainbows. The power of rainbows is what saves our health. We are never, never sick. Look at us, look at the rainbows, child, and you will be well again.' "

Another medicine-man of the same nation used to sing this song, which he named *utiltcheenam*: "O my grandchild, in what pitiful state do I find thee! I will examine thee, I will. Thou art sick. What has happened? Perhaps the water has hurt thee, the evil spirits in the water; perhaps the earth has hurt thee, the evil spirits of the upper world? Very well, very well, grandchild! I will now examine thee; I must find out. The Eel, my manitou, the Eel, thy grandfather, will come and help us search the waters and the earth. It lives in the big eddy. The great bird Spedzo will soar above, all through the air and the clouds. And I shall find out, grandchild, I shall find out."

The native treatments for disease were not invariably confined to incantations. Potions from barks and roots served many a useful or fancied purpose. Sweat-baths in small circular huts, where water was poured over red-hot stones, also constituted a favourite cure. But even here the benevolent spirit of the sweat-house, Kwilsten, had to be earnestly propitiated. "O you, my grandfather," they would pray, "you open-faced Kwilsten, you will heal me. I am poor, I am sick, always, always. You will cure my poverty, my sickness. When it is drawn out of my body, may my sickness depart upward even as the steam from these hot stones. Upward goes the steam and upward goes my sickness. Make my body firm and good like yours, O grandfather Kwilsten, you who live far away yet near, who have always been the same from the beginning of things, have pity on me. O truly I am miserable! Make my grandchildren all love me, respect me as a chief, a leader. May they always bless me, Kwilsten, you my own grandfather! Thus I have spoken to you, *halelelele!*"

The sorcerers in their efforts were often carried beyond the frontiers of spirit land. The awe-inspiring sacredness of their activities impressed them quite as intensely as it did their followers. The impetus of tradition so permeated the social fabric that every newcomer in the secret art could not help being swept along on the crest of the mystic wave. Make-believe assumed the features of authenticity, and presumptions had the force of reality. The future and the past lay exposed within the grasp of the inspired seer, and spirits appeared wherever fancy prompted, even in broad daylight. No one questioned the truth of it all, for it had been accepted all over the land.

It is evident, however, that the practice of the mystic art was apt to degenerate into deceit and jugglery. Ambitious men would go into the woods to commune with spirits, and instead of confessing failure whenever it was experienced, they would sometimes boast of success. But they became objects of derision as soon as their duplicity was exposed. Deceitful exploitation for selfish purposes not only brought discredit upon medicine-men, but actually endangered their lives if they could not stave off impulses for retaliation.

The Stony usurper Tchakta was fond of resorting to tricks in order to enhance his own prestige. Others would have emulated him had they not feared speedy retribution. Sir George Simpson quotes the instance of a medicine-man in a Columbia River tribe who had cast an evil spell on a fine horse which he coveted. Henceforward all of its owner's horses would have sore and inflamed feet. But the owner, named Peechee, was watchful; he suspected foul play, and as soon as he "found the knave hammering away with a stone at the hoofs of his horses he very quietly sent a bullet through his head."

The younger generation of the Kootenays, Salish, and Stonies have no longer a vital inter in the ancient beliefs; they have grown indifferent to the faith in personal guardian spirits—manito or snams—which meant so much to their ancestors and indeed contributed to maintain the spiritu stamina of not a few of the present-day elders. It is this abandonment of their faith more than anythi else that accounts for the wholesale moral decay of the race and its vacuous attitude toward life.

If a young man is lazy, incapable, sickly, and untrustworthy, you will hear some wise old m remark deprecatingly, "We know why! It cannot be otherwise: he has had no training, the poor wretc he has never fasted in the woods; he has never seen a snam in his dreams." If his meaning is n sufficiently clear to you, he will explain: "One who has no snam gets no help in time of need, in ti of danger. Without guardian spirits an Indian is like a fish without fins. He cannot live very long; he nothing but a fool. For it is through them that we really know the sun, the moon, the mountains, t dawn, and the night; it is from them that we get the strength of earth, of all nature."

SOCIETY, RELIGION, AND HANDICRAFTS

The Indians of the Western Prairies were nomads, shifting their abode from place to pla according to their needs and food supply. Their mode of life was not everywhere identical. While t tribes of the plains and the eastern Dénés in the north were the most unsettled of all, those of sout eastern British Columbia, especially the Salish, were semi-nomads, periodically moving their camp their salmon streams, wild berry patches, and hunting grounds, which they claimed as their ow exclusive property. Game abounded in the early days, and there was little danger of starving. Th buffalo swarmed on the plains. On its flesh the natives depended for food, and from its skin they mad their garments and their tents. The Blackfoot used hardly any other kind of food. Fish they regarde as unclean, and they loathed foreigners for using it. The main occupation of the Stonies, when th buffalo was still plentiful, was to prepare pemmican, that is, buffalo meat preserved in grease an wrapped in skin, and to trade it with foreign tribes for other commodities. The Salish of British Columbi depended on salmon for a living more than on anything else, and the rivers could yield a inexhaustible supply of fish. Along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains there was, besides, no lack o mountain goat, deer, and other animals. Roving at liberty over their vast hunting grounds and pitchin camp wherever they pleased, these Indians formerly lived in a relative state of happiness an prosperity. Their needs were few, and they were easily contented. Giving little thought to the future they would rest as soon as they had enough to satisfy their ravenous appetites, and start out agai when prompted by hunger. A Déné proverb characterizes the philosophy of the native on this point "He who eats when he is hungry is well fed and happy. But he who does not eat when he has plent of meat is a fool, for a long while may elapse before he has a chance of eating again."[1]

SOCIETY

Society among the nomadic tribes was loosely organized and without complexities. While th Shuswaps, the Kootenays, the Assiniboines, the Sarcees, and the Blackfeet may be considered as nation

[1] Translated from Father Emile Petitot's text, in *Monographie des Déné-Dindjé*. P. 84.

it is not in the same sense that they were well-organized communities under a centralized government; for this was not so. Speaking the same dialect, they acknowledged their close relationship in a practical way and extended to each other the friendship and services that are customary among kinsmen. The band or local community was the basic unit everywhere in these regions. Independent of any outside authority, the band had one or several chiefs, usually the heads of local families, whose authority depended upon personal ability and was undisputed only within their own houses. Inheritance of the chief's rank and related duties or privileges devolved in the male line. The kinship group thus assumed the character of a patriarchal family, in which the women occupied an inferior place. The three Blackfoot tribes—Blood, Piegan, and Blackfoot proper—together with the Sarcees (a Déné people), are sometimes alleged to have organized themselves into a confederacy; but no such form of government ever existed among them. Under the stress of circumstances, in their migrations and wars, they were brought closely together and seem to have co-operated in the same pursuits. Their many fraternities or clubs must have had the effect of unifying their national aims and policy.

The medicine-men everywhere formed an individualistic element in society and held a high rank. Their power was usually dreaded. Their services were sought in the event of sickness, and for detecting certain secrets and foreseeing future events. They exacted fees, and their exactions often weighed heavily upon their clients.

When a conflict arose between two nations, it usually ended in warfare, unless, as among the unwarlike Dénés, safety was sought in flight. At war, the fighters of one or several bands segregated and formed a party. At its head a war chief was installed. Upon valour alone did the choice hang. The successful warriors slew and scalped their victims. Everyone being naturally boastful of killing enemies, no credence was granted until the scalps were exhibited. The scalp was intended as evidence of a deed of valour. Prisoners were not often captured and reduced to slavery, on account of the general unfitness of nomadic societies for such an institution. Shuswap prisoners among some prairie tribes are known to have committed suicide rather than submit to slavery.

TRANSPORTATION

The problem of transportation was of great moment to nomadic tribes, especially east of the Rocky Mountains. Without domestic animals, except their wolf-like dogs, before the horse was introduced, their means of conveyance were quite deficient. Each family, among the Blackfeet, the Assiniboines, the Kootenays, and other tribes of the Plains, had many dogs. Each Stony-Assiniboine family had from six to twelve, which were used for dragging burdens on sleighs or on 'travois,' in the tribal migrations. The 'travois' (from the French *travail*), to which the dog was harnessed, was a contrivance consisting of poles, tied together so as to look much like a capital "A." The pointed end was attached to the dog, and the load was fastened to the spreading arms which dragged it on the ground. When the Spanish introduced the horse in Central America and Mexico, the Plains Indians promptly realized the immense advantage they could derive from it, especially when riding in pursuit of the buffalo. That is why horse stealing became an institution. One tribe would raid another and take away its horses, only to lose them at the hands of another. The use of the horse spread like wildfire northward on the prairies; so much so that when first exploring the west, the white men could do no better than purchase horses from the Indians. Along with the horse was introduced the gun.

These two factors deeply modified the life of the natives and enhanced the predominance of the warli Blackfoot over their neighbours. The buffalo hunt thereafter always ended in wasteful slaughter. A when the American government once planned the systematic destruction of the buffalo in order stamp the Indian out of existence, the task had already been made easier.[1]

Canoes provided the principal means of transport among the northwestern tribes. Those of t Crees and the Dénés were made of birch bark and, when such material was wanting, of skins stretch on a frame. Curiously enough, the Blackfeet did not build or use canoes, although the other Algonki in the east are all good canoe-makers and skilful canoemen. The Kootenays, having long ceased to prairie Indians, have become lake and river dwellers. Their pointed cigar-like bark canoes, with whi they could outspeed any other type of similar craft, were peculiar to them and nowhere else we known in America except perhaps among their close neighbours.

Snowshoes of different types were also used in the winter. While the mountain tribes had sma round or oval snowshoes for mountain climbing, the Dénés wore long and slender ones, consisti of a neat frame with the foremost part bent upward and fixed with a fine netting of babiche.

HOUSES

The most common type of house in use among the Plains Indians was the skin tent or 'tipi.' usually consisted of a buffalo, elk, or moose skin stretched on a movable structure of light poles fixe together at the top and spreading into a circle at the base. When a fire was needed, it was built in th centre of the circular lodge, the smoke finding its way out through an opening left at the top. Whe birch bark was available, as it was among some Cree and Déné tribes, it usually replaced the skin a tent covering.

The dwellings of the interior Salishes were quite different in form and materials. They consiste of semi-underground lodges, with a framework consisting of pliable poles set around the edge of circular excavation. The poles were bent so as to form a spherical roof, which was covered first wit grass or cedar bark, and then with a thick coat of earth. The Plateau and eastern Déné Indians use both the conical tent or 'tipi,' but usually with bark cover, and the round half-spherical lodge.

DOMESTIC ARTS

Comparative simplicity in the domestic arts of the Dénés and Plains tribes evidently was th result of their nomadic condition; only the indispensable necessities of life could be spared. In th absence of baskets, pottery, and metal implements and weapons, they made wooden trays, skin leather bags, and stone points or blades. At first utilized for storing pemmican or preserved meat the well-known *parflêche* is a large skin bag with folding cover. It is often decorated with painte geometric designs. These nomads, less industrious and provident than most tribes, were unsurpasse in their vanity and fondness for adornment. And their acculturation has not yet entirely robbed ther of their proud and picturesque demeanour. To many people abroad, the American Indian is still know under the garb of the Plains Indian, for whom the artists have always shown a marked predilection

[1] In the year 1879 alone, a cordon of soldiers, hunters, and Indians, under the instructions of the American Governmen slaughtered 32,000 buffaloes in one great hunt, and left their bones to whiten the plain (W. S. Green, *Among the Selkir Glaciers*, 1890. P. 29).

Long hair adorned with strings of birds' feathers, fringed leather costumes, and leggings trimmed with bands of porcupine quill appliqués or beaded patterns, and brilliant paints applied to their faces have long been the familiar features of their personal attire. Such adornments were principally the privilege of the men, while upon the women devolved the task of preparing the costumes and decoration. Museums and individuals now possess large collections of fine porcupine quill- and bead-work obtained among the Blackfoot, the Sarcee, the Assiniboine, the Kootenay, and the Déné. The decorative patterns seen on costumes are, on the whole, floral in the north, and geometrical in the south. The tendency to imitation is strongly evinced everywhere, and little in the field of decorative art can be claimed exclusively by one tribe. There is no doubt that much has been borrowed from European art. Fine red stone or catlinite pipes, often introduced in ceremonials and tribal deliberations, are also among the favourite belongings of the prairie chiefs.

A difference is here noticeable among the Plains and Plateau tribes. The Salishes, of British Columbia, and their northern Déné neighbours constitute a transition between the almost sedentary people of the coast and the nomadic hordes of the plains. Their less unsettled condition is felt especially in domestic arts and in their lesser desire for spectacular personal display. Among the Salish, basketry and weaving have developed into a fine art. The watertight baskets of the Shuswaps offer remarkable variety in technique, style, and decoration. Their most typical technique is that of the coiled or spiral basketry, the outer surface of which is decorated with overlaid or 'imbricated' patterns. In spinning the wool of the mountain goat into blankets, the interior Salishes also reveal remarkable skill, and valuable specimens of their weaving, with their complex and brilliant patterns, do not compare unfavourably with the work of the Navaho of New Mexico and Arizona.

PRESENT-DAY INDIANS

The condition of the natives has now undergone a radical change. Less than a century ago the undisputed masters of the prairies, the mountains, and the plateaux, they have now been driven away, decimated, packed on reserves or in small villages, and left with the acute awareness of their doom. Their history in the past century has been one of demoralization and decay. Brought into contact with white adventurers and tradesmen, they were only too prone to contract their vices and diseases without enjoying the same physical immunity. Hereditary hunters as they were, they showed their readiness in providing the fur companies with the coveted pelts. And after exploiting the wilds for over two hundred years to the advantage of the traders, they found themselves in the end starved for want of game and abandoned by their former employers. Ammunition and trinkets were the only payment for furs, which they conveyed in yearly migrations to distant trading posts. Within the memory of old men, the price of the mink skin, for instance, was two cents on the British Columbia coast and practically nothing in the interior. The natives always found themselves indebted to the trading company for a year ahead. It is not surprising that they should have been left destitute and starving when, one by one, owing to the growing scarcity of furs, the trading posts were closed. The fierce competition and rivalry between the Hudson's Bay and North West companies, ending with their amalgamation in 1821, proved disastrous to the natives in the employ of the companies. Rum

was the welcome price of furs for a period, and debauch or murder the frequent result. Quarrel and defamation between the companies were on the point of bringing about an Indian rebellion. This wa only averted by the outbreak of a terrible epidemic of smallpox, which wiped out whole tribes. To a these evils was added starvation, when the remaining herds of buffalo were destroyed in 1879. Th rations distributed by the Canadian Government could but reduce the casualties among a people stil unable to support themselves in the absence of their usual means of subsistence. The policy of the depart ment in charge of Indians Affairs has been directed toward making the Plains Indians self-supporting The balance of the price still due them for the purchase of their country by treaties is yearly spent fo their benefit in educating them in farming and cattle raising. Considering the inherent difficulty i transforming demoralized nomadic tribes into assiduous farmers, it may be said that remarkable succes has been achieved. Missionaries have at the same time devoted themselves to the improvement of th morale and sometimes material welfare of most of these tribes. That the Indian feels acutely hi misfortune and the pinch of changed conditions is evident. The words of an aged Blackfoot warrior quoted by John MacLean, crystallizes the feelings of the passing generation: "Where are our noble warriors of former days? Where are the people that assembled in our camps by thousands? Where are the buffalo that covered our plains? . . . See the fences of the White man stopping our trails. Our great men are gone, our people are dying, our lands are no longer ours, and we, too, shall soon pass away."

RELIGION AND FOLKLORE

The religious beliefs and traditions of the natives are embodied chiefly in formal narratives, memorized and transmitted through generations. In the fairly large number of myths, legends, and tales recorded by various authors, we find good accounts of the origin of the world and of the deeds of many divinities. The Sun and the Moon were almost everywhere regarded as high divinities presiding over the welfare of the human races. And the 'Sun-dance' among the Plains people was a most spectacular form of worship. In the course of this tribal ceremony the dancers gazed at the sun, prayed and presented offerings while undergoing some kind of torture. Among the Salishes and the Dénés, with the exception of the Sarcees, no such ritual existed. In their thanksgiving or 'first-fruit' rituals, the Salishes apparently addressed prayers and thanks to the Sky—or perhaps the Sun. But if the Dénés believed in the existence of high gods it was only in a vague and detached manner. They have often been represented as the least religious of all the North American Indians.

Culture-heroes or national divinities are credited with the creation or transformation of the world at the beginning. But these divinities were not worshipped, and as they combined in their personality the traits of a creator and a ridiculous or deceitful trickster, they usually were the object of more derision than reverence. The Blackfoot gave theirs the name of Napi—the Old Man; and the Crow, the Coyote, and a spider-like being played the same part among neighbouring tribes.

The belief in personal guardian spirits was still more widespread and important among all these natives. Animals or objects of all kinds may have been endowed, in their minds, with supernatural powers, which they extended to their human protégés. Men of note, sorcerers, medicine-men, and warriors are said to enjoy the protection of one or more of such beings.

II

INDIAN NARRATIVES RECORDED IN 1926,

AND OTHER INFORMATION

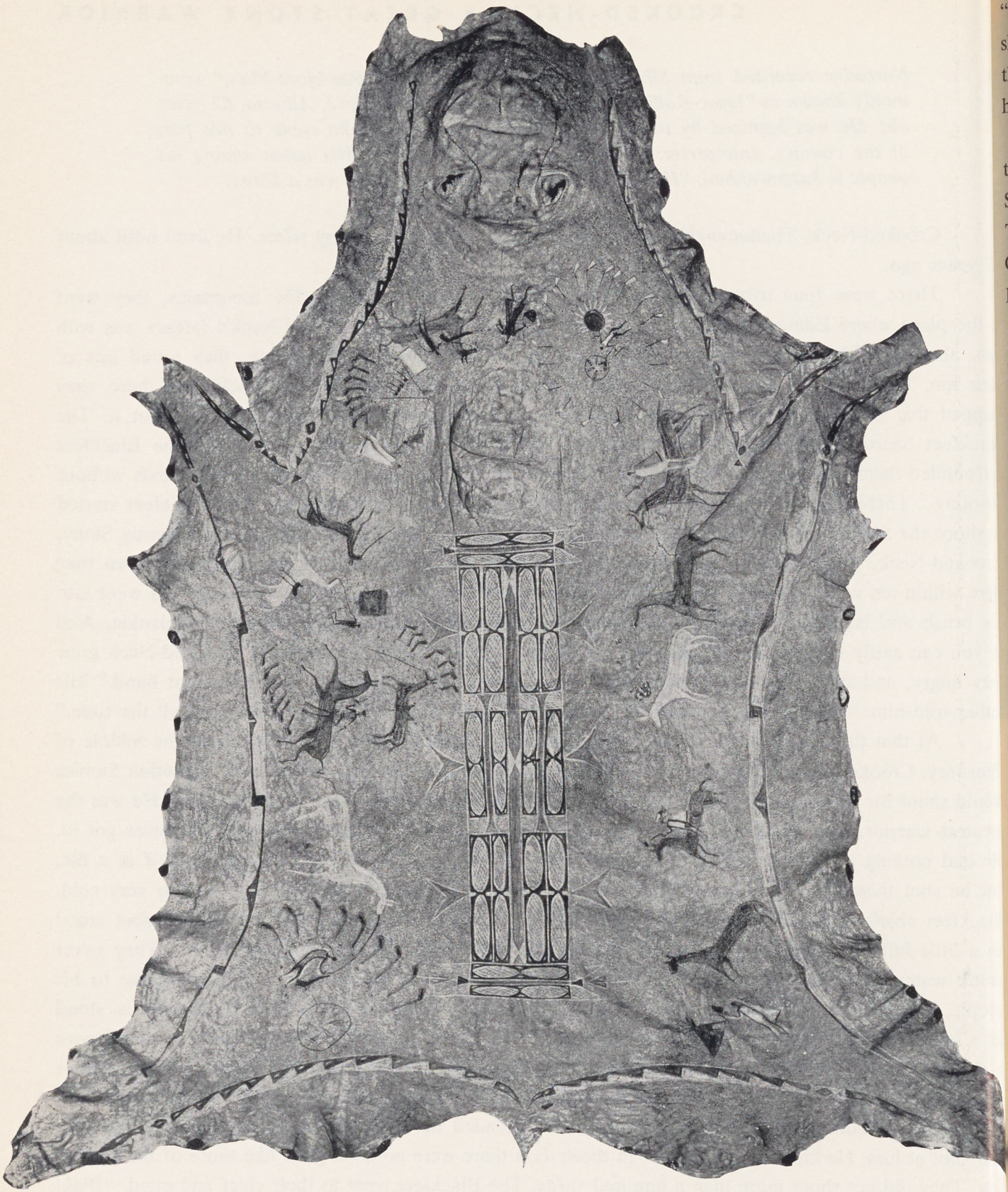
CROOKED-NECK, A GREAT STONY WARRIOR

Narrative recorded from Sihasabe, "One-black-foot" or "Blackfoot-Man," commonly known as "Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud," of Morley Reserve, Alberta, 82 years old. He was baptized by the third preacher, a Methodist, who came to this part of the country. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits, "Old Widow." His name among his people is Susgawakhan: "Horse," in Sioux; his father's mother was a Sioux.

Crooked-Neck, Thahunangkin, was a great warrior among the Stony tribes. He lived until about 67 years ago.

There were four tribesmen with Crooked-Neck. From way up in the mountains, they went to the place where Edmonton now is, to get shot-gun bullets. One of Crooked-Neck's fathers was with him, also two old men and two women. When the Stonies arrived at Edmonton, they found lots of their kin. The Blackfeet had seen the Stonies' tracks. When these Stonies came back from there, they stopped this side of Red Deer. One of the Stonies saw a chicken sitting on a tree and shot it. The Blackfeet heard the shot and went round him. Six Stonies stood in the middle, and the Blackfeet surrounded them. A Blackfoot said, "There are many of us. Let us catch them with our hands without shooting." There was a big flat piece of ground with some willows in the middle. The Blackfeet started to shoot the Stonies. Then they walked over and tried to catch them with their hands. A young Stony, Crooked-Neck, would not run away like the others. He started to shoot at the Blackfeet, when they were within ten yards of him. Crooked-Neck never missed a shot, while the rest of the Stonies went into the brush and lay down. One of the Stony women was shot and killed. She wore a red blanket. And as you can easily see red from a distance, that is why she was killed very quickly. Crooked-Neck grew very angry, and said, "My mother is dead. I want to walk and get among that Blackfoot band." His father told him: "We have three guns. We are going to load them for you, so you shoot all the time."

At that time, there were, in all, 5,000 Blackfeet. It was a cold, cold day, about the middle of February. Crooked-Neck fought for four days and four nights. It was forty below zero. The other Stonies would shoot for about one hour and then lie down in the sun. Crooked-Neck never got shot. He was the greatest warrior. The Blackfeet shot at him all the time. When they shot at his body, it never got in. He had nothing to eat for four days and four nights. Sometimes the Blackfeet came forward in a file, but he shot them and killed them all. Every day the people were frozen, frozen. It was so very cold. Blackfeet chiefs cried. They said, "My sons and best fighters have been killed." One Blackfoot stood on a little hill and cried, "Kill them all!" To his people he said, "Let the dogs eat them!" They never drank water, never ate anything. One of the Blackfeet stood on the hill again, and he spoke to his people, "We have to kill them all. Fight as hard as you can." Crooked-Neck, when he heard this, stood for a long while and saw him. He shot him right there. He killed the chief. Another Blackfoot chief wore a blanket; he also walked to the hill, and started to cry, "We have to catch this Stony. Get his clothes off. We must whip him as soon as we hold him. Try and catch him if you can!" Crooked-Neck saw this warrior standing there with his old shotgun. He loaded his own gun with four inches of powder and shot at him. He knocked him down. In those days there were no good guns like those of the present day. They did not shoot more than a hundred yards. The Blackfeet went to their chief and cried, "*Wak*! We do not remember his name because we were not acquainted with one another." Crooked-Neck said,



16. Painted buffalo skin, "Coups counted by Crop-Eared Wolf, a chief of the Blood Tribe."

"Let us go away! I am tired of killing people." They had killed nine hundred altogether. "I am sick of shooting." He said to the old people, the two old men, "Catch this young girl, and try to run away into the bush with her. I am going to shoot at the Blackfeet meanwhile." And they captured the girl, and he started to chase the people away.

Crooked-Neck said, "Let us go over and have a fight!" He ran over to the Blackfeet and started to yell. The Blackfoot tribe ran back to the hills. Their camp was about three-quarters of a mile away. Some of them shot back at Crooked-Neck, but their shots were lost . . . in the air, just making a noise. There must have been eight hundred guns shooting all at once. *Hu hu hu!* They clapped their hands. Crooked-Neck went back to his people, his father, sister, and father-in-law. They went to a creek and had something to eat.

The informant concluded that he had heard this story when he was 15 years old while playing in the hills with the boys. "After a little while, I heard a lot of cries in our own camp. Many people were crying. And I started to run back to our camp. I was afraid. My mother told me, 'Your mother-in-law has been killed. The Blackfeet have shot her.' And she added, 'Crooked-Neck killed nine hundred Blackfeet.' She said, 'He was the greatest warrior of the Stonies. He died about sixty years ago, when he was an old man.' "

CROOKED-NECK

Informant: Jane Kakwits, Say'nis or "Big," 83 years old, a Stony of Morley Reserve. She was the interpreter's father's sister.

When the Hudson's Bay [Company] started, the first year, to build a cabin there [at Fort Edmonton], two Blackfeet, two old men, came there with two young fellows and three women. The three women were all dressed up, and one of the Blackfeet men had his hair right down to the ground; it was like a horse's tail. And there was a bunch of Stonies camped there, and among them, Crooked-Neck. Crooked-Neck always thought about fighting in those days. The Hudson's Bay [chiefs] told Crooked-Neck, "Don't fight, we are going to help you up. Don't kill these seven people." And Hudson's Bay lent to him a kind of cabin hall to dance in. And the Stonies danced with the seven Blackfeet. The Blackfoot with the long hair was the chief. He took a big stick with eagle feathers tied to the end of it. He started to dance and cry. Tears ran from his eyes, and he said, "I never danced before. I might die. That is the reason why I dance." The Hudson's Bay men took the guns away from the Stonies and kept them for them. When the Blackfeet came back, Crooked-Neck had hidden his gun.

After the Blackfeet got goods from the Hudson's Bay store, they went back about half a mile; they heard the guns shooting, shooting *héhéhé* . . . One woman and one Blackfoot, a young fellow, ran away home. They had been shot at but had been missed. And the rest had been killed. Crooked-Neck had shot them all and taken all the clothes off them. The Blackfeet had bought some grub from the Hudson's

Bay, and bullets. Crooked-Neck took these things away. And the long-haired chief had been killed. Th Stonies got pretty near fighting among themselves about the long hair. Some of them said, "I want th long hair." One of the Blackfeet women was wounded; she had a broken leg. Crooked-Neck took he body and threw it into the Edmonton River while she was still alive. It was in the evening; the Stonie danced, after they had taken the scalps off all the Blackfeet, and they danced there. A Blackfoot had ru away (a woman and a girl had run away to the Big Fives). He had been shot in the foot, but he go home all right.

After four days a band of Blackfeet came; they had heard that their chief had been kille A whole tribe. Must have been about four thousand. Hudson's Bay had a lot of stuff in their whe wagons. There were about ten wagons full of blankets. There were about one hundred wagons full o goods, all kinds of goods. It was on the Saskatchewan. The Blackfeet came there. It was in the sprin The river was in flood, very high. Then one of the Hudson's Bay drivers took a boat and ran ov to where the goods were on the other side. There were, in all, six drivers. They put the goods into th boats and crossed the river to the store with the baggage, leaving six wagons of goods on the oth side. Must have cost lots of money. The Blackfeet could not ford the river, because it was flooded an high. Lots of wood and ice floating downstream. Then the Blackfeet burnt all the goods in the wagon burnt all that was there, and spoilt the whole Hudson's Bay's goods. Crooked-Neck took a tree an floated it down. It was only to scare them. He called, "If you people do like this, you kill me. If yo don't, you cannot kill me anyhow." And they were afraid of him. So they all went away.

After about six months, the Blackfeet got chicken pox. Some of them said, "We have chicke pox because we burned the Hudson's Bay's goods. That is why white people gave us sickness." Th Blackfeet then were about ten thousand. But now there are just a few left. There used to be a lo of tribes. Some Blackfeet got shot. Others died of chicken pox.

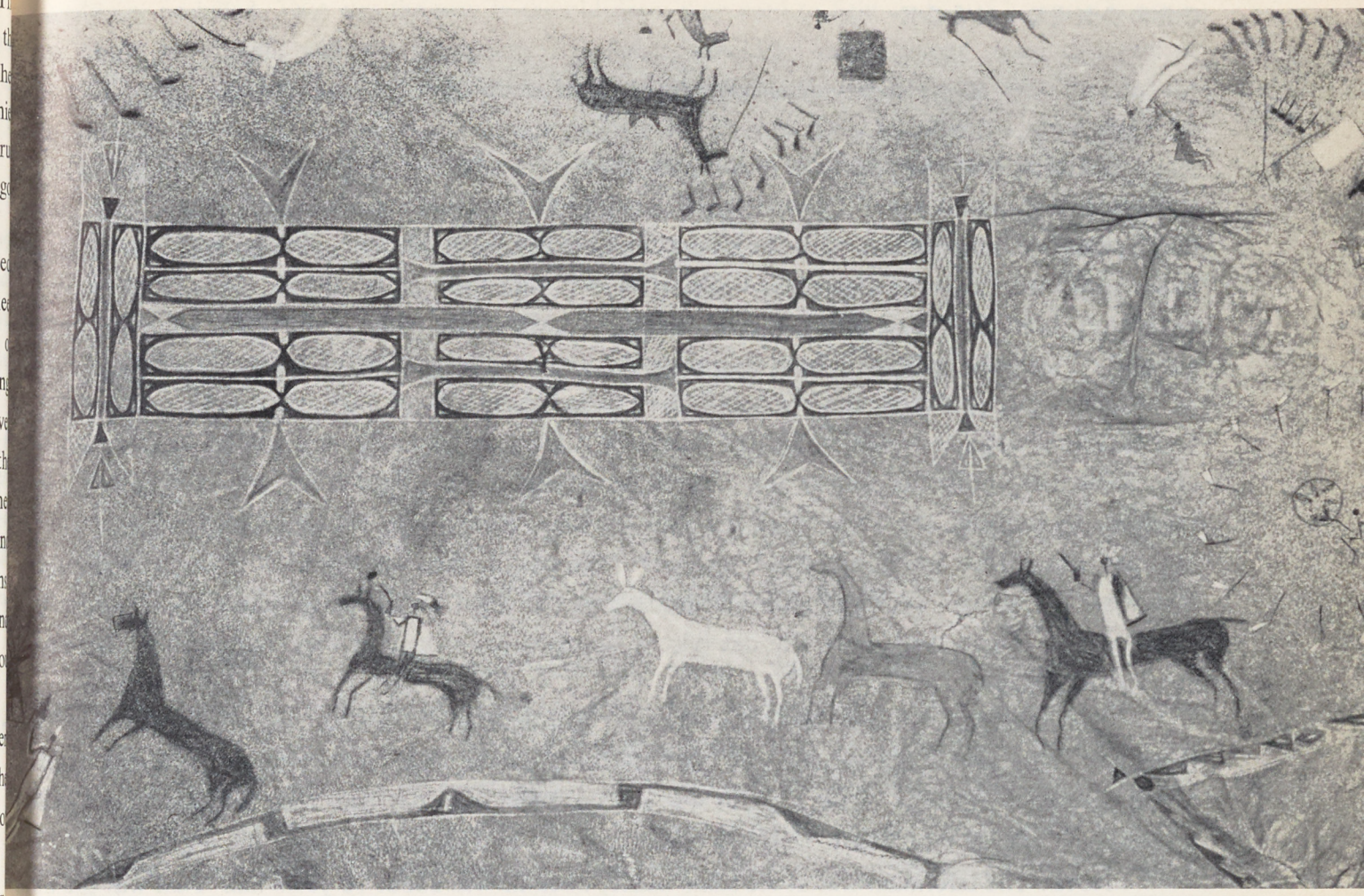
NOTE: The informant states that she has seen that happen when she was a little girl, about ten "I hardly remember."

CROOKED-NECK

Recorded from Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud; interpreter, Tom Kakwits.

There were a hundred and fifty-three Cree Indians who came from the north. About eigh o'clock at night, I heard the gun shots *hehehehe!* . . . We were in a tent. I was asleep, and a dog slep right at my right hand. The dog was hit by a bullet, but I was not hit. Crooked-Neck got up and shouted, "Stony, take your gun and fight the Cree, *héé!* . . . If you don't, you get killed. That's all."

We all ran outside when we heard it was the Crees that were attacking. We found it out from their talk. My mother got back and said, "My brother nearly dies; he has been shot." I walked over with her. My mother's father was shot right in the ribs; two bullets got him. And blood was also running out like water from his arm. He put his hands on his mouth, and a lot of blood ran just like a little creek *hun.* . . . He told me, "Let us shake hands. We won't see each other anymore."



16a. Section of No 16 to show detail.

The Crees started to come into the Stony camp, all of them. One of the Stony chiefs went outside and cried, "Let them come! We will fight them when daylight comes. It is too dark now. We might kill each other." The Crees walked in. As there was a lot of dry meat outside, drying near the fire, they just helped themselves to it, without asking the Stonies. Crooked-Neck went outside, about daylight; it was not yet day. He started to take his clothes off, and said, "I am going to kill you Crees." Then the whole band ran away. Crooked-Neck was growing mad. The Stonies kept on shooting, until the Crees ran away at daybreak; they were three miles [off]. One of the Crees said, "My friend, stop shooting! We are not animals." So Crooked-Neck stopped. He had killed one hundred and let fifty get away. That was the time the Stonies were using Crooked-Neck all the time, whenever they had to fight. Crooked-Neck was hit by the bullets, but they never went into his body.

When the Stonies got back from the fight, they put away the old man. He was dead. They put him on a tree. And after a few days, they came back to see his body. The wolves had eaten it up. That was at the time when they did not bury the dead, only hung them on the trees.

75700-5—5

CROOKED-NECK

Recorded from Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter, Tom Kakwits

Down at Saskatoon there were many Blackfeet dancing, a whole band of them. Some old m started dancing, and one said, "I used to kill Stonies on the mountains up toward Minnihappa Wat falls," now Bankhead Station, up in the mountain; there is a waterfall there. And he said, "I used to k Stonies, all over." Crooked-Neck heard this, as he was with them at the dance. He got sore, took clothes off, bear skins, and began a dance holding a knife in his hands (Minayonka: holding knif He said, "I am quite satisfied to have seen these old women dancing." He meant the Blackfeet. As so as he quit dancing, two Stonies, young fellows, stood each side of him: they were dancing. Th Crooked-Neck went and tried to kill the Blackfoot chief with his knife. One of the Stonies held o arm, another the other, to prevent him. One of the Stonies got cut right in his arm. Lot of blood w running. At that time the Stony chief was Isindzawstiha, Bear's-Paw. He told Crooked-Neck, "Do fight any more! They are afraid of you anyhow." That was the time the Blackfeet came to steal hors Next time the Stonies went and stole all their horses. At night the Blackfeet came round again. B Crooked-Neck drove them away. He did this by changing his own body into the form of a mounta lion (*'ermongtanga*).

The mountain lion went after the Blackfeet and bit them. It was on the steep river near R Deer, and there was a hill washed out. The Blackfeet (there were two hundred of them) start to run over the steep bank of the river. It was a black night, and they could see nothing. They jump off the bank, and all were killed. That was the way, a long time ago. This was in the old days.

NOTE: The informant was at the same dance, when he was about 16 years old. That was the ti when the chief filled a big pipe, and Stonies and Blackfeet smoked it together. They were maki friends. But soon after, they left each other and went on fighting again.

CROOKED-NECK

From Joseph Jonas, Tcindjanosahan or "His-son-Good-Runner," a Stony, 78 years old and blind. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

I never thought Crooked-Neck would die. My father was with him, going for shot-gun bulle at [Fort] Edmonton. But the rest of the Stonies were afraid to go there, because there were man different tribes of Indians around. Crooked-Neck said, "They will not kill me; anyhow I am going t get bullets." So they packed two dogs.

Crooked-Neck and my father, when coming back, saw some Piegans. As they were passi near brush, the Piegans started to shoot at Crooked-Neck and my father. Crooked-Neck got all h clothes pierced by bullets, but he was never hurt any. That was why he was not afraid to fight, becaus

he could not be killed. That was the way in the old days; they used to fight and steal horses. Crooked-Neck would never fight with the Kootenays. My father was killed there, among them, this side of Rocky-Mountain House. And Crooked-Neck came back alone. He went up to Nordick on the Saskatchewan River, and he saw some northern Indians. He sharpened his knife with a stone and went inside an Eskimo camp at night; everyone was asleep. There were a lot of these Indians in the camp. About four o'clock in the morning, Crooked-Neck cut one man's head off. He cut about five persons' heads off, and took ten head of horses and went home. But he turned two horses loose, because both had sore backs. And nobody knew he had cut those peoples' heads off. It was Crooked-Neck who had done it.

NOTE: This story was told to Jonas by his grandfather, Mihko (Eating-too-Much) when he, Jonas, was a young man.

CROOKED-NECK

Informant: Joseph Jonas. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

Crooked-Neck went to the Blackfeet with three Stonies. They met four Blackfeet; one of the Blackfeet who had lots of bullets flowing from his mouth, from his insides through his mouth, said, "You fellows, if you do the same thing, you kill us all." Crooked-Neck said, "I can do better than that." He began to hit his head with his right hand, and a lot of gun powder exploded. There were no people close to him. Every time he hit his head, the powder came out of his mouth and exploded. The Blackfoot got frightened of the explosions, and that is why they ran away from the Stonies. That is the way it happened.

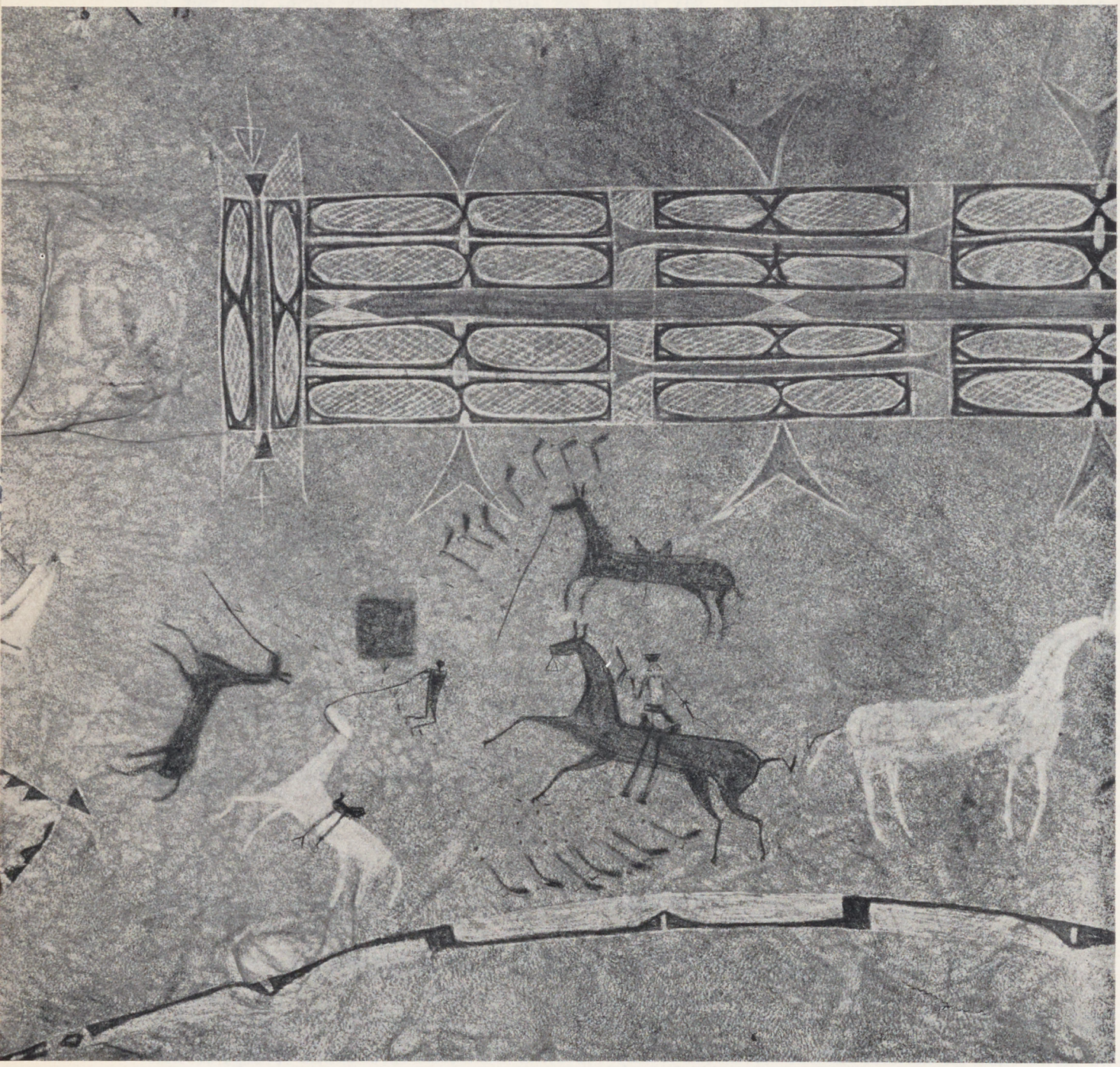
NOTE: Informant was told about this, when they came back. If Crooked-Neck had not done this, he and his men might have been killed.

CROOKED-NECK STEALING HORSES

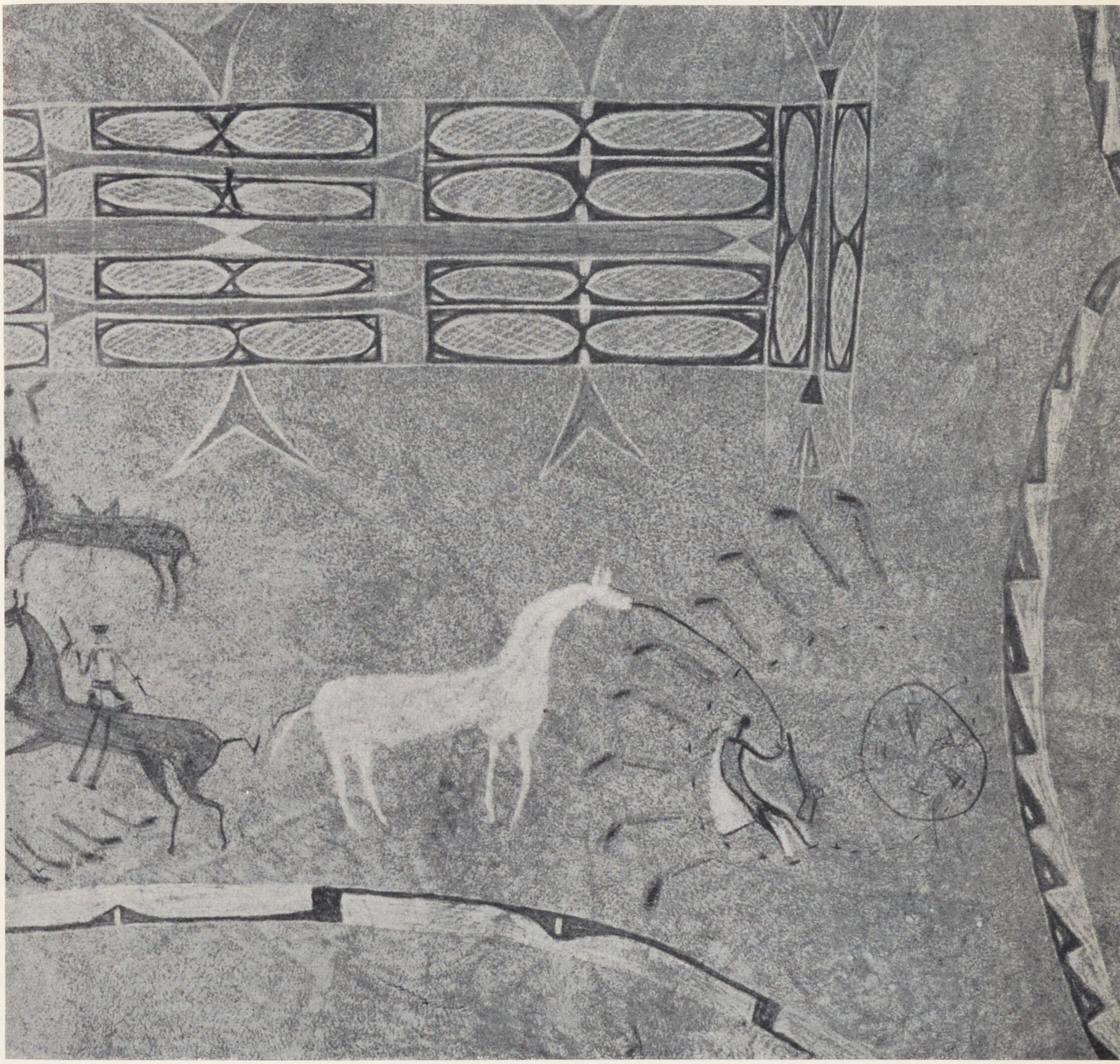
Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud, Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

Crooked-Neck took all his clothes off and went barefoot while the others built a great big fire. Then he stood right in the middle and never burnt any. At other times, he turned into a dog, or into a fish. Then he turned back into a man again. That man lived with nothing but stealing. He had fifteen head of horses at one time. The horses we have now, all came from these fifteen. The Blackfeet arrived from the east and came to Banff. At night, they took all the Stonies' horses away. The Blackfeet ran away back in the dark. They stopped over this hill here, just on the other side of the brush. Next day, Crooked-Neck went after them with the horses he had stolen. He went down to the Blackfeet. And they ran away on foot.

75700-5—5½



16b. Section of 16 to show detail.



16c. Section of 16 to show detail.

CROOKED-NECK, A MEDICINE-MAN

Informant: Jane Kakwits. Interpreter, Tom Kakwits

That was the time when the medicine-man doctored all those who were sick. They knew [th could tell] when fights were to happen. Crooked-Neck used to kill buffalo with a stone adze. Sometim he rode a stag, and he walked home. When he got about five hundred yards from his camp, stopped; the people were sick. He took the sickness out of their body. The medicine-man did it.

TCHANKIN, A BRAVE WARRIOR

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

I have heard, a long long time ago, of the best fighter among the Stonies. This happen before they used guns. They had knives only. One time, one Stony jumped down from the mountai from the bank of the mountain. Nobody ever could kill him. His name was Tchankin. He used to li everybody. At one time, he killed about four Blackfeet. Arrows never got into his body, and the bull could not penetrate into him. He had spirits to protect him. At one time four people tried to kill hi but they didn't succeed.

BEAR'S-PAW

(according to Hector Crawler)

Informant: Daniel Wildman, speaking for his uncle Hector Crawler

One time after the peace was made with the Blood Indians, Bear's-Paw became chief. That w before the white settlers come in. Late in the fall, my mother went out to hunt porcupine. For som days she was gone. She was searching for the braves and the young fellows who had disappeared. A last they found her body. She had been shot down with many bullets. And Bear's-Paw grew very angr He said, "Nothing on earth now can nurse my heart. The first enemy I meet, I kill."

After about two months, the weather grew cold. A blizzard was on one afternoon. Bear's-Pa got to the valley named Wahyambasaangha: "Moon Valley." He saw somebody coming from the eas right in the middle of the valley. A group of people were standing a little way off, to the east. H said to himself, "I bet these are my enemies." Then he prepared to make a charge. He laced up hi horse's tail and hair with buckskin, took off his buckskin gun bag and tied his own hair with hi gun bag around his head. As soon as he had finished, he met two men down the valley, his enemie Then he ran for all he was worth, and said, "It is a little too far for me to get there." Just a few yard

before he reached the man who got off his horse, he knew that he was his enemy, chief Kitsiponista, a Blood. "Hello, my friend," he said. But the other two people with the chief were Stonies. (There were three altogether—one Blood and two Stonies. This Blood had come from the east to meet these two Stonies.) Bear's-Paw did not know this when he got there. He thought they were all his enemies. So he poked his gun into the chest of the Blood chief and was going to shoot him. But I [Crawler] was too fast for him. I shot him. As soon as he fell down, I crushed his head with the butt of the gun. Suddenly I became even more infuriated. I did not know what to do. I started to gallop after the next enemy. But these were two Stonies, my own people. They took hold of my horse, because they knew very well that I would get killed there. They brought me back home. When I got home, I took a deep breath, to nurse my heart a little. Then all the braves came out, and these two Stonies told them: Kitsiponista has been killed—one of the bravest and the biggest Bloods . . . The people praised me. They sang how big, how brave, I was.

NOTE: Daniel Wildman heard this story from his wife. She is Crawler's son's daughter.

BEAR'S-PAW, WAR CHIEF

Informant: Joseph Jonas. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

Bear's-Paw's mother went hunting porcupine, carrying her axe on her back. Some Blackfeet killed her. It was this way. Five Blackfeet were sitting in a coulee, hiding there. This woman walked round the coulee. They did not shoot her at first but tried to catch her. But after half an hour, they had not caught her. There were several of them. In the end five of them caught her. One of them took a knife and thrust it right into her body, into her belly. A bunch of little snakes came out of the wound in her belly. Then she died. She was a widow.

When Bear's-Paw found out the next day that she had not come back, he hunted for her. He found her body there. Bear's-Paw grew awfully mad. He said, "I am going to kill every Blackfoot I see." After one year was over, some Stonies were sitting with one Blackfoot up here on a flat. One of the band, a Blackfoot, Kitsiponista, was a chief. The five Stonies told Kitsiponista, "You had better run away, Bear's-Paw is coming on horseback. He might kill you." And Kitsiponista did not run away. He said, "Bear's-Paw won't kill me." Bear's-Paw came round to the group. And the same Blackfoot said, "Don't shoot me; don't you know this is Kitsiponista?" Bear's-Paw gave him a shot and killed him.

Bear's-Paw was a great warrior. But the Indian leaders tried to stop him. As soon as he quit fighting, he was appointed chief by Ottawa. Bear's-Paw was the one who took the treaty-moving trip to Gleichen when the treaty was made. And there were all kinds of Indians there—Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Crees, Sarcees. Bear's-Paw was the first Indian who accepted the treaty. The rest of them did not. They wanted to fight. Bear's-Paw was an extremely wise man.

Old George McDougall was the first white man to come to this part of the country. He liv here among the Indians. He would talk religion with them and try to convert them. But they wou not talk to him. Some believed him; others did not. He got frozen hunting buffalo with the India one winter.

NOTE: Informant knew Bear's Paw. Tom Kakwits saw him; he died when Kakwits was youn Kananaskis, in Cree, is the name derived from a Cree whom the Stonies had killed there.

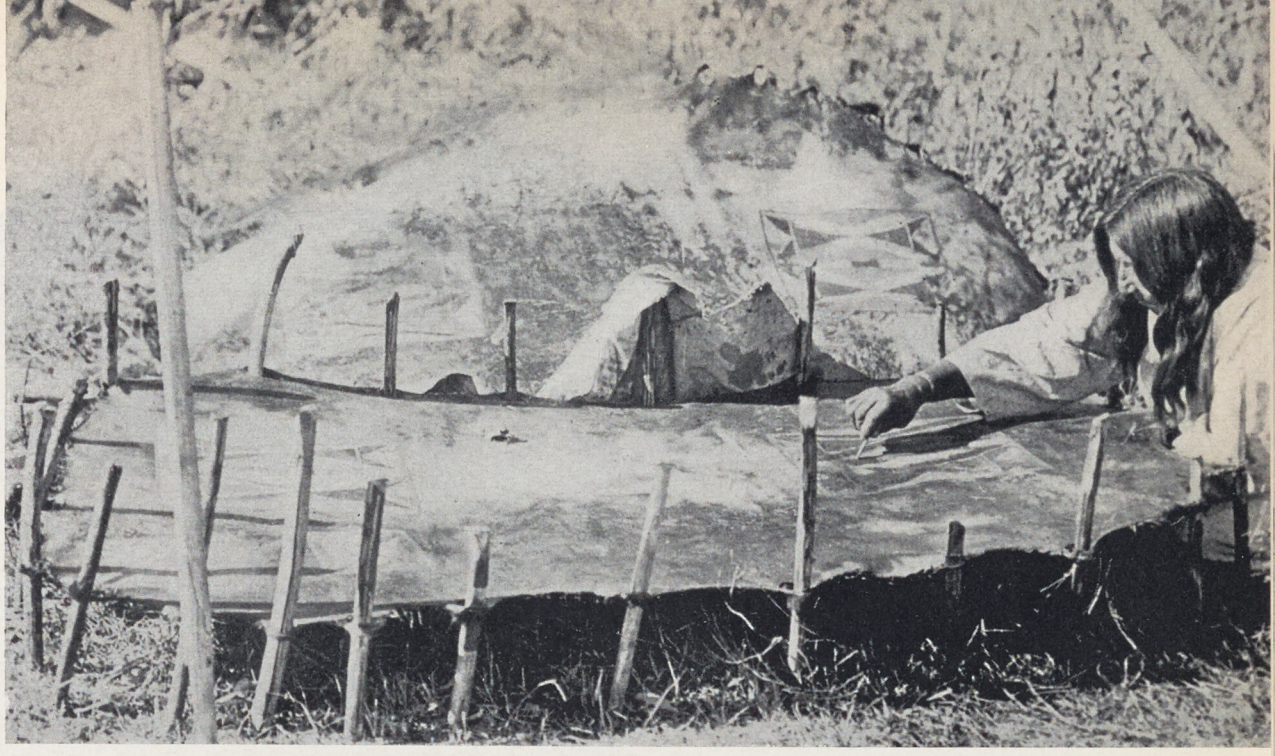
BEAR'S-PAW

Informant: George McLean

Bear's-Paw was a great warrior. The Bloods killed his mother when she was alone huntin porcupine. She did not turn up at all for a day or two. They did not know where she was. An then they found that she had been killed by enemies. Bear's-Paw was a young man then, able-bodie It was after the treaty, about forty years ago. And he had a chance for revenge when he found h mother had been killed. There was a Blood chief who came to see the Stonies, not for trouble, but ju to visit. He came to the camp and shook hands with other Indians. Bear's-Paw heard that there was Blood in camp. When he heard this, he said, "That is what I have been looking for." When relation was killed they were contented only when they killed one of the other tribe, just like fo revenge.

He was pleased and glad to hear that there was a Blood in the camp. He walked around throug the tents, and when he saw the Blood stranger, the Blood put out his hand, "Hello, hello, my friend! Bear's-Paw took his gun and shot him there. He said, "That is just what I was looking for." And h had shot him dead.

When the other Bloods heard of this, they came up and wanted to declare war. But when the got to the place, they did not want to attack the Stonies, because there was one thing: the Stonie never looked for a fight. After the peace, they were the only ones that tried to keep their word—di not kill any white man or any Indian. But other tribes killed their agents and killed the police o anybody they were angry with. That was the way the Stonies had got a good word for their genera good conduct, when Bear's-Paw was chief. He called himself Bear's-Paw. And when he made up hi mind not to kill anybody, he became a good chief. He was one of the chiefs that signed when they mad the peace treaty with the Government. But he never wanted to give up the hunting rights. At the tim of the treaty, the Government wanted to get the hunting rights as well. And Crowfoot, a chief of th Bloods said, "No, we will not give up the hunting rights." And Chief Bear's-Paw said the same thing From that time on, Bear's-Paw, when the white people took the common law into their hands, said "No, we shall never give up the hunting rights. We will hunt any time of the season we want to." Crowfoot went back the next day and made some agreement about the game rights, but Bear's-Paw did not go back. He simply said: "No! That is the way the Government lets us hunt. And so we do now We have no other way to make a living, just through hunting and trapping. And we work for farmers in the fall. After we get through with farming and trapping, we hunt through the winter. We have a little cattle here and no farming at all." When Chief Bear's-Paw died, things stood as to-day.



17. Woman decorating hide, Crow (Mus. Am. Indian).

TCHAKTA, HORSE-STEALING FROM THE BLACKFEET

Informant: Daniel Wildman

At night, one time, on the south side of the Ghost River, Wontshanarewapta, the Blackfoot and Blood Indians stole a band of horses from the Stonies, who could not find out in what direction the horses had been taken away. No sand in the ground, everything was dry. They could not find any tracks. This chief dreamer [Tchakta, the] *uhamnigiton,* was called to try and find in what direction to go. They gave him some tobacco. They honoured him because they depended on him. So he took his dream drum, *tihamne gahmubi* (a large one), and then he took his *gahnabi,* small medicine rattle or spirit drum (4 inches across). Choke-cherry stones were inside the small drum or rattle. He took this drum into the big medicine lodge (tipi); this tipi is only for the spirits, and the young fellows sing to the spirits, saying, "Oh, grandfather, come on, we need you! We are up against it." The medicine-man shook his rattle, while he did sing. He said to the singers, "Stop! It is not difficult to find. There are two large camps east of here. The first stands at Kahanmehedwow (Deep-Canyon), Cochrane. It is a Blackfoot camp there, and the other, at Phaben-wabish, Paint-on-the-Rock." On this rock the enemies used to paint signs in the earlier days. Whoever passed there could tell whether Bloods or Blackfeet had been there recently. There was a big Blood camp there. That is what the seer said, "You could not find your horses." Then they sang another song. While they sang four times, he said, "You could steal horses from the first camp. Do not go to the Blood camp. Most of your own lights are gone. That is, you would be killed. I am now going to point what man is going to steal a horse. Get the whole band



18. Painted elk skin. Prairie Cree (Mus. Am. Indian).

together! Some of you must hide on this side of the camp, not near the camp. Those who are goi to steal the horses are—Wolf-Sitting-on-the-View, Big-Long-Person, Big-Hands or Wolf's-Ears, a "Bear's-Paw" (he was young then), and Wolf-Pillow. These are the men who are going to steal t horses. There were many other braves, but he did not choose them. Trail-Follower was the brave but he did not allow him to go. Now the braves went one by one, before the light came. All different directions. They made arrangements to stop at Tsohnanabaha, Breech-Cloth-Hill, about thr miles from the eastern Short River, about five miles between Minnisni and Short River, five miles nort ten miles east of the camp across. All the braves gathered there before noon. They hid themselv and travelled through the bush.

In the evening before dark, there was a strong wind from the north and snow fell. Wolf-Sittin on-the-View was the first scout. He travelled all night, like a Wolf; that is, he made himself into a wol He drew near the enemy's camp and sat close to the spring near the Blackfoot camp (Cochrane). A the slaves (Blackfoot squaws) came out of the camp to cut firewood. And Wolf-Sitting-on-the-Vie laid down just as close as he could to the spring. He heard the squaws gossip about the Stonies. The were talking about where they had gone hunting. They talked about what colour of horse was the bes Someone said, "The bay horse is the fastest runner." Others said, "The grey horse is the best runner.



19. Painted skin, Kiowa (Mus. Am. Indian).

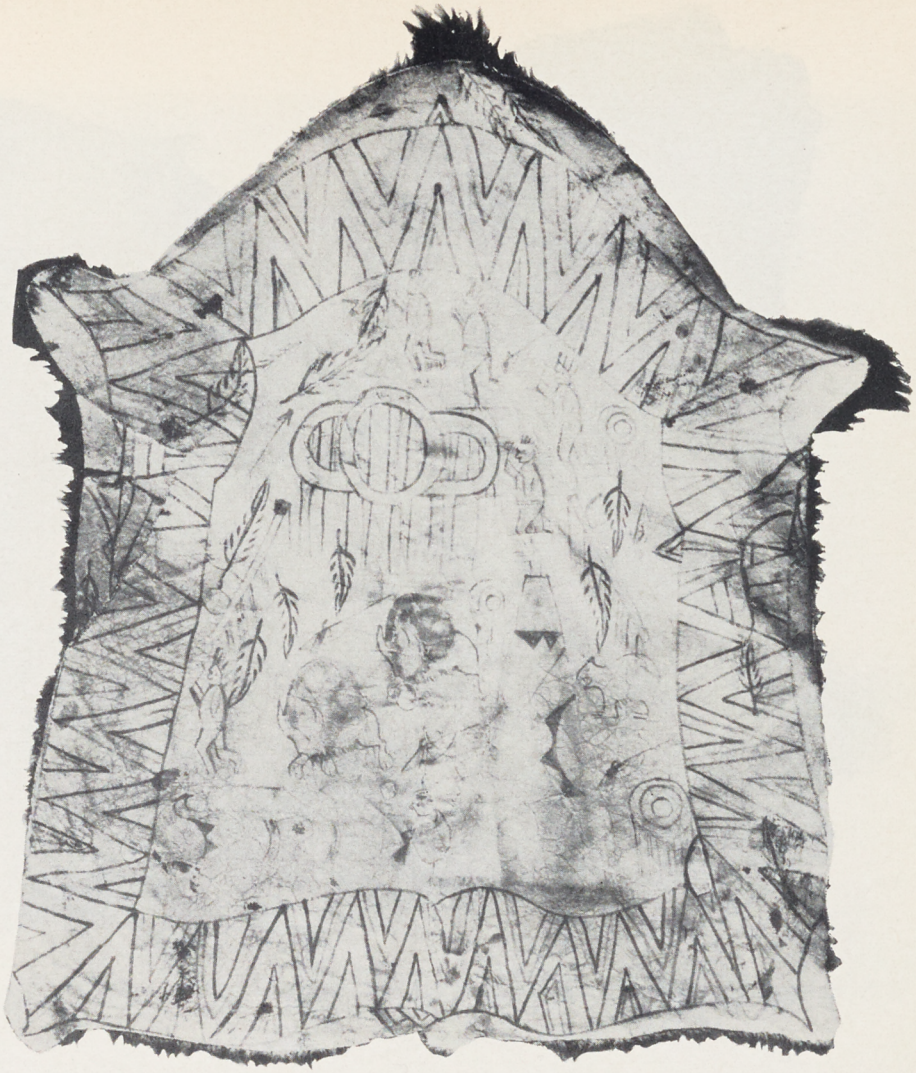
Others said, "What grey horse?" They replied, "The one grey horse that has an antelope horn at the neck (like a bell across the neck)." Someone said that the black horse had eagle's feathers on the tail. Now Wolf said to himself, "I know which are the best horses." As soon as they went back to camp, Wolf started to howl like a wolf. Then darkness came. The other Stonies who were going to steal horses also came to him. And they decided that they would go around the Bow River and follow the creek. The storm increased. And they went all over the camp and got around it. One Blackfoot put his blanket over his head and sat down and held the end of the rawhide rope of the horse, and he smoked. Wolf-Sitting-on-the-View crawled behind him, cut his rope, and led the horse away just as slowly as he could. The Blackfoot did not like to face the storm, and he thought the horse was still there behind his back. Wolf got away like that, with the bay horse that had soft feathers on the tail. Then he went away. Three Stonies sitting in the coulee below the camp began to stir. One of them, Wolf's-Ears, with Big-Hands, crawled into the camp. Troop-Pillow and Trail-Follower had not the nerve to go farther than that, got superstitious, because they were scared. Both remained sitting there. Big-Hands crept into the camp and brought five head of horses. Two of them had sore backs, two mares, and two geldings, and one colt—all scrub horses. Troop-Pillow swung his rawhide rope and roped that unbroken colt by mistake and had an awful time getting his rope back. He lost his gun under the snow. (He told me that himself.) Big-Hands then crawled into the camp again. They had tied these five horses with a rope. And they waited there a long time for Big-Hands. By and by they got scared, as daylight



20. Skin showing buffaloes and hunters (Musée de l'Homme).

was coming. They got on horseback. Big-Hands just at that moment brought another big lot of horses must be ten heads, about as many as they could count. The storm was over, and they forced the horses to the Bow River. Then they started out where the rest of the horse thieves were waiting. They got there. About five men had no horses after they had divided up. But Bear's-Paw had not come back yet. And they felt like running away. As soon as they started to run, they took off their stockings of buffalo hair. Some wore stockings of deer hair. They lost their stockings. That meant that for whoever followed them there would be bloodshed. They galloped to the Breech-Cloth-Hill, about twenty miles from there. When they got at Long-View-Hill, they did not see Bear's-Paw coming yet. But two braves stepped down and waited. It was Long-Person and Wolf-Sitting-on-the-View who waited for Bear's-Paw. If he did not come back after the sun had risen, they meant to go back to the Blackfoot camp.

Just about sunrise they saw someone coming north of the camp. Bear's-Paw was leading the black horse and riding the bay horse. "He is coming, coming!" They recognized him, Bear's-Paw. They thought he might have had to fight, but he was so cheered, and he laughed. He got these horses to the camp. The bay horse was an ordinary pony. The grey horse was guarded too well. While they were away, the Stony camp had moved to the northern country, to the Elk River, as they intended to get to the mountains, to keep on travelling. The raiders knew that they were going to move like that. So they got the trail at Mihehawin-wapta, Sulphur-spring creek (now Little Red Deer). We followed the trail night and day. At last we found the camp at Otexiwapta, Falling-Timber creek; we saw the smoke in the air there. Everybody got off the horses and sang satisfied songs. We shot the air, good-news shots. And the camp was all cheered up. Good news was on its way. They got home and they sang satisfied songs, the whole camp.



21. Painted buffalo skin, Chippewa (Mus. Am. Indian).

Next day, they moved to the Elk River, toward Yanxetinda, Mountain-Rain (Brewster's Ranch now). They camped near the Elk River. At night they guarded the horses. One of the old men was staying behind, way back on the trail. And he thought he saw something coming. He saw something move on in front of him. And he aimed his gun at that, and said, "Who are you?" It gave no answer. He shot at it, and stood up and sang a death song and made a charge. He had killed his cousin's old horse (laugh).

The braves made a charge to where the gun had banged, because they had heard the death song. As soon as the Blood old man Mihk [in Cree] heard them, he gave another yell, to say that is was a mistake. But he did not get a horse himself to replace the one he had lost. So he was given a big kettle and a gun and some tokens in compensation. Whoever killed something by mistake had to pay by the chief's order what was called *minozda*, knife-black.

NOTE: I have heard this from several parties, among them my father. From Troup-Pillow and from Trail-Follower. Trail-Follower died here about eight years ago. He was about 90 years old.



22. Painted skin, Oglala Sioux (Mus. Am. Indian).

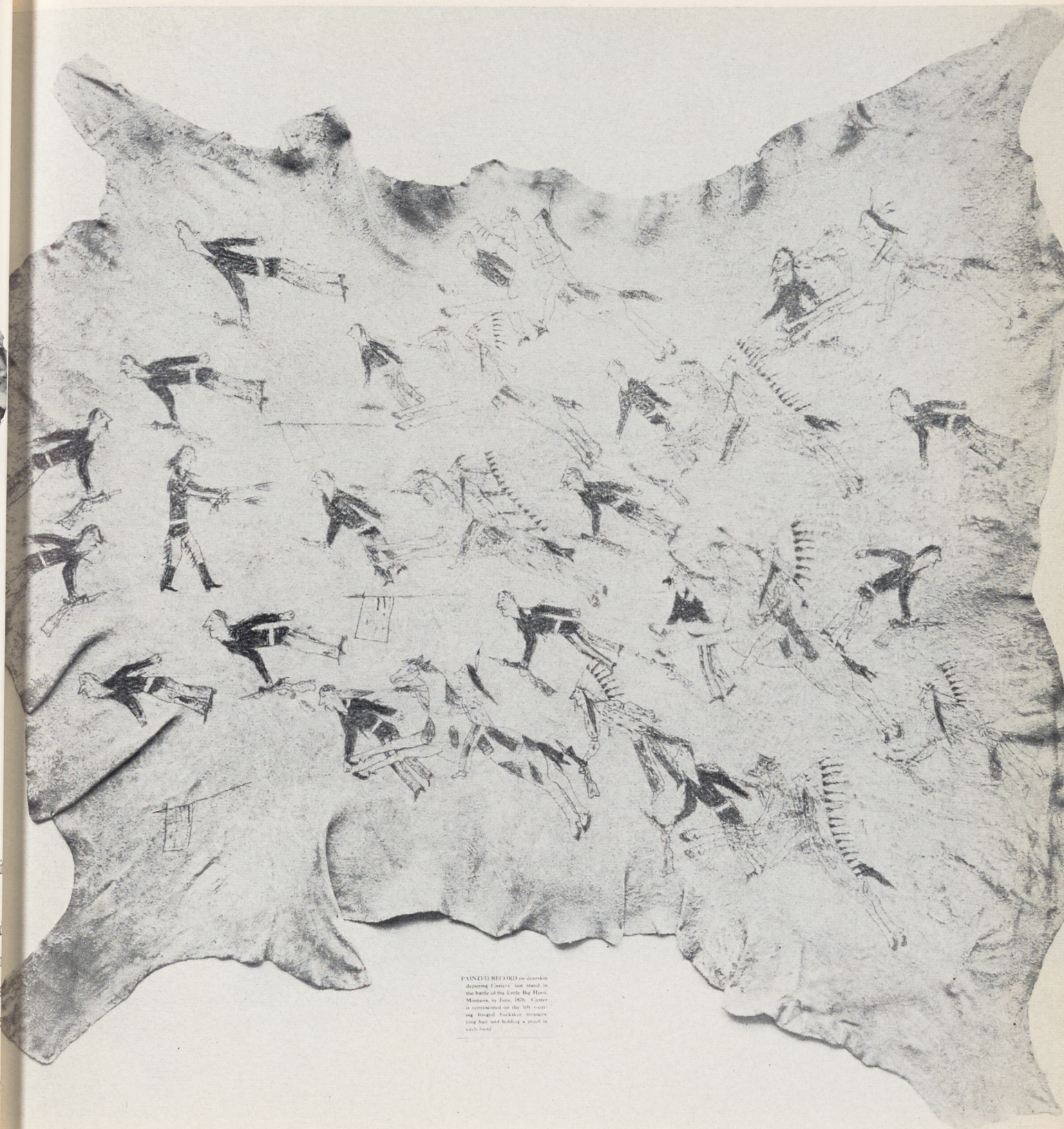
WALKING-BUFFALO

Informant: George McLean. He has the same grandfather as Daniel Wildman, Walking-Buffalo, but from the other grandmother. Walking-Buffalo had two wives.

Tantangamonay, 'Walking-Buffalo', my grandfather, was a great chief. He had dreams, spiri dreams. It was the lightning, Muh. And there were all kinds of things in his dreams.

His wife, my grandmother, kept me when I was young and told me much about him. She sai that he had in his keeping a whole lot of different kinds of stuffed animals and birds. They were fo his protection, to make him strong: coyotes, dogs, otters, lions, badgers, etc. . . . He kept them inside a tent, secret. He used to gather people at certain times to see them. It was just like praying to thes things which he had. To the people it was a kind of thanksgiving.

I remember one day he was leading a group of people out to hunt. It was early in the sprin of the year. The people were starving. They had nothing to eat. Walking-Buffalo had with him two wive at that time, and a son-in-law. One of his wives prayed every morning and every night that the me would find some game for food. She cried and she prayed, but the son-in-law could not get anything



23. Painted record on deer skin depicting Custer's last stand, in 1876 (Mus. Am. Indian).

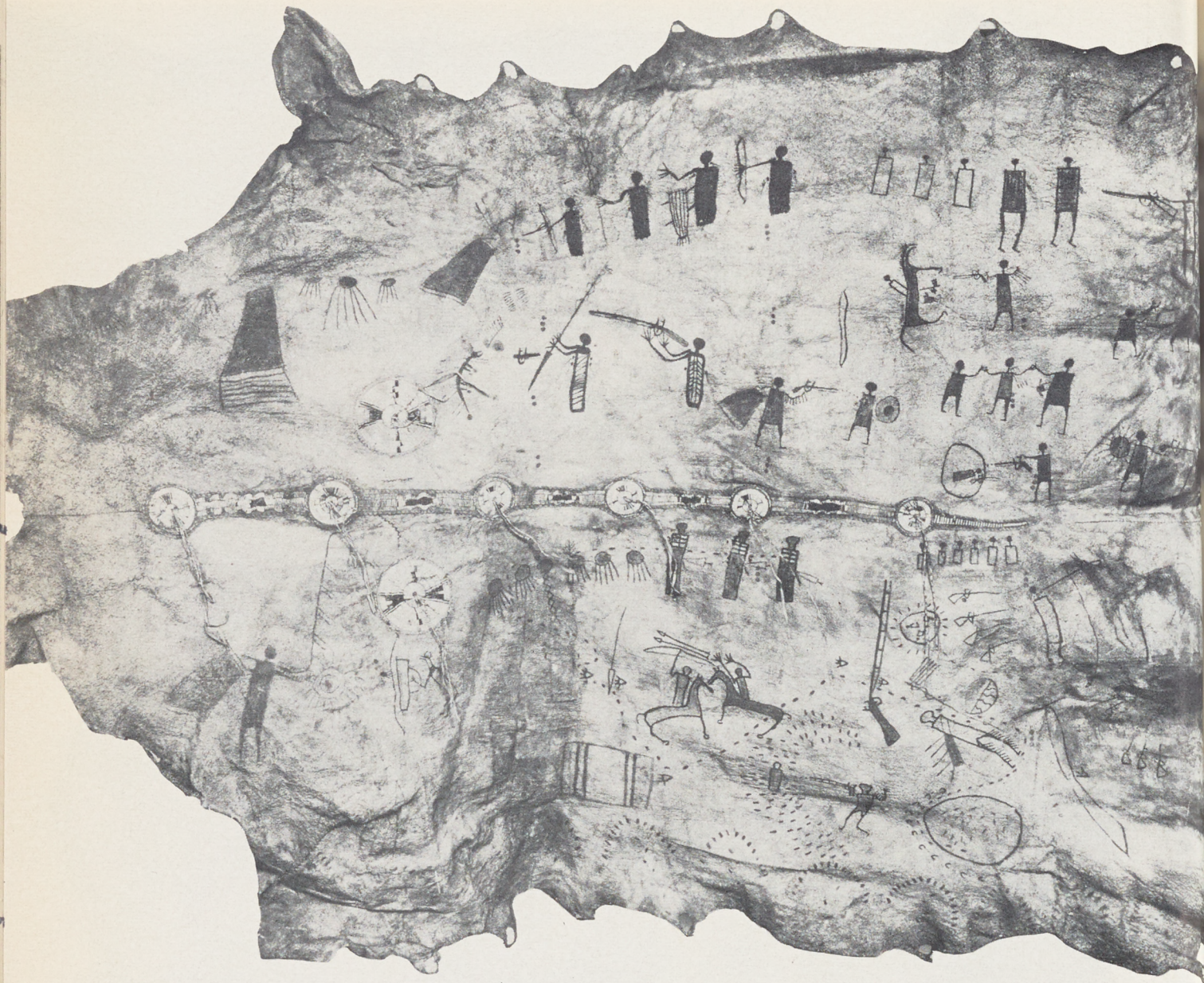


24. Painted elk skin, Shoshoni (Mus. Am. Indian).



25. Painted buffalo skin, Crow (Mus. Am. Indian).

75700-5—6



26. Painted buffalo skin (Nat. Mus. Copenhagen).

It was the same with the rest of the hunters. The men were starving and could do no more huntin
Walking-Buffalo was an old man then. Finally he prayed to the Thunder and had a dream about i
He said to one of his wives, "You just enlarge your belly!" He meant her to enlarge it so as to eat a lo
He took another man with him, and he made a little lodge, all by himself, with hides. And he bui
it like a sweat lodge, just covered with hides. He sang away in there and prayed to the Thunder, sayin
that he was going hunting the next day and that the people were starving. Very early the next mornin
he took his ammunition and went off before the people were out of bed. In his prayers and singin
for help, the spirit seemed to have told him in a vision that certain animals stood in such a place an



27. Painted buffalo skin (Nat. Mus., Copenhagen).

described just the kind of place—a hill and a tree. When he got away, he went in the direction the spirit had given him. Very early in the morning, he noticed a tree and a hill that the spirit had told him about, and then he watched closely where the animals were, those he was going to kill to eat. There were two moose, a buck and a female, just the two of them. He killed them, cleaned them, and took away with him the stomach, the kidneys, and the front legs from the feet to the knee. I got the marrow and

75700-5—6½



28. Painted robe, Shoshoni (South West Mus.).

fat inside. We packed this home. From a distance I could see one of the wives and the people. We were getting back early. He took off his pack from his back and threw it down. He told his wife, the one who had prayed for grub, "This is the only spirit one you shall pray to. This is the way praying is done. If you had prayed like this before, you would have had it long ago." That is, she had not prayed to the right one. It was a Christian prayer that she had been using. He threw this meat and the kidneys and the stomach to her, and said, "Cook these and be merry with your son-in-law. And after you feel your belly, you will be praying and crying with your son-in-law." Then he went inside. He was the chief. He called to the other folk to go round to the kill and get the meat for themselves. Two moose. He had saved the people's lives, for they had been starving.

NOTE: I heard this from my grandmother. She was not the one who had prayed, but the other one. My grandmother, the one praying for grub, went to the war with the others and killed people too.



29. Painted buffalo robe (Stephen C. Rowan, Buffalo).



30. "Doorway closing," painted on elk skin, ca. 1824 (Neville Pub. Mus., Wisconsin).

SUZE, THE SEER

Informant: his nephew Daniel Wildman, in a narrative of his uncle, Hector Crawler [*quoted*].

We were camping about a mile west of Morley Station. That same summer the railroad we through there [about 1880]. I had been sick for some time. The young fellows every night feared t enemy was near. Bear-Hide-Coat, Wusindzahainknui, was there. He was a famous dreamer. O afternoon he came in very much excited, and said, "The enemy is very near." I took my gun at onc a "44" gun, copper shells. Having forgotten all my pain and being sick, I asked him, "Where is t enemy?" He replied, "Just across the iron road here."

We started at once to the place where the enemy was, just about three hundred yards in t bush. The dreamer got ready to fire at the enemy. I was fully sure myself that we were going to figh



31. Painted buckskin, "The Ghost Dance," Southern Cheyenne, 1891 (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

There is a hollow there dug in the ground. Suze (the medicine man) said, "There is a fighting trench there." All the Indians knew that this was a natural hole that had been dug in the early days. We made a charge to the trench hole. And when we reached there, we found nothing at all.

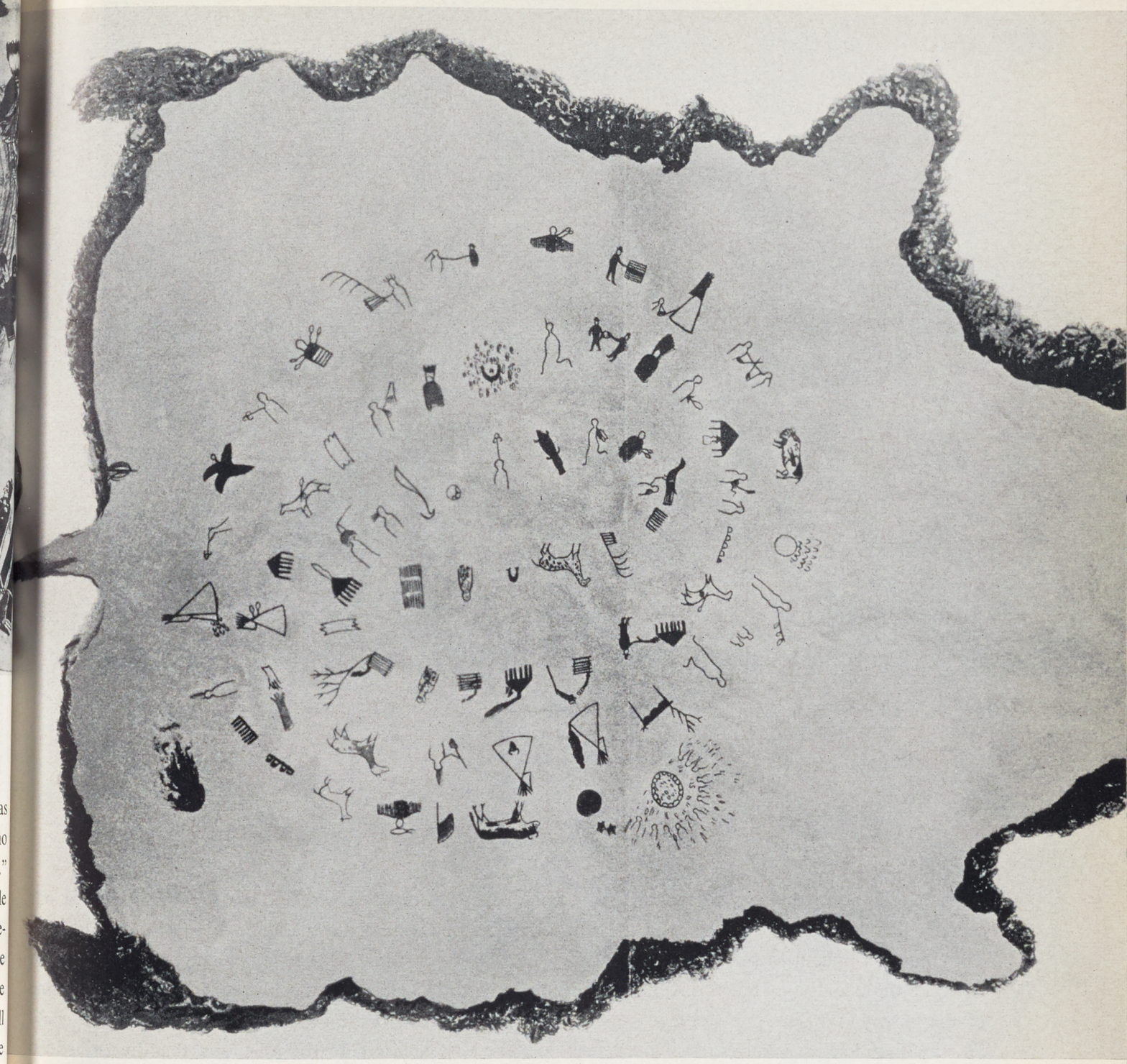
Suze ran across to the bush and said, "They are gone." I looked in the sandhole which was about forty feet wide and about four feet deep. Someone had been fighting there, about half a dozen men. I saw that red painting clay had been spread there. Still I believed that the enemy had been there, for I saw footmarks on the sand. I looked around the footmarks, and I saw their medicine-man's tracks. I stood there for some time. And I knew what it was. I knew that the medicine-man was trying to fool me. While I looked in, I heard a gun bang up in the bush. It was this medicine-man shooting. There were two young Stonies scouting there, at the post. This medicine-man thought there was no one there. And he just fired into the air. The two Stonies saw him, and asked, "What are you shooting



32. Painted deerskin, Kiowa (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

for?" He answered, "I am excited; enemies are coming through these bushes." We knew that he was trying to fool us. So I got my wise brother-in-law, Daniel Wildman (Agitsida). "I think there is no enemy around. You had better go and hide in the sand and try and see what the medicine-man has done."

As soon as night came, he disappeared. This man hid himself near the sand hole, another hole south of the camp. About midnight, this same medicine-man went banging again. He shouted, "Somebody has run away from the camp to the place where that man lies down." And this man saw the medicine-man against the light sky. He fired the gun one side and went a short distance as fast as he could, and fired again. He did that three or four times. And Suze fell right down in the hole; he fell right down because he had not seen this hole. He lay down there crying with pain for a while. The songs from the camp increased coming toward the medicine-man. They made a charge with the guns and thought the medicine-man had been shot down. The fastest runners came first. As soon as they arrived, I stood up. He asked me who I was. I answered, "Me." The fastest runner laughed. I told him, "I got here first, ahead of you." And I told him in whispers, "This medicine-man has fooled you." The fastest man said, "His name is Pinto-Bear, Wusindja-knetnera."—"How did you know he was fooling?"—"Because I have laid down since dark came. Hector Crawler had bid me do it, and I did it." So we laughed. But we



33. "Lone-Dog's Winter Count," depicted on a buffalo robe (Mus. Am. Indian).



34. Painted deer skin, Shoshoni (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

did not tell the medicine-man that we played like this. He might have shot us. We just knew in ou secrecy that he was fooling us. And a group of men stood where the medicine-man was, in the hol They made a light with birch bark to look at the tracks. And then we had more laughs, saying, "Tha is where the enemy has fallen down," showing his own track. He keeps on like that every night, tellin of the enemy. We just pretended to believe that from him. We were scared of him, because he coul do anything. He was liable to shoot a man anytime. The reason he did this was that he pretende to be the bravest man in the camp. While we did that, maybe the third night, the real enemy cam and fired at the camp. This medicine-man ran away ahead of the squaws. We dug a hole for th squaws, and we hid them in there with the children, while we shot at the enemy. The enemy turne away. None wounded, none killed. The marauders had just tried to chase us away and get our horses And next day, we went to the Minnisni and travelled west, right on the bank of the Bow River. W went to the mountains.



35. Painted buffalo skin (Evans Coll., Buffalo).



36. Painted buffalo skin (from Mrs. M. McCauley).

BULL-HEAD, CHIEF OF THE SARCEE

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter, George McLean. Isaac declined to tell the story of the vision he had when young, because he was advised not to speak about it

In the early days of my life, when I was just a youth (I can hardly remember now), there was a Hudson's Bay fort at the place now called Edmonton. All the Prairie Indians of different tribes met there. After they separated and went to their different states, we made our way down south to the place called Chingtogidzatsango, "Wolf-Road." It was on the spot south of the river now called Battle River. We camped there, and the Sarcee chief Tatangapa, "Bull-Head," wanted to kill us. We were camped, and a big band of Sarcee gathered all around our tipis. And this chief of the Sarcees asked one of the



37. Painted buffalo skin (Photo Nat. Mus. Canada).



38. Painted buffalo skin, Kiowa (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Stonies for the loan of a grey horse he had. He wanted to go out into a lake to get some ducks. But the owner of the horse, Tosesta, "Crazy" or "Fooling," whose brother agreed with him, refused to lend his horse. But still the Sarcee chief insisted on having the loan of the horse. As he coaxed them, saying he was going just a little way to see some ducks, they finally let him have the horse. And this horse was a fast one. The Sarcee chief rode round a little way and came back, and said that as ducks were plentiful, they must let him have a gun. And the Stony did not want to let him have the gun. But as he rode, he stooped down, seized the gun, and made the horse run back on the trail, the way they had come in. Tosesta went after him and chased him on foot. His brother did not dare to try and head off Bull-Head. But this horse was one that would just go one way and come back by the same trail. It did not want to go to a place where it had not been before. It was trained that way.

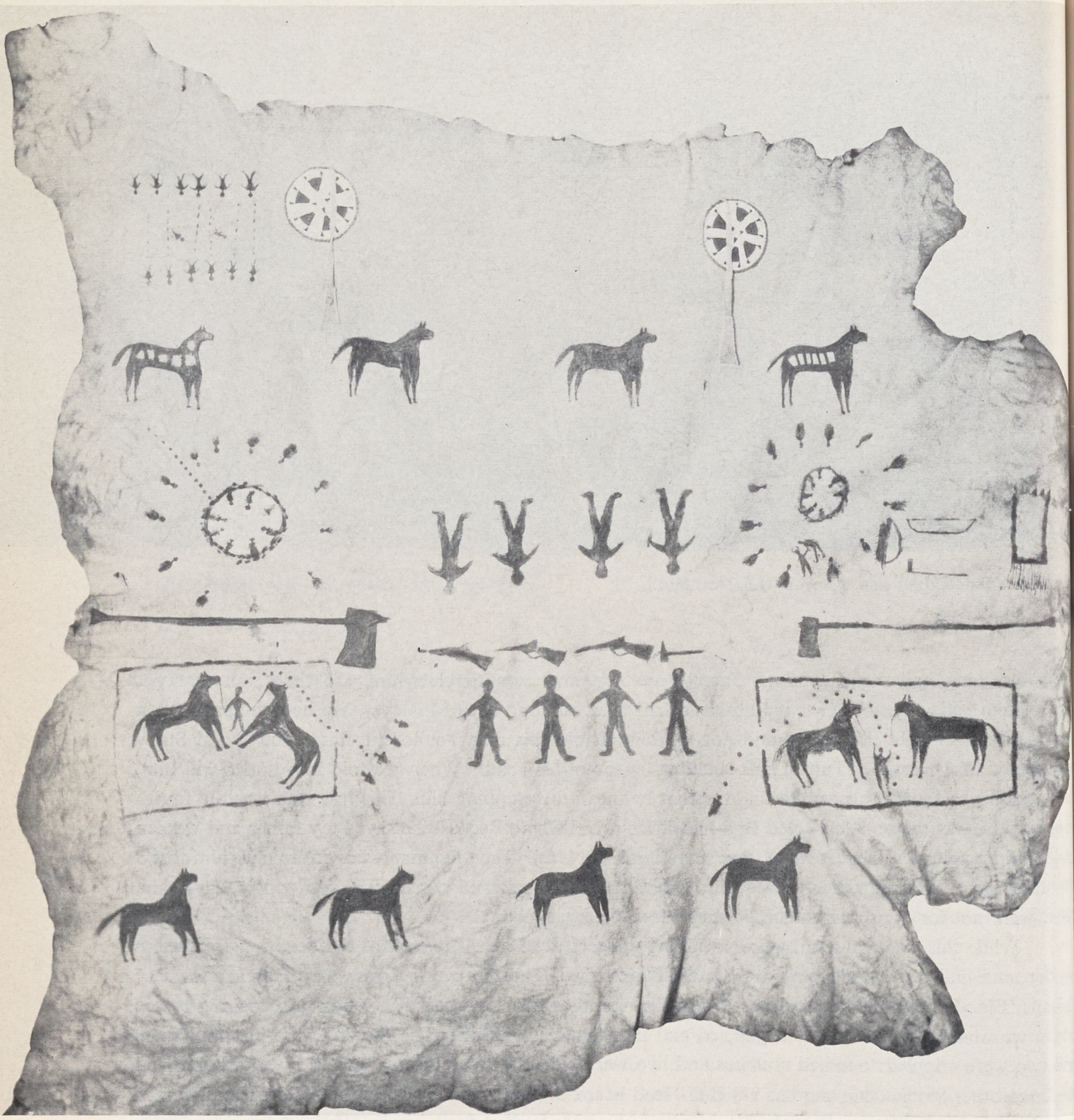
There was a big long lake, toward which the Sarcee chief wanted this horse to go. Yet the horse would not go. It backed up. While Bull-Head was trying to get the horse to go the other way, this man on foot went on his trail, overtook him and caught the horse. His brother arrived at the same time. Bull-Head jumped off the horse, on one side, just to hide himself in front of the horse's legs, and beckoned to this man to save him, not to kill him. The Stony brother had gone another way to head him off. He seized him, grabbed the Sarcee chief, and stripped him of his clothes. And just as they were doing this, another Stony came up, a Wood Stony. He too was looking for war, for trouble. That was why he had come, that he would just club him, that he would use no gun, no bow and arrow, just club him. While this was happening, the Sarcees and their tribe could see them upon the hill, and they heard



39. Painted deer skin, Apache (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

horses neighing and men shooting. Just before this man was to club him, the first man that got hold of him suddenly noticed that Bull-Head had tears running out of his eyes. He had compassion on him. And we thought that we should not kill him. I told this man not to club him. The Wood Stony was named Wawhnaybe, "Tuft-of-hair-standing-on-top-of-his-head." When we told him not to kill him, he was sorry and asked his brother-in-law what he meant by stopping him. This last man was the fourth man, and he was the one that saved Bull-Head. He asked why. "Because he saved my father and women and children yesterday, that is why I save him. Don't kill him!" Then the man who was to club him threw the club away, and the other two let him go. He turned back and cursed his own people, and said, "If it were not for my own brother, I would have died right here."

While this was going on, we were hiding under a dead log. The root of the dead log was where women and children were hiding, on the bluff of spruce. The first thing I saw was a great crowd of Indians, Blood Indians. They had horses and bows and arrows, and stood in a row just looking to see where we were hiding. We were frightened and thought we would die. The Stonies were just four men, and two were crippled: one had crutches and two were old. But this old man let out a war whoop, and the three other Stonies that were to kill Bull-Head heard this war whoop where the children and women and old men were. They ran back. There were nine able-bodied Stony men and the four old cripples and the women and children. But the Sarcees and the Bloods altogether were a big band. When they heard the war whoop, the horse that Bull-Head had taken back was ridden by a warrior. The warriors also had another horse which they used for chasing buffalo, a fast one. Another Stony ran up to where



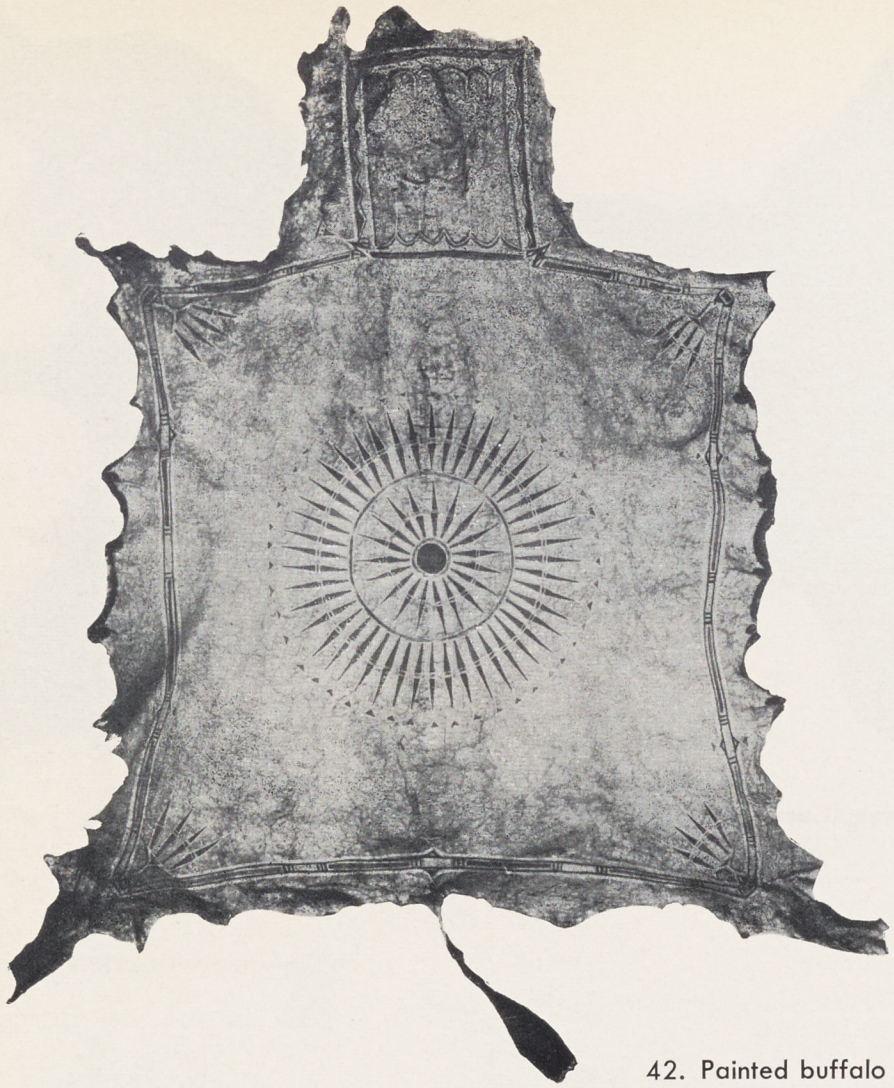
40. Painted buffalo skin, Sarcee, Alberta (Nat. Mus. Canada).



41. Painted cougar skin, Sarcee (Cambridge Univ. Mus.).

his children were. When they saw that this man kept coming, the Sarcee and Blood and Blackfoot all ran away. There was a big lake which came to a point. And all these enemies ran toward the lake. When they ran like that, the nine Stonies followed them. And all these enemies got into the lake. The Stonies had to make their horses jump into the lake. The Stonies fired, but they hit only one of them. Before this one fell, his friends got hold of the horse and the man, and ran off with them. They swam their horses across this lake. As for the Stonies, they never looked for war or trouble themselves unless the enemy attacked them. Their habit was to act in self-defence. Even from that time, and as far as I can remember, the way of the Stonies was not to look for trouble but to defend themselves when attacked; then only would they do some killing. After this occurred, Jacob got into another fight with a party of Sarcees. And he killed one nice young man and the father, an old man. [Corrected: The fourth man who had saved Bull-Head is the same man who told Jacob not to kill anymore. And he did not kill the old man, but they left him there. When they left him, the old man fired a shot, but he did not hit Jacob. The bullet just hit his breech cloth. Jacob turned round and said he would kill the old man. This he did and knocked him down dead. Then there were just two Stonies left. But the Sarcees, even though they were a large party, did not want to tackle the Stonies. And they just ran away. And that ended the war.]

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42. Painted buffalo skin (Musée de l'Homme, Paris).

HECTOR CRAWLER'S FAMILY

Informant: Daniel Wildman, his nephew

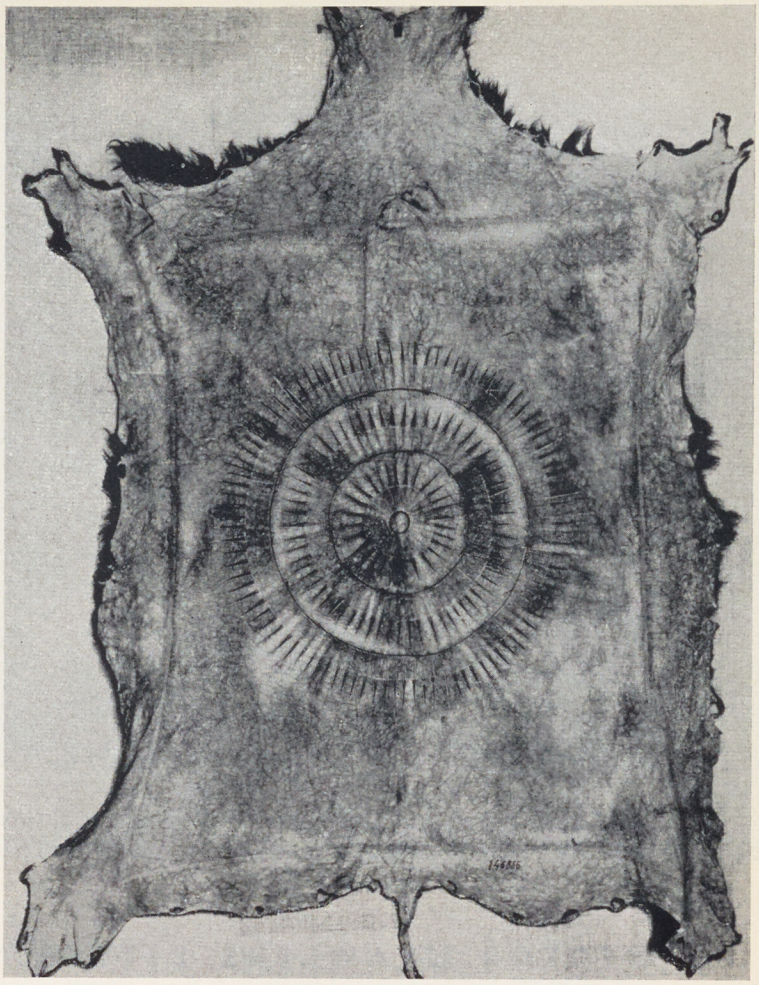
His father: *Umbiska'nehnoe*-Spotted-Eagle

His mother: *Phahanda,* Duck—a half-breed

Married, a first wife (dead): *Yanhe wihan,* Rocky-Mountain, Cree woman
a second wife (dead): *Tchenekyi*?, chief Tehi's daughter
a third wife (with him): *Yanhe kyichka wiyenshan,* White-mountain-sheep-female

Children: 1st daughter: *Osahana*: Rich-leather-bag
2nd daughter: *Tatanga manewian,* Walking-Buffalo
"Flora" or Mrs. Walking-Buffalo, wife of George McLean
3rd daughter: *Tokhanchawian,* Red-Fox-Woman, (blind)
4th daughter: *Sukangewian,* Horse-Rider-Woman

They are all married and have large families.



43. Painted buffalo skin (formerly at Versailles, now at Musée de l'Homme, Paris).

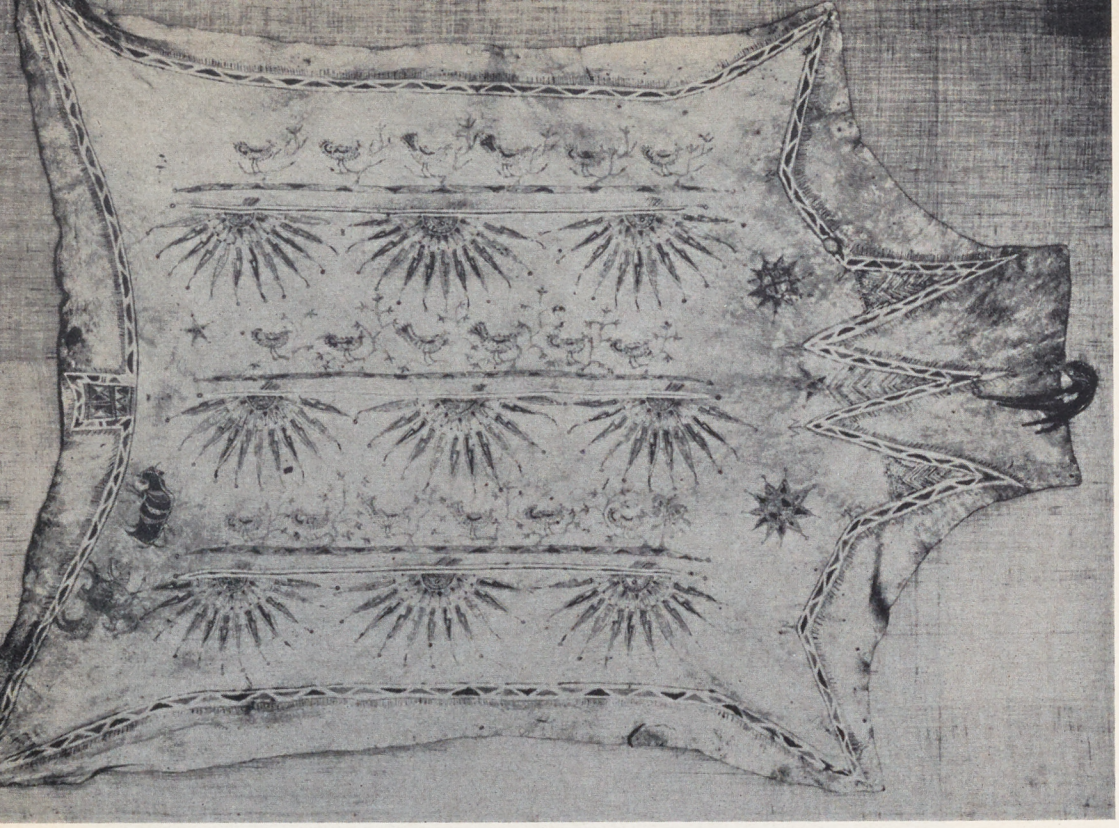
TCHAKTA AND HECTOR CRAWLER

Informant: George McLean

Tchakta was the father of Hector Crawler. He was the first to believe in Christianity among the Stonies. He would not go to war but sat in his tent and just prayed. He believed in Christianity so strongly that when he heard of war or shooting, he would go into a fast, not eating. He was a brave man just the same.

In the old days, chiefs were not in general of a bad kind. But because they were brave, they fought. These men were leaders, and they had to face war. They were not afraid of being killed. Chiefs are now elected for three years.

75700-5—7½



44. Painted buffalo skin (formerly at Versailles, now at Musée de l'Homme).

HECTOR CRAWLER'S BITTER TRIALS

Informant: Daniel Wildman, Wawgianhoksi or "Young-big-he-bird," 37 years old, official Stony interpreter of Morley Reserve. Hector Crawler, the old seer, was his mother's brother

In the old days, we were naked, facing hardships; that is, starvation, cold winters, blizzard hunting during storms, going back home in the dark nights, through many menaces, animal mice, grizzlies, tigers [puma and mountain lions], Blackfeet, Blood Indians, Crees. Sometimes, it wa bad rivers, risky crossings. When we were hunting the buffalo, sometimes we fell off our horses an were liable to be gored by the buffalo bulls or the females. When we caught the buffaloes and had dinner we set a big fire and we tied our best horses as near as we could. We were always watching the horse because they had more sense than human beings. Could see more things coming than we people could But in spite of those hardships, we were happier then than we are now. Just because everything wa wild. No sadness, because we were apt to be killed anytime. Just as well be cheerful while we lived.

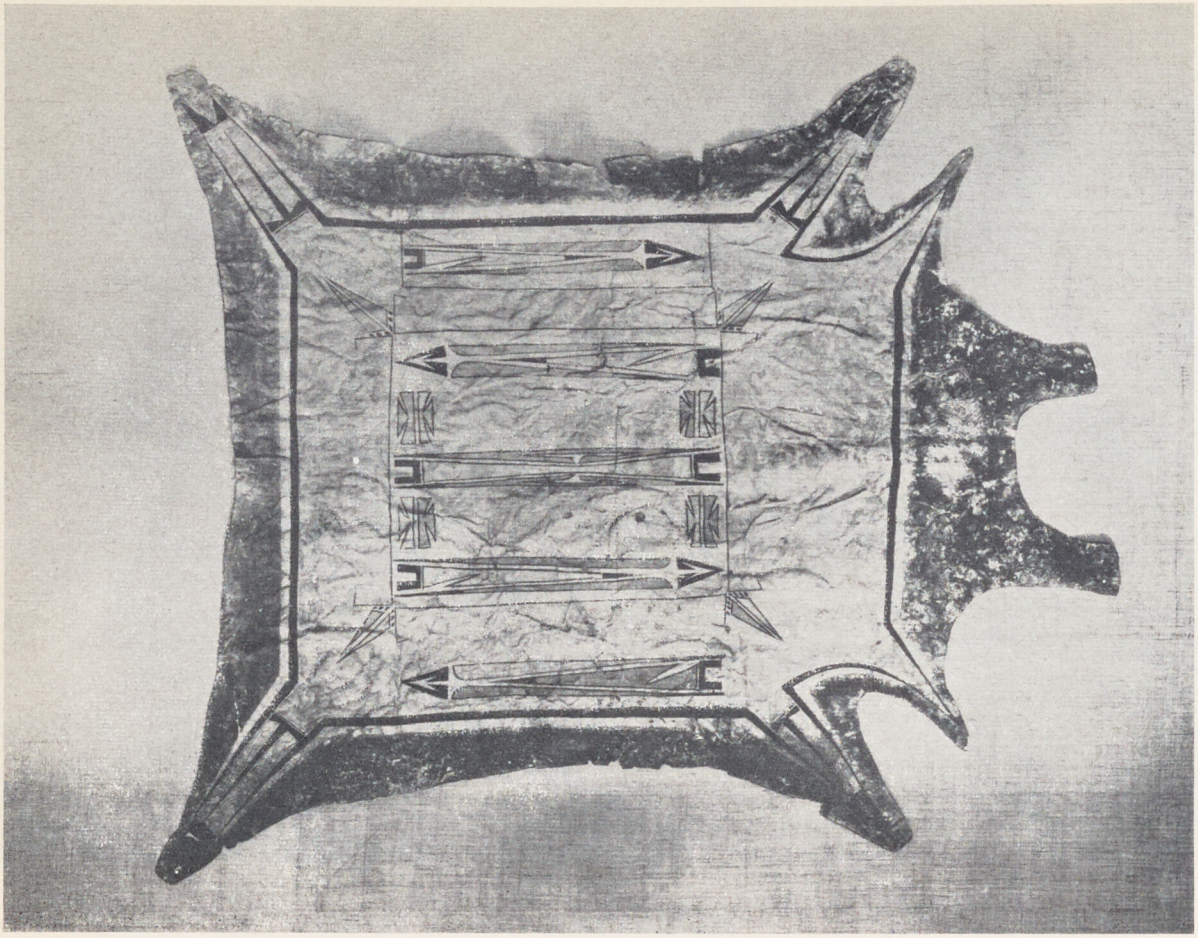
Later on, our old fathers told us that the civilized people were coming from the east. These civilized men were the white people, Red Coats. The savages were told by the white men to stop slaughter ing each other. And then, later on, the white traders told us that the buffaloes were going to be gone We just laughed at them. We could not believe that. In later years, we saw the preachers coming t western Alberta. Every summer the white people increased in number. Then we heard through the traders that the white people were rulers come to the Western country. Even the white traders did no think the savage Indians would be able to live under the civil law. But they passed a treaty in Gleichen



45. A detail of No. 44.

They were trying to make a treaty. But most of the Indians wanted to destroy all the police, the Mounted Police. The elders and the chiefs sat united to keep down the Indians. They said, "Maybe a better life those civilized people live than our life, because when there is no law, there is firewater which kills lot of Indians. And a lot of people steal our horses among themselves; lot of people steal the home-made saddles and home-made raw ropes, the blankets." And the elders and the chiefs allowed the policemen to stay, to see what this civilized life really meant. We found now that the life was easier and more peaceful, but we could not be happy as we had been. We were not used to this new civilized life. We were feeling like living in captivity. But it was really a better life then. That is what Hector Crawler and old Dan Wildman told me.

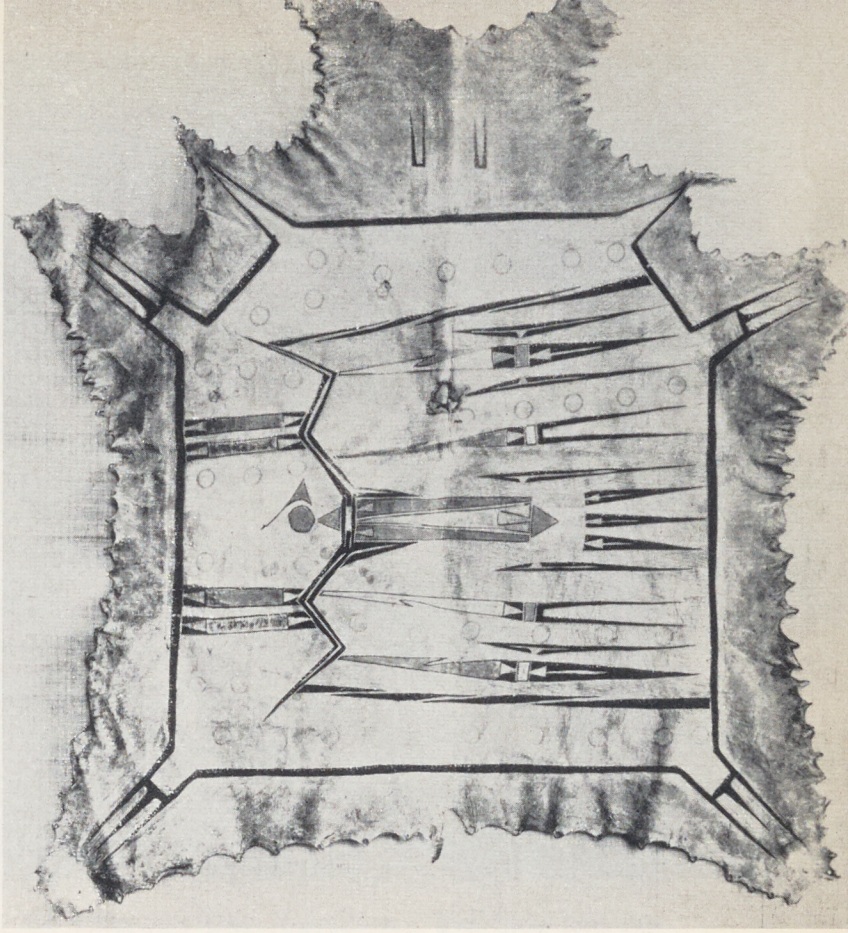
Hector Crawler says: One time I had a very narrow escape from the wild animals. One time in the Berries Moon (August), I went away. It was a hard time—starvation. We had not much to eat. So our children were crying for something to eat. The Bow River (Minnihsno: Cold-Water) was very cold and deep just then. We started hunting from the place now called Canmore, Tsuuptsimtsayan-kundébi. (If I shoot a little tree mistaken for enemies, I am fooled.) And we camped on the north side of Minnisni. We forded the river about six miles west of Canmore just opposite Stony Creek. Our horses swam. We tied our horses to the trees there, and climbed up the mountain. We were just above the foot of the big slope. We could see the goats about halfway up the mountain. I told my partner to climb, for he could do it better than I could. And I let him go. I waited for him there. Now he was above the goats. As soon as he gave me the signal with a glass, I climbed up below the goats. I crawled up. Before I got there, the goats ran away with the wind. But still I hoped for the better because Kaimangko



46. Painted buffalo skin (Musée de l'Homme).

(Crow-Chest) is there. I knew he was a good shot. Well later on, just about the time when the goats go to where Crow-Chest was, I heard the gun bang. And then I swallowed my mouthful of water. I knew that I would have something to eat, that day. Then I heard Crow yelling. He yelled the good news. I looked up the mountain and saw one goat coming down. Crow-Chest was running down behind a goat and holding his gun up. I saw Crow-Chest. His face was satisfied, and he was sweating. I got to the place where the goat was rolling down toward the place where I was. And Crow-Chest was coming. He did not have the knife in his belt. He had forgotten it at the place where he was lying, waiting up the mountain. But he was willing to go back for it. He told me to take the goat down to the horses. And I rolled the goat down. I saw our people on the move toward the west, and I took the goat down toward the horses. I found out that Crow-Chest's horse had gone away. And I looked in the trees back in the river, and I found out that the horses had gone away home. Before long, Crow-Chest came back. We started to skin the goat.

As soon as we skinned the goat, we cut the meat and fried it over the fire. We used the willows as a pan and put the meat on. And then we started to tie up the meat for packing. Just about the time we finished putting it on the horse, the horse grew excited. Looking toward the water, we saw a great big grizzly. The grizzly smelt the horse's tracks and was coming where we were. Then we loaded our guns. As soon as the grizzly saw us, he ran away towards the river. Just then I shot him. He dropped



47. Painted buffalo skin, formerly at Versailles (Musée de l'Homme).

right away. I had killed him at once. Then we took off our clothes, and we had only one knife. Crow-Chest put it in his mouth, a great big knife. Just as we got to the bear, it came back to life. It was facing toward the water. We held both feet of the bear: Crow-Chest on the right hand, and myself on the left. We held both hind feet: the water was up to our shoulders. The bear was a good swimmer. We kept like that, holding him back. We cannot tell how long, because if we had let him go, he would have got the best of us. Crow-Chest took his knife out of his mouth, put it through the bear's ribs. They heard the growling of that bear through the valley. A second time he gave it a thrust. Must have been one hour we worked there in the risky river. And then the bear was dead. We tried to swim with the bear to the place where the horses were. As soon as we got to where the horses stood, we just fell down. We were that tired and stiff. Then we made another big fire to heat ourselves up. And then we started butchering again. We took the best part of the meat and packed it on to the horse. The meat was just raw.

When we finished, it was almost dark. I led the horse, Crow-Chest holding the horse's tail. And the horses swam the river. We kept on like that. We were just about all in. I got to the steep cut-bank; he tied the horse to the west, along the water. And we looked for a place to pull our horses off the bank. We soon found a little cut-bank about four feet deep. He tried to make a kind of a grading for the horse, and the horse jumped right up. Crow-Chest said, "All our meat has fallen in the water." Crow-Chest held all the meat in the water, and then I handed it up to him on the horse. It had fallen in the water when the horse was climbing the bank. So we recovered it. Then we started packing again. Then our flints got wet and we could not start a fire. We had to travel on. And it was



48. Painted buffalo skin (Musée de l'Homme).

dark, dark night. We travelled through the coulées for a little ways, no trail. And then we got into the pack trail. Then we let the horses go ahead. We travelled like that till nearly morning. Then I saw some light right on the trail, in the bush. I got ready to shoot. We could not tell what was in there. I asked, "Who is there?" I recognized my brother's voice. My brother was waiting there for us. We camped. It was where Banff is now (Minnehapa—water falls). That was one of the bitter sorrows I faced in my life, that trip. As soon as we got on, I was very tickled to see all the family happier, because we had meat for all to eat.

HECTOR CRAWLER: EARLY WHITES AND PREACHERS

Informant: Daniel Wildman, his nephew

I remember well the old days, an old man named Kahotadohan (Face-Anything). He was a big medicine-man, about eighty years ago, a Stony. In those days the Stonies lived on the Saskatchewan (Wapthamnoza: River-Boiling). This old man, in the early days, had with him a big tribe of Stonies. He said that he had a spirit, and he could talk to the eagles as they were flying in the air. He could see or hear ahead what was going to be. So all the Indians depended on him. His prophecies always came true. He was like that all his life.



49. Painted skin (Musée de l'Homme).

One fall, he told the Indians, "These things my spirits tell me, that there is going to be the greatest news ever heard in the Indian history. The Spirit told me there is one who owns the moon and stars, all the creation on earth. There is one God who owns all these things. He is the Spirit of the white man. He is going to come next summer, some time next summer. At that time the white man had never been seen here. But the Indians had heard of the Hudson's Bay [Company]. Yet they had not seen any of the Hudson's Bay [traders]. When the winter was over, young fellows went in canoes down the Saskatchewan River. They travelled east. They went a little ways and found men who had hair on their faces [beards]. So they ran away, believing them to be men eaters. One of those white men laughed at them and told them to come forward. They started to talk in signs to one another. Then they found out these men had something like water in a little barrel. They offered a drink to these young Indian fellows, who were afraid it might be bad medicine to kill them. One of the young braves tried it. He said the water was just like fire. Another fellow tried it too. And they all tried it, after a while. And they felt a different spirit. By and by they rejoiced and were happy, the happiest they had ever been. Then they went back home, believing that the spirit of the white men had come. And they told the medicine-man about it, 'Oh,' he said, 'I heard of this water before. The Indians have told me.' And he added, 'This is not the Spirit men.' "

They all moved toward the white men. These were Hudson's Bay folk. They had been told that the spirit white man would come about the middle of the summer. And in the middle of the summer, the white man really arrived. Their leader was a middle-sized man, fair faced. He started to tell the people about the Great Spirit. He asked the Indians to come to one place to the biggest tent there was. All the eldest assembled in the medicine lodge, where they had bear-heads and images mounted, numerous things like that, and birds. They painted their faces; some were in war costume. The spirit white man faced them. "What are these images for?" they asked. They answered: "Those are our spirit images, they are gods." And their medicine-man tried to explain in the best way he could.

The white man [a preacher] had a half-breed interpreter. He told the Indians, "Make a big fire and burn all these images." They were surprised. "How could we do that? Ask him if he has got a god that possesses more power than these gods." The spirit man [preacher] said, "These images are only

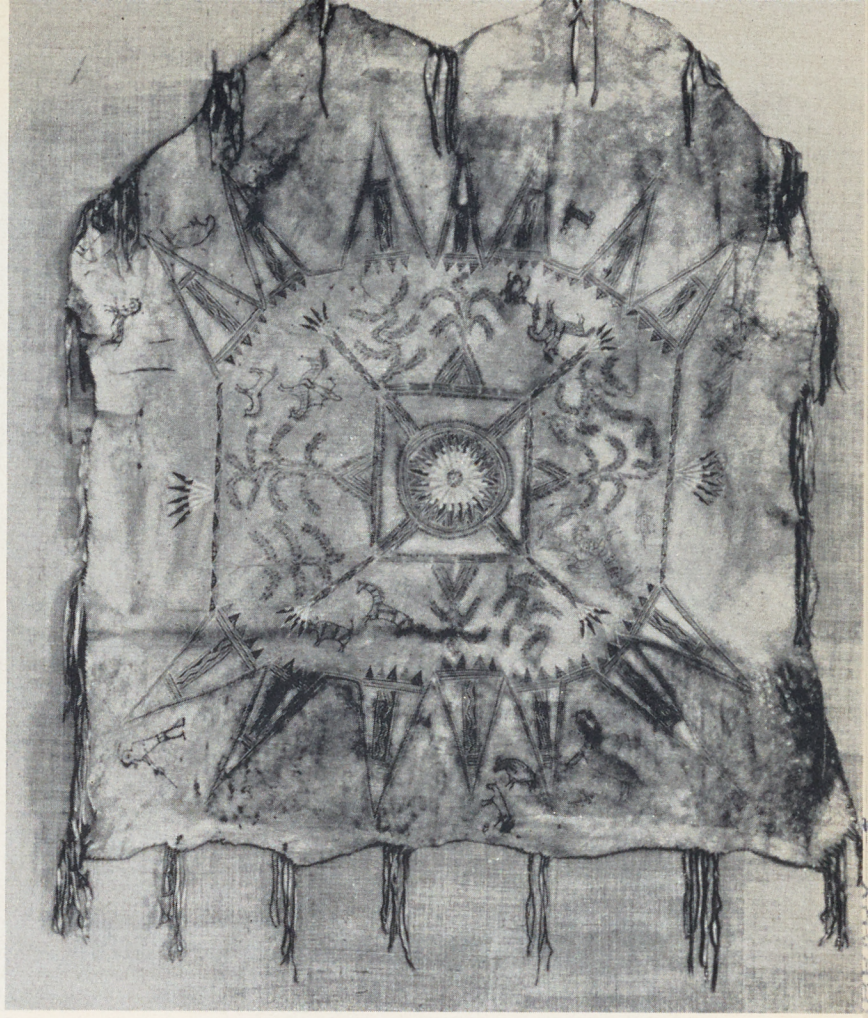


50. Painted skin (Musée de l'Homme).

animal heads. If you die with them, you never go to another country [above]." They talked together but could not understand one another. He [the preacher] tried to explain, "All your relatives who have died, they have gone to another place." This they understood and firmly believed.

These were the first Stonies who met a white man's [missionary] on the western prairies. He was a Presbyterian preacher. Ever since, the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Catholics have tried to explain to the Prairie Indians about religion. They, the Indians, laughed at them. They said, "They are trying to get us into the corral. They put us down as babies. They are trying to tell us that the fire water is wrong. How is that—the happiest thing they have brought to us! They try to keep down all the happiness of life. They are greedy; they tell us to have only one wife. And see, some of us, have ten wives. They fear the Indians, because they have lots of horses. Big feeling! Everybody is afraid of the chief, because he is big. I think the white people are jealous of him, so they talk like that."

Ever since the preacher came to the Stonies, they never want to fight, because the elders tell the young fellows not to do any harm to anybody. But many a time the young fellows don't pay any attention. They want to kill a Blackfoot, a Cree, or a Piegan. But Stonies would not fight the Sarcee. They are the best of friends; yet they cannot speak each other's language; they cannot understand each other. They use the Cree language—broken Cree. Still they cannot understand the Cree people.



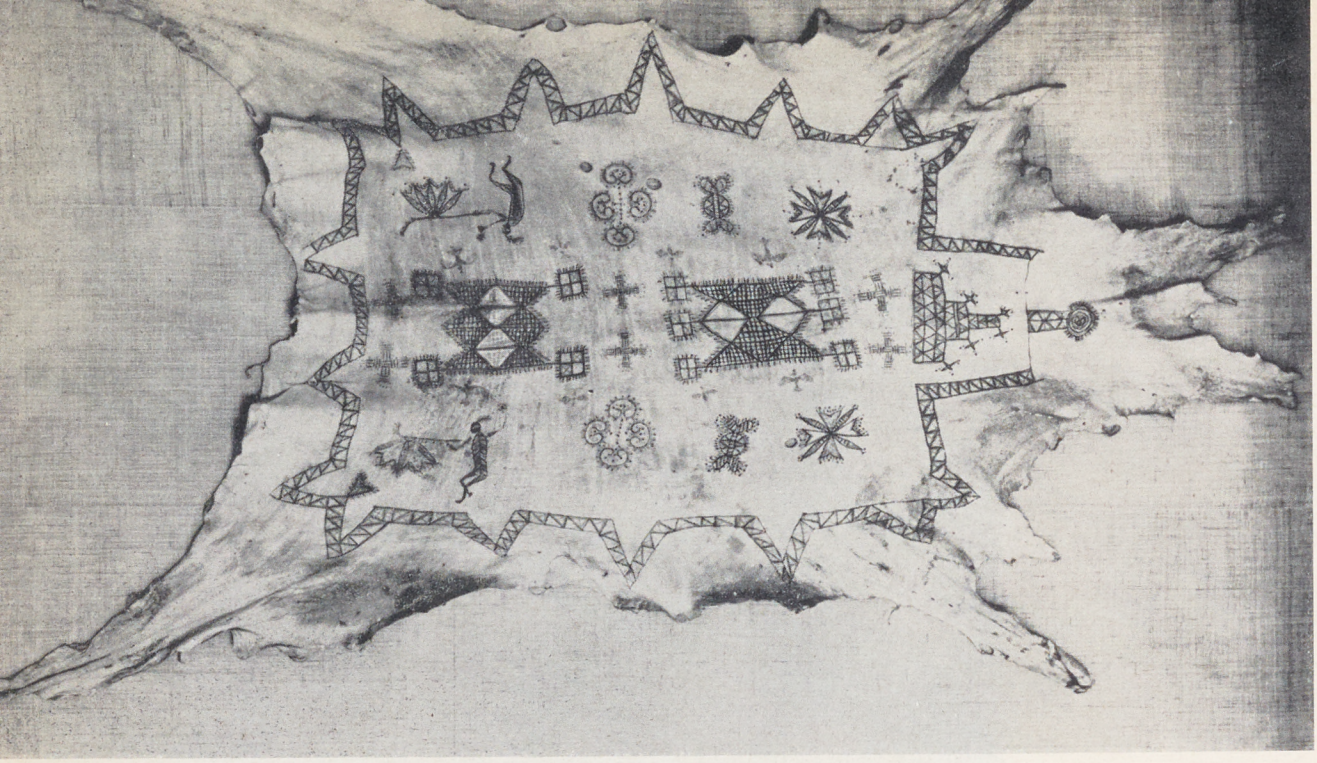
51. Painted skin (Musée de l'Homme).

HECTOR CRAWLER'S YOUTH

Informant: Daniel Wildman, his nephew

When Hector Crawler was young, about 14 years of age, that is before a man's age, he ran away from his father's home, for he wanted to have a wife. She was a Cree woman, a year or two older than he. Saihawian was much in love with him, but her parents were opposed to the marriage. He followed them, and they travelled far away. After about three months' time, we [his family] felt that they were still too young to be married. And he thought of his own parents, because they were very good to him. We [his family] wanted to get him back. We kept on thinking like that for another three months.

In those days, when a young fellow went with a woman like that, his would-be father-in-law and mother-in-law were not supposed to talk to either of them. Even today, more specially, the mother-in-law. At last he ran away from these people. And he came back to the Rocky Mountain house, fifty or sixty miles northwest of here, northwest of Red Deer mountain. His name at the time was Pahasan, "White-Hair." He saw some old fellows there who belonged to his father's tribe. An old man said,



52. Painted deer skin (Musée de l'Homme).

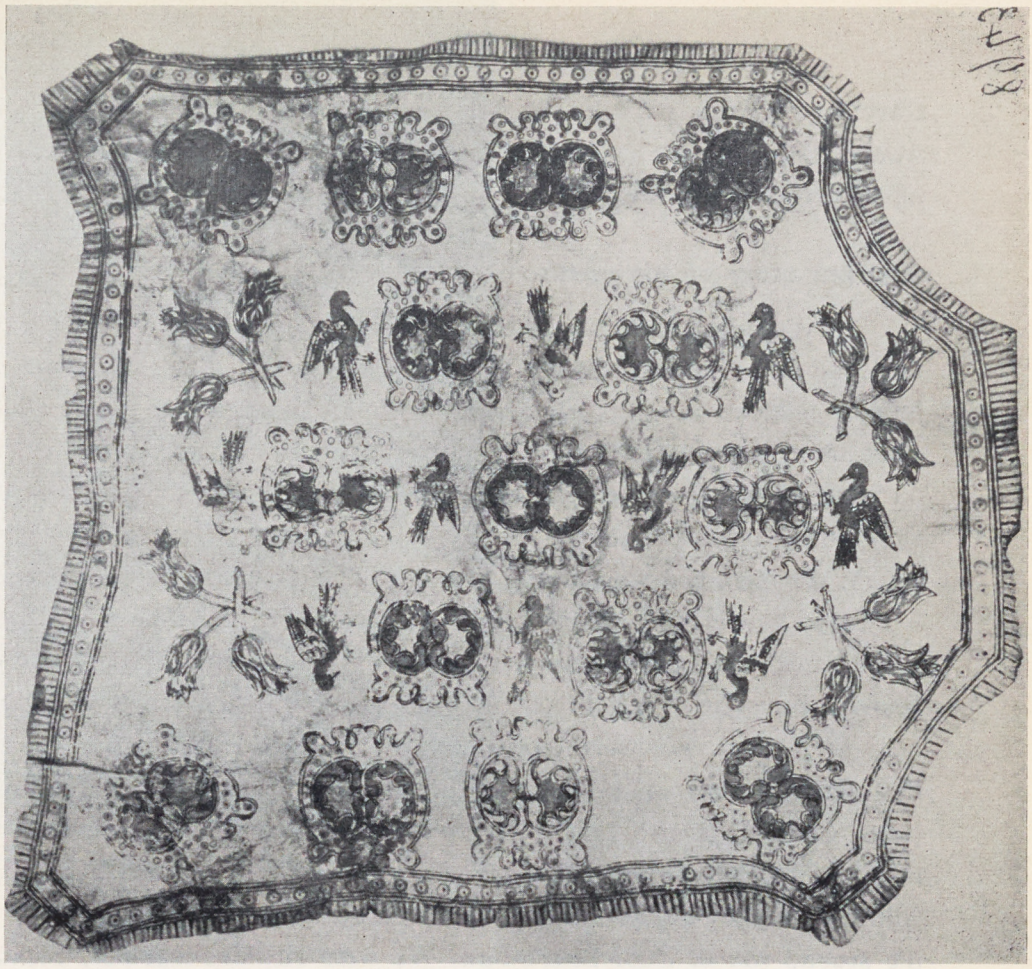
"He he, Pahasan, I understand you have run away with a woman." And Pahasan answered, "I am ashamed of myself. I wish I could cover myself with earth." After a while the old man said, "I am only teasing you." And he took him home.

HECTOR CRAWLER IS NOW QUOTED:

When we got home, on the second day, at my father's, as soon as I saw him and my mother, they pretty near fainted, and I nearly choked with crying. My father invited me to sit with him again. Then I felt better.

A few years later I went with this Rocky-Mountain Cree woman, taking her as my wife. If one wanted to marry with somebody in those days, parents would make an agreement, and then young fellows gave a horse or a gun loaded, or a good kettle, as much as he could. This he gave to the father of the girl. And then he had her as his wife for good. Then a man is supposed to follow the woman's parents. That is, until they had a family of their own—three or four children. Of course, they could go out for a few weeks. As for myself, I have even travelled from north to south near the edge of the Rockies. We found my wife's sister and her husband on the trail. We travelled all together now, kept on travelling to the south. My wife's sister had a good horse. We reached Minnisni, Bow River, at Kananaskis. My wife's sister and her husband were quarrelling just at the time of fording the river. The man ran away from the wife. He travelled away to the west.

I [Crawler] got a dog pack train. Just as soon as he had taken the woman's lodge to the south side of the river, this man came back to the other side of the river. I packed my gun and was thinking of shooting him.



53. Painted skin with European designs (Musée de l'Homme).

Subject of quarrel:

The woman was grumbling about the grub. She called him down: "You are slow, no man at all!" She called him a poor hunter. I [Hector Crawler] looked at him, and I was surprised to see him laugh. And I laughed too at what he had done to his wife and me. This woman yelled to her husband, "Don't come over, for the sake of your life." His name was Oswihembah (Troop-Pillow). Troop-Pillow waved at me that he was going out to the west. Then he started by himself. At the second camp we made, I heard Troop-Pillow singing bravely behind, on our trail. His wife [with us] took an axe and cut a club, ready for her husband, Troop-Pillow. As soon as he came to the camp, Troop-Pillow said, "Say, Sophia, will you be good enough to keep my gun." She gave no answer. The second word he repeated again. She answered, "Yes, I am going to kill you." She started up and went across to the other side of the fire and hit him on the head with this club. Troop-Pillow was unconscious for a few seconds. I knew that she was going to kill him. I took the club away from her. Troop-Pillow was a big Indian. He got up and looked at the sky, howling like a wolf or louder. He howled a few times and then cried. Then Sophia laughed, saying, "This is the first time you have done this trick with me. This is going to be the last, if you promise that I live with you again." And the big Indian said: "I am agreed with that." And he brought his horse in. (While Troop-Pillow was away, he had gone to another Stony lodge at Minnehapa (Banff), and he had brought pemmican beef—dry meat). He said: "I have

travelled two long days to get meat for you, but you knocked me down, just as I came in." And the woman said: "If you had started to the west after we had forded the river, [and told me] you would not have been hurt like this."

Another story of his youth

At the time in Minnisni on the reserve, when Hector Crawler was young, about 20, someone after dusk ran home from the south. He had seen two individuals on horse-back, enemies. Then all the young fellows galloped to the south, about two miles south of the camp, where the enemy had been seen. We went about half a mile farther. We were about twenty-five young fellows together. We saw two people on horse-back—it was rather dark—roping their horses to the east as fast as they could. Some Stonies were going ahead of me, maybe two hundred yards. Their horses were better than mine. Two fellows caught the men who were trying to shoot them. But they had no time. They were a man and a woman: a Blackfoot who was running away was somebody's [Kiokhenas: Blackfoot] wife. This woman was a Sioux woman. All the prairie people knew her. Talking in broken Stony, she said, "Don't kill my man." Many a time she repeated that. But the two brave young fellows stood on each side. I tried to get as near as I could. We were quarelling more or less among ourselves. I did not want to kill them. But they did not want to let me near them. They, four men on the guard, were taking him to the chief's lodge. Still I kept on trying to get as near as I could, just to see what they were like. At last they were taken to a chief's house (Bear's-Paw: Hosinjasiha). I started after them again, because I was angry with them. They did not allow me near them. There was a young man who was a kind of enemy to me: the second son of chief Bear's-Paw. We were enemies together, because of chief Tchineke's daughter. We were two pretenders. Just as I got near the tipi on horse-back, this man tried to pound my horse with a gun. I let my horse go and wanted to knock him down. But the young fellows took hold of my horse. I nearly lost my temper; that means, I was ready to shoot him. But this man only laughed. The eldest told me, "You had better keep out of here." He was one of the councillors of the chief. They kept this couple there for about a week. One night when I did not know, they took them way off. This couple ran away from the Blackfoot to the west, to the Stony camp. But they were afraid to come near. So they hung about for a few days; then they were caught.

HECTOR CRAWLER IN AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE BLOODS

Informant: Daniel Wildman, official Stony interpreter at Morley Reserve, Alberta

When I [Hector Crawler] was about twelve years old, I and my father and mother and my oldest brother camped all by ourselves. My brother was about fifteen years old then. When we were there, my father said, "I am kind of afeard to-night. I know something is coming." Just about dark, the dogs began to bark. They had heard the enemies talking in whispers. Then my father put out the fire at once. He took his gun, and my mother her old axe. And my brother took his gun. As I had no gun, I took my bow and arrows. And then we began. My father talked to the Bloods in the Blood language, and he said, "I am a Head-Cutter. I will kill more than one of you, before you get me. If



54a. Painted skin (Musée de l'Homme).

54b. Detail of 54a.





55. Painted leather jacke
(Musée de l'Homme).

you want it, you can kill me, I will sacrifice myself to you." Then he heard the enemies running. My brother and I ran towards the enemy. My heart was beating. I knew that if my father and brother were killed, I would get killed too, because these enemies, when they do kill the Stonies, give them bitter sorrow before they kill, if they capture one. They torture: cut the arms, anything they can. So I was afraid of them. But my father told us, "Do not get killed from behind your back. Get killed in front of your chest. So take my word!" We grew up in a brave life. So we got after these enemies. While I was running, I saw something on the ground there. It was gloves, Indian gloves belonging to the enemy. I picked them up and went as fast as I could. I went a little ways. My father was sitting there with my brother. He said, "Nothing to fight, don't shoot anything." And then we went back to the camp. As soon as we got to the camp, we packed up and ran into the bush. We travelled all night to Minnisni.

HECTOR CRAWLER IN A FIGHT WITH THE BLOODS

Informant: Daniel Wildman, official Stony interpreter, Morley Reserve, Alberta

Once, just about the time when the police settled in this country, we were moving between Old-Man River and Bow River (Old-Man River: Is'agwinwapta; Bow River, cold water: minni'hsni).



56. Painted leather jacket (Musée de l'Homme).

We were going back to Minnisni. I was staying a bit behind. And I was hunting way off the trail, close to the mountains. But I could not find anything. In the evening, just when the sun was above the Rockies, I took my trail and forded the High-Wood Creek (Tcahaskaskawapta: High-Timber Creek). Just as soon as I got up the bank, I saw seven Indian men and one pack horse sitting close to the trail. I looked at their faces, and I knew that they wanted to kill me. They were Blood Indians, but I did not know who they were when they talked. They put a blanket on the ground, and said, "Hello, true friend, are you a Stony?" They said that in the sign language. Then I replied, "Yes, I am a Stony, a head cutter." They call us head cutters (wapha mawksa: head cutter). They told me, "Sit down; let us have a peace smoke." But I replied, "Who are you?" They gave no answer. Again they told me, "Sit down and have a smoke." But I knew that they were not talking true, because they were shaking. Then I told them, "I don't smoke." But still I tried to keep my nerve the best I could, because I knew that Bloods could not face real men. One of them said, "Hoki: all right!" At once I heard a revolver bang half a dozen times. My horse jerked back. I got off my horse as soon as I saw the enemy, to find out whether it was peace or not. Then they fired at me twice. I forgot all the civilized law and shot one of them down. I chased one of the bravest and shot him down with my "44" rifle. I shot him down good. After the second shot, my horse gave a jerk. I hit another at the shoulder. He grabbed his shoulder and cried, rolling down. The rest of them sang death songs and then gave a war cry. I banged at them to hold them back. One of them aimed a rifle at me. I then sang a war song, and he shot me. He hit my leg. I knew I could fight no more, then. I started to talk to my horse. As soon as I got on my horse, I rode off. I could hear the talk of the Bloods. They called me all they could, shouting. They

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57. Painted skin (Musée de l'Homme).

called me dog, and anything like that. I waved to them. They could not kill me. "Come on!" I ran to where our lodge was, at home. As soon as I arrived, the elders came to me [and I told my story]. They said, some of them, "Maybe this young fellow shot himself just to tell a story like that." They got a medicine-man to fix me up. The medicine man was Suze (a Catholic name), *Thasindzahahinwi,* Bear-Hide-Coat. They made a medicine lodge for Suze. But he claimed he could see nothing with his *homnay* (spirits), because in those days Indians thought that spirits revealed the truth. As soon as he started a medicine song, he said, "Enemies are near at hand here, following him." Just as he said that, he heard a gun bang outside. But it did not kill anybody. He heard people running away. The young fellows of our tribe chased them back. As soon as I left the Bloods after fighting, I met two white men. The sun was just on top of the mountains. I told them I was excited, "Pieqwi has hit my leg." One of these two white men cursed at the Piegans. He got off and put his hand in my wound. The wound ran right through the thigh. Then they both called me, "Policeman. . . ." But I could not understand what they said. And then they called their names, cursing. They talked to each other. One of them laughed.

Then I got fixed up by the medicine-man, and we went back to Morley (Minnisni). The railroad was running through the country. Half-breed interpreters told that those two white men I had met had reported the affair to the Mounted Police at Fort Macleod, at Teeoda (Many-Houses). The police took me to the barracks, and I got better. I led the police and half-breed interpreters to the spot where I had fought. There was one sergeant, one constable, and one half-breed interpreter. They examined around there on that ground. They picked up half [a dozen?] different shells and found that they had hit the willow when firing at me. This they did, because some of the people had said, "He has shot himself just to fool us." But the police believed me, after they had seen the very ground where I had fought. I wanted to take them to the place where the dead man was, but they refused. This was



58. Painted buffalo skin (Musée de l'Homme).

true enough! They did not want to see that. And we got on. We went back to the barracks. The half-breed told me all this, how the law was. He spoke in the Cree language. Then I knew I was on the safe side. When I got home, lots of the Mounted Police went to the Blood camp and tried to dig a grave. Every Blood took his gun, and the chief policeman knew that I had fought the Bloods all right. When they asked me the questions in the court, I tried to talk like a man. And they believed me. I was about thirty-five years old then. This happened about forty years ago. [Hector Crawler is about seventy now.]

HECTOR CRAWLER AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

Informant: George McLean

The people who see visions or dreams or hear talking don't want to let it be known, unless they have been advised to reveal their vision. Then they are not afraid to talk about it. But if they have not been advised by the vision, they would not do it.

When Hector Crawler was young, he was a great hunter and trapper. He went trapping to the mountains on snowshoes every year in the spring. And I have followed him a couple of times. We packed our grub, maybe fifty pounds of flour on our backs, and our bedding. When camping time

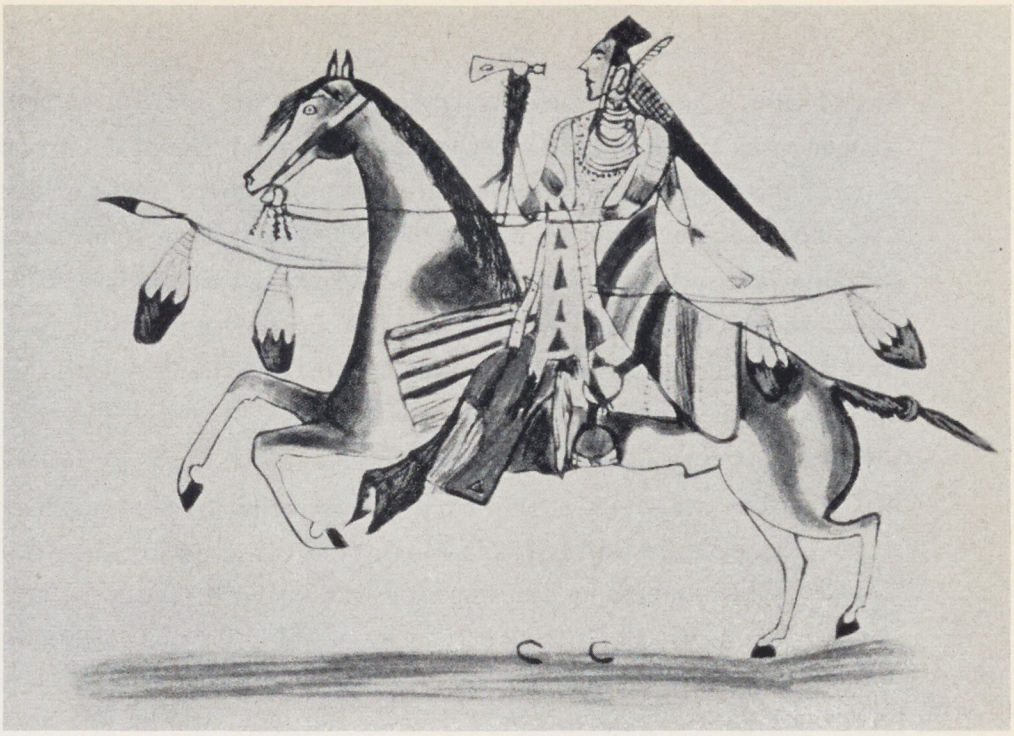
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would come, he would hunt where there was shelter of trees and not too much sun, because up in the mountains there was five or ten feet of snow. We used to cut boughs off the trees for bedding on top of the snow and then make a fire. Crawler took all these trips.

One day in the summer, just below the place now called Banff where the CPR crosses the Bow River, there was a bear on the other side of the Bow River. Another man with Crawler was Gahimangku (Crows-Breast). He told him, "Let us go and play with the bear!" It was a big grizzly. They had guns with them. But they just wanted to make fun, and let it be known that they were capable and brave enough to tackle a grizzly with just one gun. They stripped off their clothes. Hector had a big knife, one of these big Hudson's Bay knives. He put that knife behind his back, into his belt. But Gahimangku had no knife. Just as they were doing this, the bear came into the river. They went into the river too, also to meet him. And just as they got in the middle of the river, they met the bear swimming and got on each side of it. When the bear wanted to grab at one man, the other would grab the bear and turn him, while swimming. They played with him like that until they had floated maybe half a mile down stream. The river became shallow. There they could swim no longer. But the bear still could swim. Then Crawler took his knife and thrust it into its side. He gave the knife to his friend, who did the same. And they let the bear go. It floated along and died. And they got it to the shore. And then they skinned it and took the meat. This is the story of these hunters, of what they did to the bear. Crawler was then about twenty years old. Himself told this story to me. Both of them did. Jacob, the other man, is a man who has many stories to tell.



59. Large skin with porcupine quill work (Musée de l'Homme).



60. Crayon drawing. Warrior on horseback, by a Crow, ca, 1870 (Mus. Am. Indian).

HECTOR CRAWLER'S VISION

Informant: Daniel Wildman, his nephew speaking for him from memory

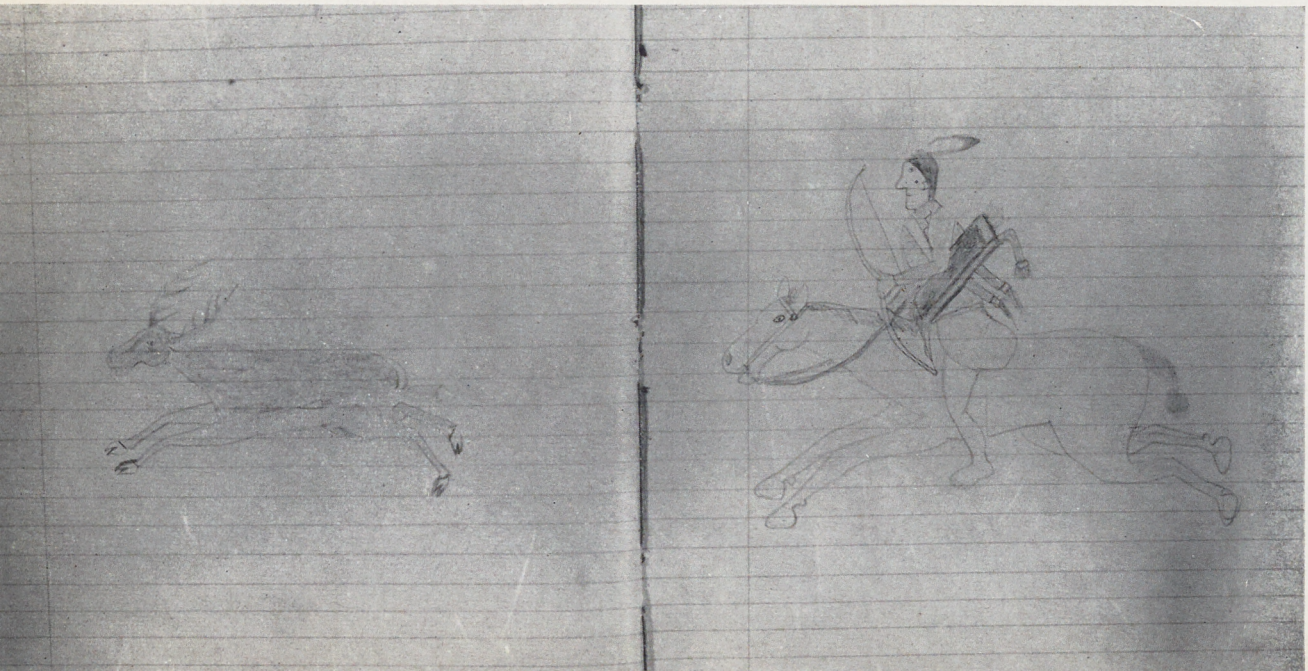
I went to visit Hector one Sunday morning before he had his breakfast, that is about fifteen years ago. He looked at me and seemed surprised. He said to me, " I know you are educated. You don't believe in anything, in the old people's ways. I have dreamt of the Great Spirit Wakantanga. My grandchildren and all my relatives talked to me last night. This has happened for nearly one year now, once every week. But I have never told anybody. Some beings greater than human beings speak to me. I guess the white people talk about their Bible. All of them speak the truth all right. But that Bible is for the civilized people. Our Great Spirit has talked to me for the poor Indian people. He said I may have a little power to cure disease, through him, the Great Spirit. I know you will not believe it, but I will keep telling you."

A few years later, three years later, Hector Crawler disappeared for two nights. After this, when he came back, he called the whole tribe into one house. As soon as all the crowd was in, he knew very well that there were many young fellows who did not believe anything like that. Then he said, "You can't do nothing against the truth. I will just tell you what I have seen. One night, I dreamt about white earth. And then I travelled to the south near Sibel park. Everybody knows there is white earth there. As soon as I got to the pit, I bowed down; I worshipped the good God. Kept going a little ways, and heard a big noise coming, just the same as when you are dreaming. My whole body was taken way up into the air. I went a long way up in the air. Then I began to fall down, and then I called on God for help. Then I started up again. I got to the top of the very highest mountain, Tcasehtinda (Falling-timber-Plane-Mountain), Kananaskis. I found myself right on top of this high mountain. I saw a man with a beautiful face, a round light around his head. I just looked at him, and I thought it was the

Son of God. I heard a whole crowd say that he was the Son of God. I could not believe it. I thought someone was trying to fool me. I looked all around. Could not see anything, no clouds either. I looked towards this man again. He turned around and changed his face. It was now brighter. I looked at him, and I heard many voices say he was the Son of God. Four times he changed, brighter every time. Then someone from behind told me, 'Because always you do the best to the people, because you always wish to see something toward the heavens, you are now going to have a little power by the poor Indian's way. The Indians have not many brains like the civilized people. So I'll give you a little power on disease, on some kinds of hardships among the Indians.' So I was told to give soft white feathers to whoever believes this story. Don't try to make those believe who do not want to believe. When I tell a story like that, then everybody should come and shake hands with me. That is my way."

Later on, the Indians from Montana, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia sent money to Hector Crawler. They wanted to see him, for he had been talking to the Great Spirit. He travelled all the time. It was to tell all his hopes. He was curing diseases, consumption, and blindness; and the cripples, he cured them, whoever really believed in him. And he foretold the future. He told all about the great war which was to happen, before it broke out, too. And he told about this influence, just a year before it struck. He predicted dry seasons that were to come for six years. "Now," he said, "for four years there will be bad crops." When he doctored at a disease, he would hold his hands on the chest of the sick. If their disease was hopeless, they would pass away quick. If not, he would pray and mark a cross with white earth on their chests. He would sit down and look at them. "This person is going to get all right or is going to die." He could tell at once. But he wouldn't tell the sick person directly. He had travelled on like that in the three or four provinces for the last ten years. Now he says, "I have lost all my power. This power is only for me now." At the time of the big influenza around the country, he travelled through the rivers, night and day, feeding the sick people, nursing and advising them what to do to cure themselves. But he never touches the sick. He always feels happy. He says that disease will keep on for five years, will not be so bad, but will keep on. That is why the preacher doesn't like him.

61. Coloured drawing, Kiowa, "Charging a deer" (Mus. Am. Indian).





2. Crayon drawing, "Cheyenne among the buffalo", by Bears Heart, ca, 1875 (Mus. Am. Indian).

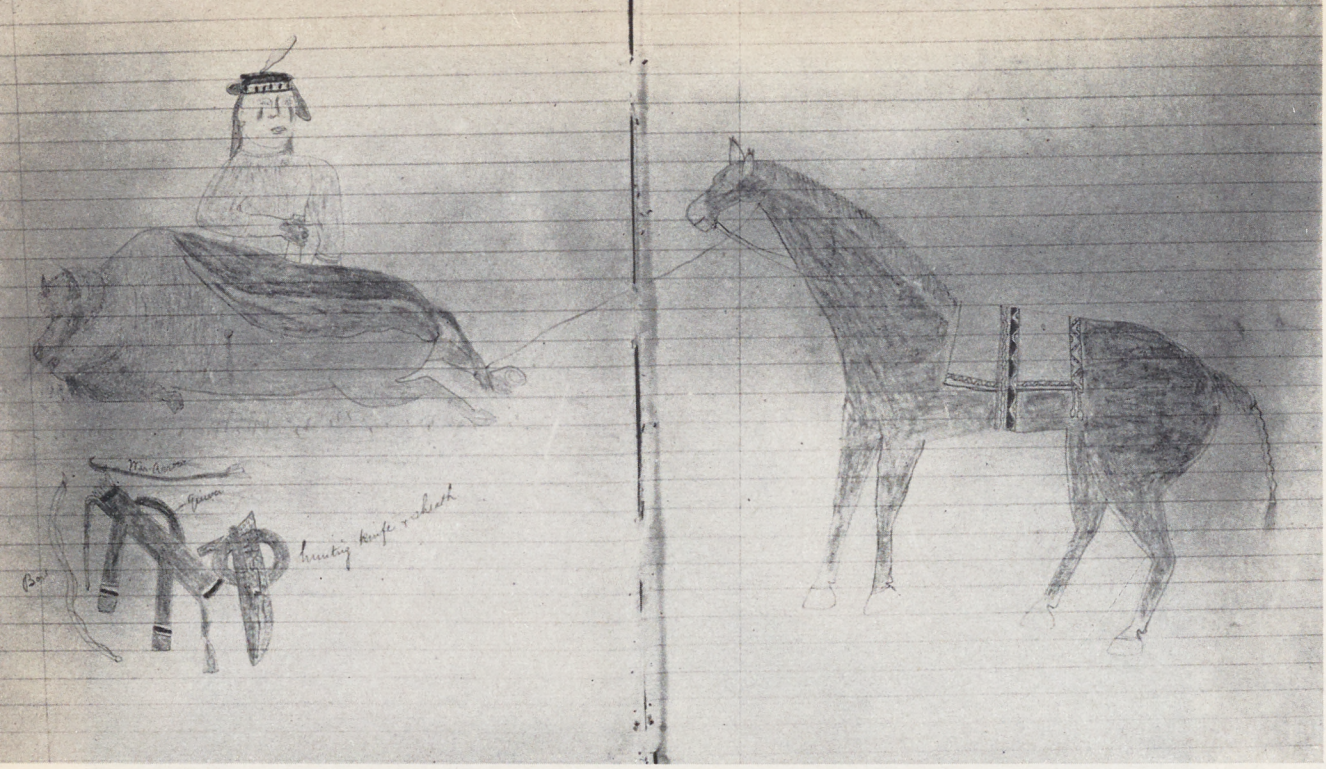
HECTOR CRAWLER

Informant: Norman K. Luxton, a white man, an "old timer" of Banff, Alberta

I remember Hector Crawler from 1902 on. I heard of him as a young hunter. He was a wonderful hunter, the best on the reserve. One or two other fellows were his equals. When I met him, he was trying to recuperate from his losses, to get back to the wealth he had lost through the CPR.

His losses: He had come over the Simpson Summit from a hunting trip with his brother, Gentleman George, and their families, and a big lot of ponies. They were returning with their hunt. There had been a very heavy storm in the early part of November, perhaps 1897. The trails were impassible. He would break the trail with unloaded horses until he had crossed the Bow River. He got on the CPR right-of-way, on the track. A freight train came along. In spite of all their efforts to get the horses away from the track, the horses refused to get into the snow again. The train did not stop at all, ran right through them. George and Hector had got their children and their team of horses into the snow. But George never recovered from this exertion and anxiety, and he died shortly after. Most of the horses were killed. It was a total loss for them.

Then Hector seemed to be in a daze for quite a while. After that, he hunted harder than ever. It was about this time that I met him at Morley. I used to see him in Banff. He would bring up his skins, sheep's heads, bear robes, and furs.



63. Kiowa drawing of "Skinning a buffalo" (Mus. Am. Indian).

About 1905 or 1906, he seemed to have lost heart. He was slackening. The furs had almo disappeared. He saw that he could not come back owing to different conditions. He was a ver ambitious Indian, and for that reason I took considerable interest in him. For Crawler it was a matte of fate. It was up to him to get busy at something else. It was no use to get sore. Why not go back to th reserve and be a great man raising cattle and making hay, and logs, and firewood? But Hector was no the type of Indian that could follow the ways of the white man. He was a pure Indian, a pure hunte He was losing heart. It appears that he realized he had something which the other Indians did no possess. His medicine must have been very strong to cure him, all through this period. When the oth Indians were killed, he always escaped. So that he seemed to realize this. And he understood m appreciation for him when he told me the following story.

Dream of elf: A certain time when he was in the mountains, when alone, he saw what h called the little black men, describing them to me as elfish (not fairy) forms. He described them to m as elfs, wearing little plug hats and cut-away coats. And while he could not carry on a conversatio with the elf, he was sure that it was out of the ordinary to have a vision of that kind. It was a ra novelty.

From that time on, Hector went into the mysteries of his tribe, the medicine of curing. H progressed rapidly with the reputation of a medicine man. He met a great demand from the Nort Crees to the Flatheads and Nez-Percé of Montana. He travelled all round. He usually would go huntin [at Kootenay Plains] for a couple of months at this time in the autumn, not so much for the mea as to be in the wilds by himself. He wanted to be in seclusion. He seemed to get inspiration in th the mountains.

Hector told that story of the apparition of an elf to Fred Kid, who was in Morley at the time.

Jonas Benjamin of the same reserve was once hunting on a mountain. He was a notorious horse thief in a small way. For five or six hours he was in a state of frozen fear, unable to move a finger. He was alone and in a dangerous position on a cliff. Finally he came to the conclusion that this was a punishment for his horse thefts, and he took an oath that if he got away from there, he would never steal again. And he recovered to a normal position and got off the mountain. He was so much in earnest in his promise that, at the feast of New Year, he made an open confession that he was now a reformed man. And since, he has kept faith with himself.

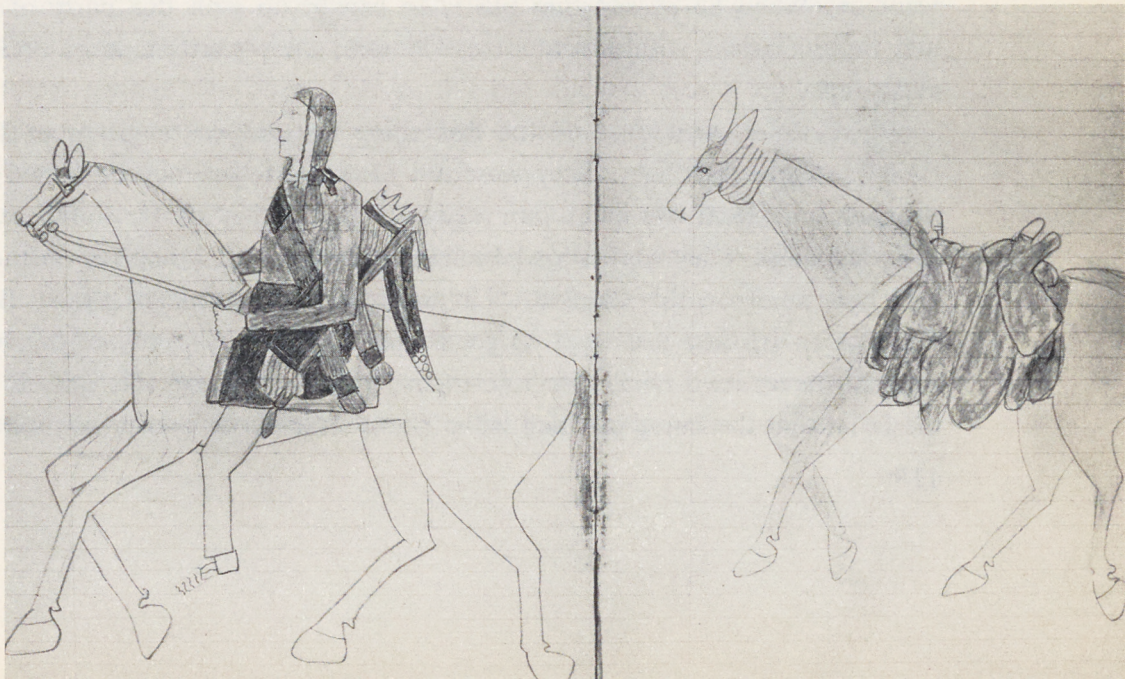
There is absolutely nothing that happens among these Indians that they don't impute to something else. If they are hunting, for instance, and if everything goes bad, they will consider this as a punishment for something. And they strongly believe in dreams.

ON HIGH-WOOD RIVER

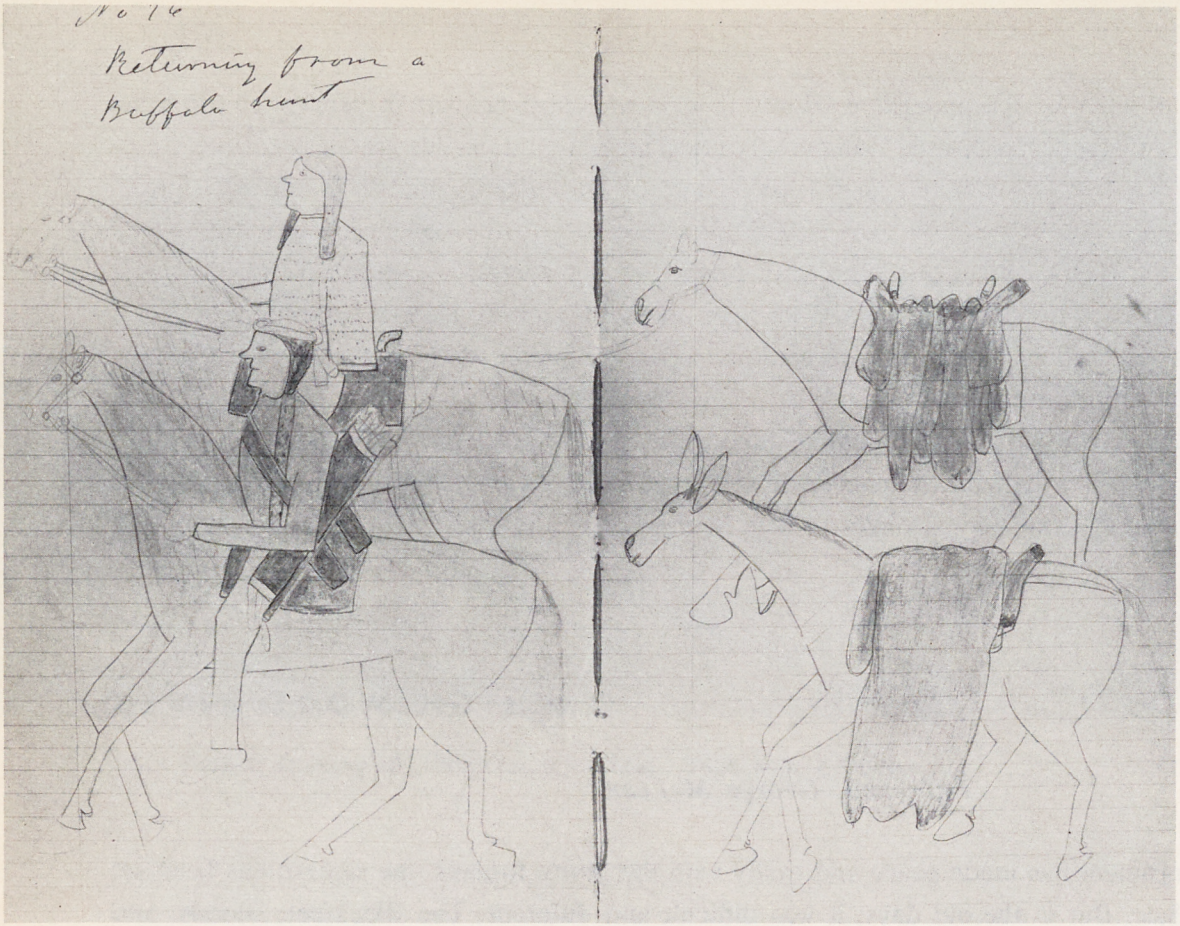
Informant: George McLean

Since the Government has made peace and treaty with the Stony Indians, the reserve has been set apart for their own place. But in the old days, it was difficult and different. The Blackfeet, Bloods, and Sarcees were enemies of one another, and they used to steal horses. The tribes retaliated by stealing more horses.

When the Stonies were sedentary on this reserve, the Blackfeet would often come here to steal horses. Not very long ago—since the treaty—the Stonies went south, way down in the U.S.A., in Montana, to a big river. They went down there and spent all summer, just roaming there as in the old days, just travelling. As they were going north, there was a party of Bloods that followed them, waiting for a chance to steal their horses. Hector Crawler was with them, with their party. They went



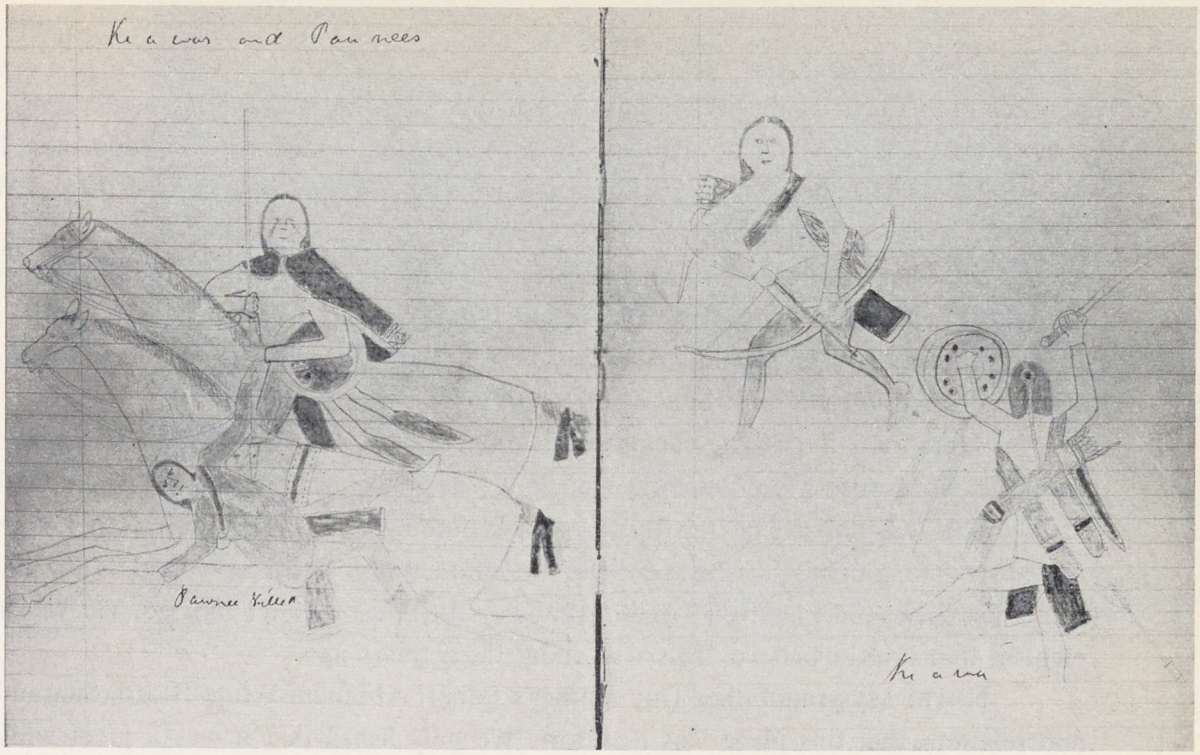
64. Kiowa drawing, "Packing buffalo meat" (Mus. Am. Indian).



65. Kiowa drawing of "Returning from a buffalo Hunt" (Mus. Am. Indian).

on, but he remained behind, fishing on High River, Tsahankaskawapta, "High-Wood River." He was fishing. And when he was through with fishing, he followed the trail of his party. Just as he got into the road, he came out to a creek where there was a soft spot. There he noticed many footprints. He looked at them, and he found that they were of different tribes. A Stony Indian's foot is a different shape from the Prairie Indian's. He knew by their tracks that they were enemies. But still he went on. When he passed that place, he caught up with this party of warriors. They kept their lines and ropes (lariat) with which to rope horses; these were made of braided hides. They packed these, coiled up.

Crawler went on, and the first thing he saw was a group of Indians just by the side of the trail. He looked at them. They were not his friends, yet they beckoned to him to come over. He went over, on horseback. He had a gun ready for anything at all. He went over to them and could understand their language. They were Blood Indians. And they put a blanket on the ground, filled their pipes, and told him to sit on this blanket, "Let us smoke!" That means peace. But there are lots of times they don't mean it, they just want to get a man when he is not watching. Crawler was a man who never smoked, never used tricks. He told them he did not smoke. He got off his horse and took in his hand the lariat that the horse was tied with. There were about twenty or twenty-five of them. And as soon as



66. Kiowa drawing, "Kiowas and Pawnees" (Mus. Am. Indian).

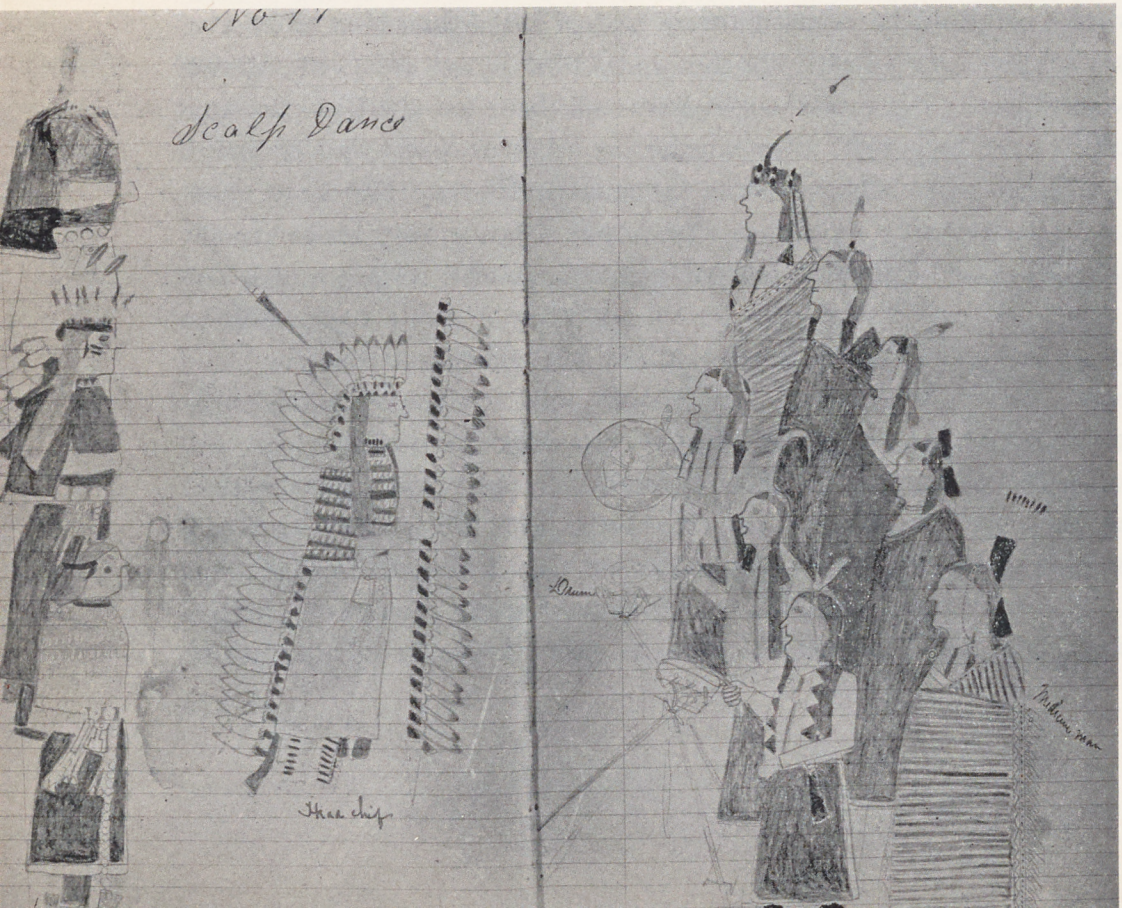
he told them that he didn't smoke, all of them got ready; they had their guns. Then they shouted, "All ready!" They wanted to fight, and all jumped up. And they fired the guns at him, to shoot him. But they did not touch him at all. He had his gun ready himself, but the horse bothered him and jumped around so that when the enemy tried to point at him, they could not take aim; their horses jumped around too. Then he let out a war-whoop, and said he remembered in one of his dreams that if he ever went to war, the enemy wouldn't hit him with a bullet. He thought of that. It was the Loon, *Mnosa,* who had told him this in a dream. Then he began to shoot at them. All that time, the Blackfeet kept firing at him. Every time he himself fired, he did not know whether he hit them or not, but he yelled, "You hit me; you kill me!" And he saw them falling down to the ground. He was right up at them. But all this time they were moving farther away from him. The horses went running farther to the other end of the trail. This bothered him and kept him from killing more enemies. At last he felt that something had hit him in the upper part of the thigh. But he did not know it was a bullet. Still he went round, until he felt that he was sick and wanted to vomit. Then he just looked at it and saw blood running down his leg. His leg was covered with blood. He could hardly walk. As he got on the horse, he went right towards the Bloods, and he fired as he passed. Then he went back two or three times, and then he stopped. He told them that he was going to have a fight with them again this day. He spoke this in their language. And they all began to hide in the bush and cursed him from where they were hiding. Then he lost them, because he knew that he was wounded and that the wound was swelling, and that he would not be able to reach the place where his party was camped. So he went on, leaving the enemies behind. And he went along until he caught up with his party. My wife was one of the

children there, at that time. When he got near the camp, he sang a song, a war song, *ktinwabi*. No words, only a tune. The people that heard that song knew that something had happened. They all came out of their tipis and watched. They asked him what the matter was, and he told them, "We have shot at each other." He was safe at home.

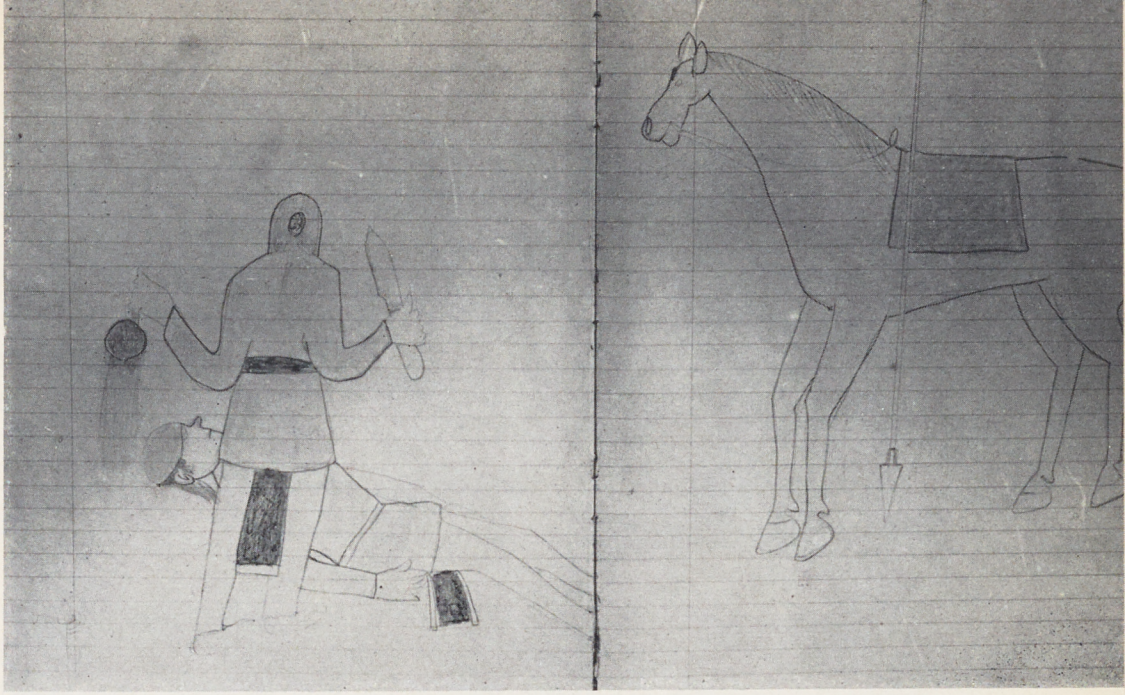
When he had fought with these Bloods there was a white man lived on the road. This white man saw the blood all over his leg, and asked him, "What has happened to you?" He answered, "The Indians shot me." The white man wanted to see, and he put his hand in the wound, where he had been shot, and then he gave him some medicine to put on it.

After that, the Stonies came back upon this reserve with Hector Crawler. Soon after he went with the Northwest Mounted Police back to the place where he had a fight with these Bloods. But at that time the police and the lawyers knew nothing about the law. He took them right to the place where he had fought and showed them the ammunition and the wound. They believed that acting in self-defence he had killed two of the Bloods. And then they let him go. He was about forty or forty-eight at that time, I believe. This was about thirty years ago.

NOTE: My grandfather (my mother's father, Abraham-White-Beard, Sansambin) told my mother and relations that this place was Beaufort. We only heard that it was a great whisky place. The white people at that time had dug a hole in the ground to store whisky, and nobody ever found it after the place was burned. Even my grandfather did not see that fort. It was before his time.



67. Kiowa "scalp dance" (Mus. Am. Indian).



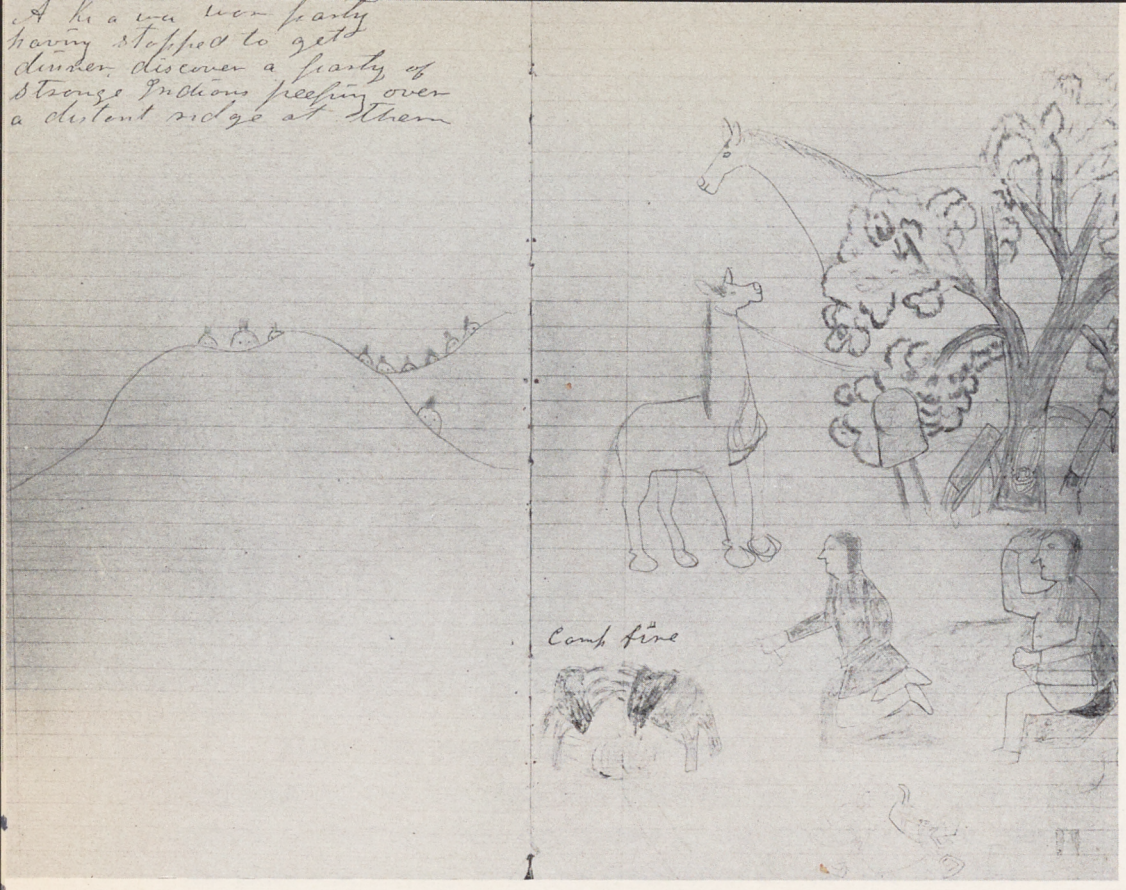
68. "Kiowa scalping a Ute" (Mus. Am. Indian).

JONAS-TWO-YOUNG-MEN

Informant: Norman K. Luxton, a white man, of Banff, Alberta, in 1923 (extracts from a letter)

I had a very interesting afternoon while at Morley with Jonas-Two-Young-Men. It seems that he was about three years old when he could just remember seeing the first white men. I think Jonas must be about 65 or a little older. That would bring the date of these white gold seekers around 1858 or 60. At the time, Jonas' family had their camp north of the present Rocky Mt. House and south of the Athabasca. These whites were riding "big and very small horses with huge long ears" [Mexican mules]. These men must have crossed the mountains over the Yellowhead Pass. I dug up a lot of burro shoes one day on the banks of the Athabasca, above where Jasper is to-day, apparently the remains of an old camp of some early prospectors.

Jonas' story was very interesting. He lost his father early in the game, and I guess his mother must have had a hell of a time until she hooked up with the Cheneka family. Jonas was in camp when grandma Cheneka was brained by some visiting Bloods. Old Cheneka must have been a blood-hunting savage, as he never missed a chance to kill a Blackfoot. Jonas is full of his early war parties, also of the coming of the McDougall men. You certainly must meet him on your next visit. I discovered Jonas has no use for Hector Crawler. He thinks Hector is a faker and says that Hector never had a fight with any other Indians in his life. He takes great exception to Hector telling his sick people, when he is working over them, "I am God. Believe that I am God, and I will cure you." It is just possible Jonas has this twisted. It is more likely that Hector might tell his sick that God gave him power to cure.



69. "Kiowa war party. . . Strange Indians peeking over a distant ridge" (Mus. Am. Indian).

JONAS-TWO-YOUNG-MEN

Notes taken by Norman K. Luxton, of Banff, Alberta, in 1922, from Jonas-Two-Young-Men, in the house of Andrew Sibbald at Morley; Mr. Luxton's wife, Georgie, acting as interpreter. Jonas or "Black Wolf" had received his name from the Rev. George McDougall; "Two-Young-Men" because there were only two boys left in the family, Jonas and his brother John. Their father's name was George or "Eagle"; the mother, Sarah; they were both Stonies. Jonas was born in March 1847, north of the present Mountain House, possibly on the Blind-Man River. As Jonas had poor parents, he was not born in a tipi or skin house, but in a small hut shingled with any kind of hides or pieces of skin. A few days after his birth, he rolled into the camp-fire and still has a scar on his left shin from the burn.

Jonas' boyhood. His father, George, left the family and the mother. They were taken in by Jacob Bear's-Paw (Bear's-Foot), and the family moved all over the country, from the Saskatchewan south to Benton west into the foothills and north to the Saskatchewan; travelling was hard work. The mother, Sarah, packed the two small children on her back, making four or five miles a day while the rest of the family, including seven dogs, had packs. Jonas started his packing education at the age of four years.

The children's play seemed to consist of practising with miniature bow and arrows, and light-weight sticks made to represent spears. Many times the family were hungry, and their house was made

of grass laid on top, and the sides were made with willow and sticks. This was again packed over with snow, and there was a hole in the roof above the fire to let the smoke out. It could have been anything but comfortable.

When Jonas was four years old, the camp was at Wolf Creek, since named Five-Mills, south of Pekisko. The men went out to get meat. Grandmother Sarah, Bear's-Paw's mother, would stay and feed the children with porcupine that she killed. She left the camp, and when two days had passed she was still away. The men got back. The children were all but dead. The men at once started a search for the grandmother, and after three days found her dead with her head smashed in. This, the men said, had been done by a party of Blood Indians—signs showed that the old woman had put up a good fight with her axe, as the grass, shrubs, and trees were hurled to the ground where the body had been found.

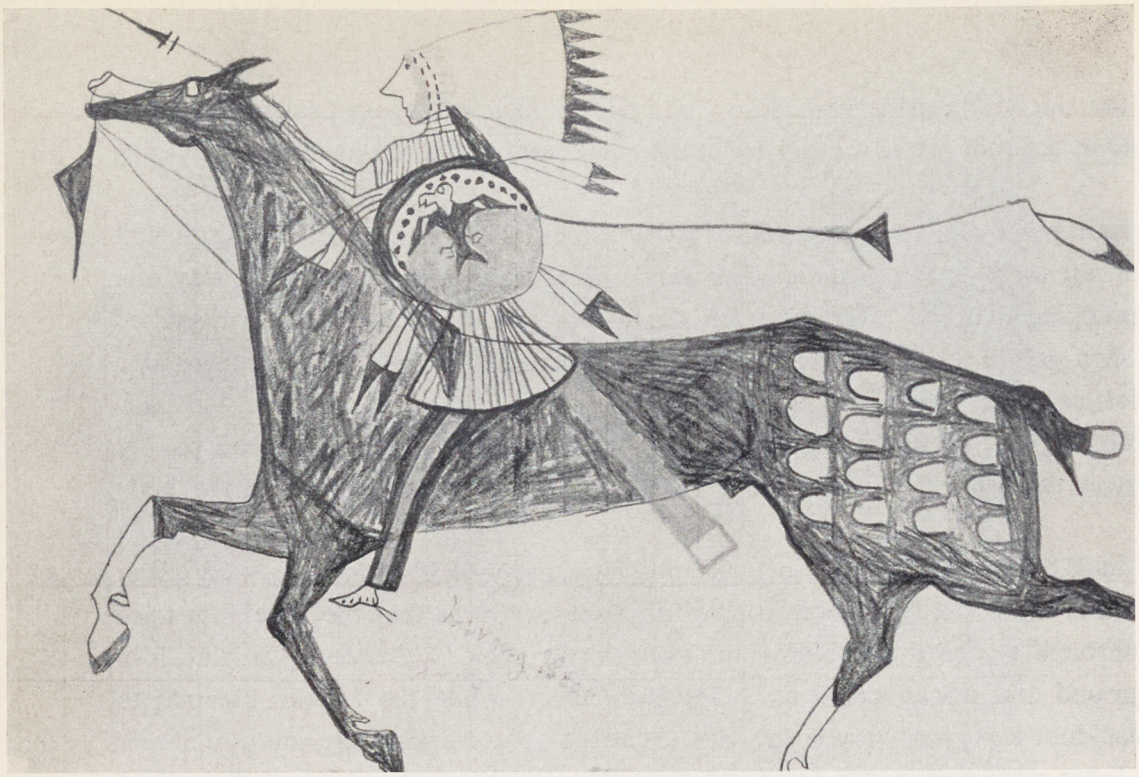
Jacob Bear's Paw took the party on a buffalo hunt and met a party of Blackfeet. A Stony scout met the Blackfoot chief. Jonas killed the Blackfoot, in spite of peace overtures that the Blackfoot tried to offer. Jacob shot him through the head and buried the body in the snow. He dressed in Blackfoot clothes, went into high ground and masqueraded as a Blackfoot chief, while the Stonies escaped to their own country. The Blackfoot party was very large. This event took place apparently south of where Brooks Station is to-day. Jonas was about seven years old then. The Blackfoot then missed their chief and started to look for him. They did not find the body for two days. Then they buried it on sticks in the air. Jacob Bear's-Paw never missed a chance to kill a Blackfoot.

Small-pox pest. At a camp of seventy tipis at Blind-Man River, Jonas' mother died in four days, when he was fourteen. Some were sick for four days and died. Cold water killed them faster. They made boxes of round poles, and the bodies were laid in the ground. It was not until Jonas was seven years old that the family could afford a buffalo skin tent. Out of the seventy tipis there were thirty families wiped out by small-pox. The family goods left by the dead were divided and taken by the survivors.

The Blackfeet and Bloods left their dead in the tipis during this pest, abandoning everything but the horses. Many dogs died, but the remaining ones were so ravenous that no one dared approach the tipis. Jonas thinks that the prairie tribes suffered more from this pest than the foothill tribes. The reason given is that the foothill tribes knew of herbs and roots or leaves which brought on severe vomiting or purgation. It apparently helped to overcome the small-pox.



70. "Kiowa Romeos and Juliettes" (Mus. Am. Indian).



71. Crayon drawing by Red Dog, Sioux, South Dakota,1884 (Mus. Am. Indian).

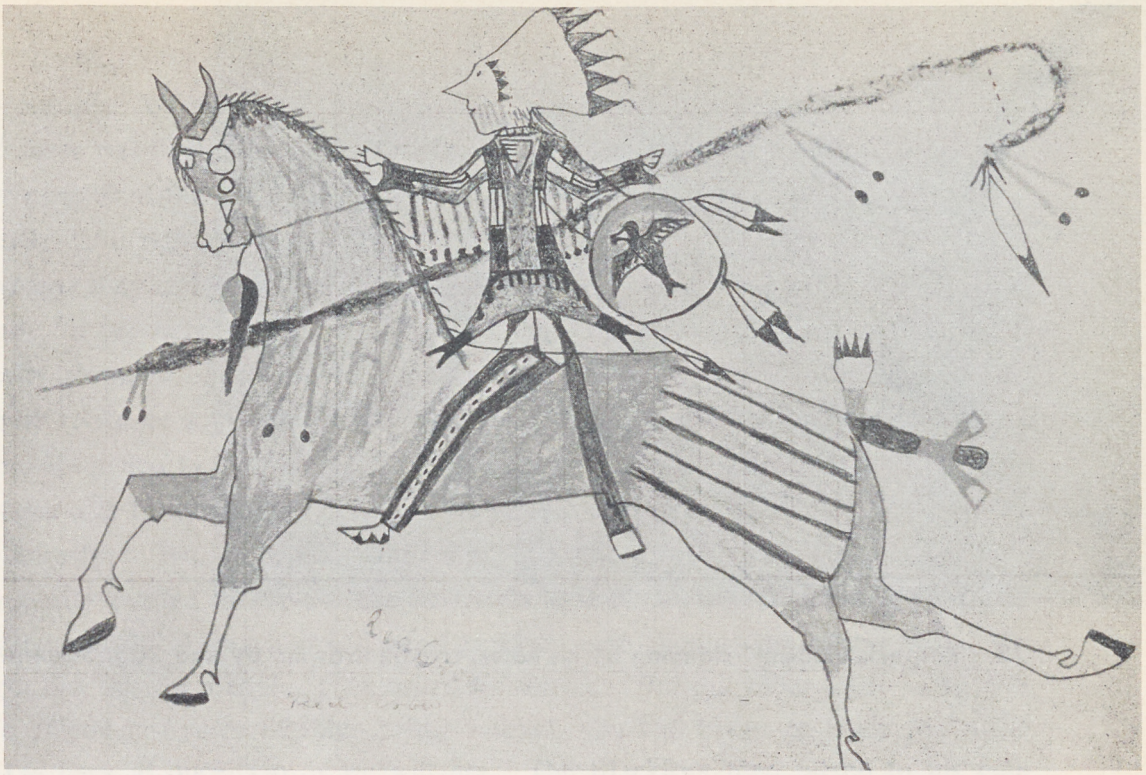
When Jonas was about seven years old he met the Rev. Geo. McDougall.

Jonas was with a large party of Crees and Stonies. He heard shots. White men were shooting ducks. It was the first time he, Jonas, ever saw white men. He thought it was white earth the whites were. He rushed home and told his mother that the white men were eating white mud. This was the time that the Rev. Geo. found the Stony camps now situated at Morley on the north side.

When Jonas was about seven years old, the Stonies encountered the Blackfeet. The Stonies killed several Blackfeet. Rev. Geo. saw the results of their fight and told the Stonies the fighting would have to stop. He told them they could have lots of tents made of canvas. This was hard for the Indians to understand. David McDougall opened a store at Morley and traded the first flour, cottons, etc.

Rev. Geo. told them they would have to build houses and learn to speak English. At this the Indians told him he was foolish. What good would schools be to hunt buffalo with! Rev. Geo. then built the church and school at the old settlement. Jonas attended with many other young men dressed in ermine furs and buckskin, also many gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs and cotton that David had traded them . . . Jonas learned to count up to ten and ABC in four days. The fifth day he got cross because the teacher beat him over the head with a whip, and Jonas grabbed his blanket and went home.

The school had about thirty-five pupils and eventually grew into the McDougall orphanage and school. For years it was run successfully, but when the McDougalls left, the school was closed until 1923 when a school was opened at the Morley bridge.



72. "Red Crow" on horseback, crayon drawing by Red Dog, Sioux, South Dakota (Mus. Am. Indian).

MY FATHER'S STORY

Daniel Wildman, informant

Once early in the spring, it must have been in the Wawadeslsontawis (Good-Moon), we travelled north. We camped in the bush, very low. We were about ten lodges together. About midnight, I thought I was dreaming, I heard a gun banging; the enemy yelled, while the banging stopped. Another banging again! And there was an old medicine man, Orohnorosni (Deaf-Man), half Cree and half Stony, who said, "They got me!" My grandmother yelled at the enemy. She talked Cree and said, "We are Stonies!" There were five brave Stonies in the camp: two sons of Nonosni, the medicine man, and an older son named Mangkeutamishcu, "Wolf-Sitting-on-the-View." Wolf-Sitting spoke to the Stonies: he was the head fighter. He said, "Wait a little, we will have to play with them." They were Crees, the enemies. There must have been over forty of them. The medicine-man had been hit below the chest, right in the middle of the body. He said, "Don't shoot them!" He was a great religious medicine-man. Then they waited. While they waited, those Crees took all the meat they wanted, while it was drying over the fire. They ate it; they were hungry. I watched them while they were eating near the fire. I was about seven years old then. And then just about when I saw daylight coming from the east, the bravest Stony came out of the tipi. He had an eagle whistle (made from the leg bone), and he blew it. When they heard the whistle, the enemies understood that they were going to be shot. At once, just in a second, everybody flew away, ran to the east. They were at about a hundred yards. Five Stonies made a charge. I heard the Crees say, "My brother, my cousin!" And they killed the other relations while the guns banged. But the Stonies yelled and laughed. They killed about five Crees. And

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73. "Respects Nothing" standing by his horse, crayon drawing by Red Dog, Sioux (Mus. Am. Indian).

there were about seven wounded. One of the bravest Crees was named Waphu's, "Rabbit." (He died here after he had lived among the Stonies all his life.) He was hit by a bullet right in the bottom of the buttocks. Then they chased him for about a mile. He packed lots of blankets, knives, bow and arrows, and gloves, where they had left them while they were running, and bunches of moccasins tied up together; and two packs with the dogs, one white dog and one black dog. In the morning, they buried the old man, the old medicine-man. And we travelled to the north country. We travelled until about evening. We saw enemies that were surrounding us all around. We stopped in a little bush. We were there until dark. As soon as dark came, we started to run to the west. And then we escaped from the enemy.

WHEN MY FATHER WAS A MAN

Daniel Wildman, informant

We started from Sheep-Creek, Kichka Wapta, about thirty miles from Minnisni. The chief and the elders wanted to get tobacco at Fort Macleod. There was an American free trader there, named Tatesnaranaeha ("Spotted-Hot," in Stony). We arrived there the next evening. A band of Blackfeet and Bloods were camping there. They wanted to know at what time we would be going back to our tribe. We told them to-morrow, about noon. But just about dark the same evening, we left our camp, one by one, in different directions. We were five of us. We got to the Tcanhanskoskopte, "High Wood," the next evening. As soon as we forded the valley, we got up to the bank, and we left the bank a mile away. Then we heard about forty throats yelling death songs. I had only a loaded revolver, and bow and arrows. Two uncles were with me and two other unbrave Indians. My uncles told me, "Let us stand

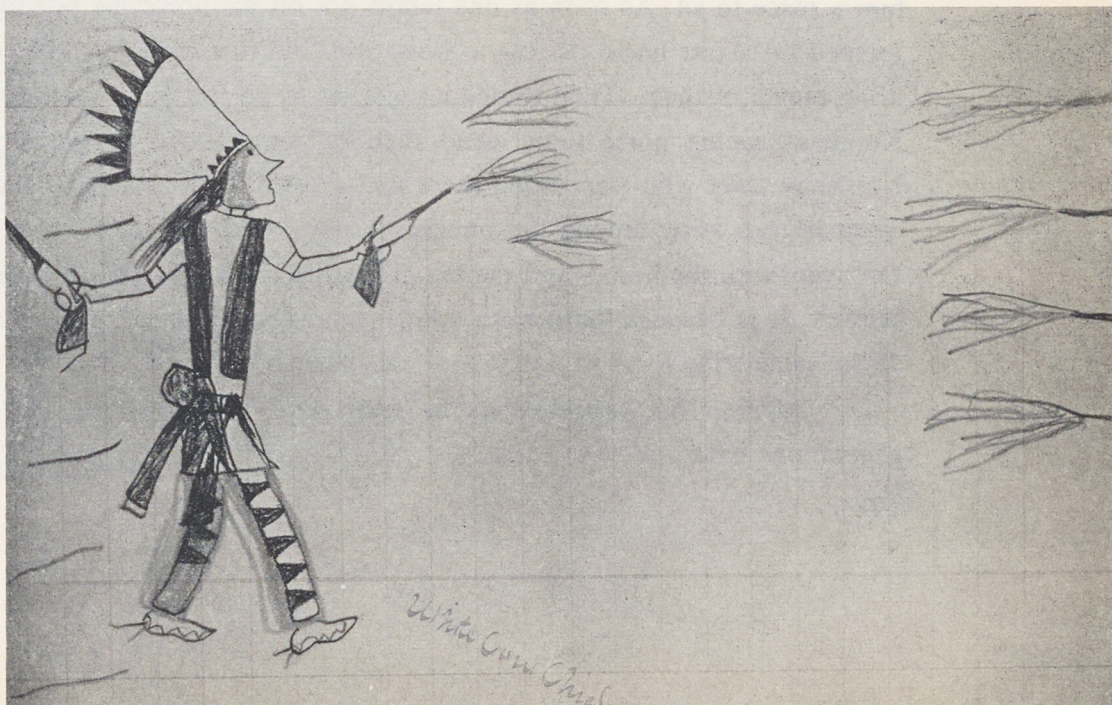
apart! Spread far away from me!" We threw the packs down. There must have been two feet of snow on the ground, and some snow was flying. I saw the bravest Blackfoot coming and recognized his face. I thought that now our lives were at the end. When he came as close as he could, he was away ahead of his band. I told my uncle, "All right, shoot him!" But they had the nerve to hold themselves back. They were not excited, because they had gone fighting many other times before. They told me, "Be quiet and have your things ready for the fight." At the right time, I threw in front of me five arrows, and I had one on my hand ready to throw. The Blackfoot leader said, "Who are you?" I did not give an answer. The second time he spoke he said that he was very excited. The rest of the Blackfeet brought their horses to a dead stop. He yelled to his people, "Hold on, hold on!" He asked us whether we were Head-Cutters. He made signs with his hands. We gave him a sign in reply, "You bet!" And he asked us: "What are you travelling here for?" We answered, "Anything!" And then the young Blackfeet got very anxious to kill us. The majority wanted to kill us. The eldest uncle said, "Please yourself, if you want to kill us. Don't talk, just go ahead!" About half a dozen Blackfeet were keeping the others back. We kept talking back and forth like this for a while. They asked for tobacco. But our older uncle said, "We have not got any to spare. If you just come like that trying to bluff, you had better go back. My name is Red-Bear, Ozindzasa. Go back at once! Go or we will fire." The Blackfoot then talked to his men and drove them back home, where they had come from. Then I looked behind, and our two other Stonies [the unbrave ones] had run out of sight. Instead of being five, we were only three. We followed them in their tracks until the evening came. These two Stonies had made a trench in the bush and in it made a fire. When we got there, they were ashamed. Next morning, we started for home, and got there.

STONIES AND KOOTENAYS

Informant: Joseph Jonas. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

Two Stonies, they were brothers, were fighting the Kootenays. One of the Stonies got killed. The one brother that survived killed quite a few Kootenays. Then the Stony went back home. He said, "I am grieved because my brother was killed. I must go and fight again." The Kootenays were dancing

74. "White Crow chief" by Red Dog, Sioux (Mus. Am. Indian).





75. A buffalo, in a pencil drawing. Sioux, South Dakota (Mus. Am. Indian).

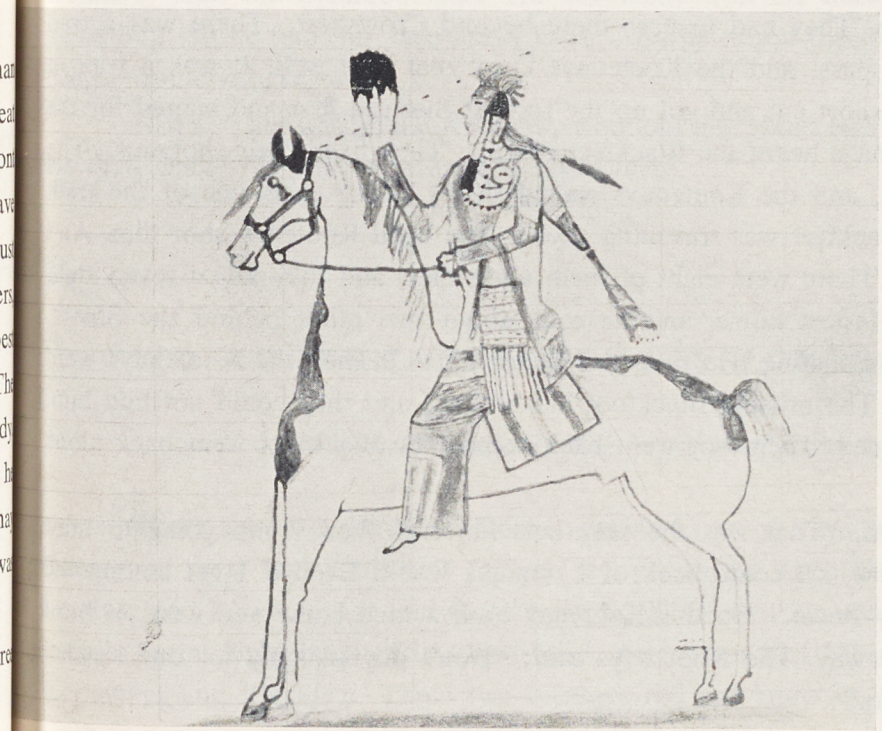
in a circle, and one fellow rode a horse round the dancing circle. He got off his horse. Another ma did the same thing. They would keep chasing horses. It was in the evening. And they built a grea big fire in the middle of the circle. There was a good eagle feather hat hanging there on a tree in fro of the fire. And one of the Kootenay chiefs was sitting there beside his eagle hat. The people gav him a place to sit. As soon as one fellow got off his horse, he put the feather hat on his head and ju jumped on a fast horse. It was a Stony who did this. One of the Stonies was sitting among the other a big bunch of them. Then this Stony got up to go for the feather hat and put it on. He rode the be Kootenay racing horse there. And then he went round the circle once. He did it four times. Th Kootenay chief who was sitting there had a revolver, and he shot the Stony in the middle of his bod Then he ran away among the bunch. [Later corrected: The Stony killed the Kootenay chief, and h ran away with the horses and the hat. They did not know who he was. They thought he was a Kootena himself. It is because there were a great many people there, all of one tribe. And they thought he wa of the same tribe.]

NOTE: This happened in the early days. His father's grandfather told his father. About thre generations back.



76. Warriors, in a coloured sketch. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian).

7. An Indian on horseback. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian).





78. An Indian riding. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian).

A DUEL BETWEEN A KOOTENAY AND A BLACKFOOT

Informant: Joseph Jonas. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

When I was about eighteen years old, I went to the Kootenays, and one old man there told me this story. The whole band of Kootenays were camping there in the valley, and some Blackfeet came round and stole the horses. Eight Blackfeet there were. Six Kootenays went after them, the same night. A mountain stood on each side. They had to pass there beyond Crowsnest. There was a trail to the valley on the other side of the pass, and the Kootenays knew that trail well. It was a trail in a half circle. So the Kootenays took a short cut and got up the fork of the trail first and waited for the Blackfeet. It was at night. The Kootenays heard the Blackfeet coming. They fixed their shotguns. The Blackfeet drove the Kootenays' horses, and the Kootenays waited there, hiding each side of the trail. There were six of them. One of the Blackfeet was travelling ahead. The head Kootenay shot him. And the rest shot the others, *hay hay hay!* There were eight of them altogether, and they killed seven right there. One of the Blackfeet rode the fastest horse, and he rode about two miles behind the others. The Kootenays said: "One Blackfoot is missing. He rode the fastest horse." Then the Kootenays went back and hunted about for the horses. The missing Blackfoot hid himself, and they could not find him. So they had killed seven, and one escaped. Then they went back home. The Blackfoot went back alone to the prairie.

And one of the Kootenays said, "That was the very best horse he had. I am going to hunt for him." He added, "If I get my horse, I'll come back; if I don't, I won't. Even if I get among the big band of Blackfeet, I must have my horse." So this Kootenay took a race horse and went to hunt for his own. But he did not know the way. The Kootenays said: "Don't do this only for one horse." But he kept repeating: "I have got to go."



79. Indians and a horse. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian)

It was early in the morning, and frosty. He tracked the Blackfoot, who rode bareback. He went ahead of him and waited for him. The Blackfoot did not know it. They were riding about five yards from each other. Both had guns. The Kootenay said: "I am coming from the east." (Really, he was lying to him, he was coming from the west.) They started to fill their pipes. Both were sitting. And the Kootenay said: "Between you and me, there is to be a little play. If you beat me, you are going to get this bad race horse." Both of them sat right up. And the Blackfoot shot the Kootenay first. And the Kootenay shot the Blackfoot last. The Kootenay won the duel; he shot the Blackfoot dead. He had killed him. So he took his race horse back. And he raised the scalp of the Blackfoot, so that the other people would believe him.

NOTE: That was an old Kootenay who told me, about eighteen years ago. His name was Flathead. He died since. He was of Athalmer, somewhere.

TWO KOOTENAY BROTHERS PURSUED BY THE BLACKFEET

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

There were two brothers, Kootenays. And one of them was hunting for his horses. He had lost three good ones and could not find or recover them. Then the other Kootenay went away buffalo hunting, and he could not find those hunters. These two Kootenay brothers, when they arrived on the prairies, went right into a Blackfoot band. And there had been fighting just the day before, between Kootenays and Blackfeet. These two brothers did not know it. They walked into the Blackfoot chief's

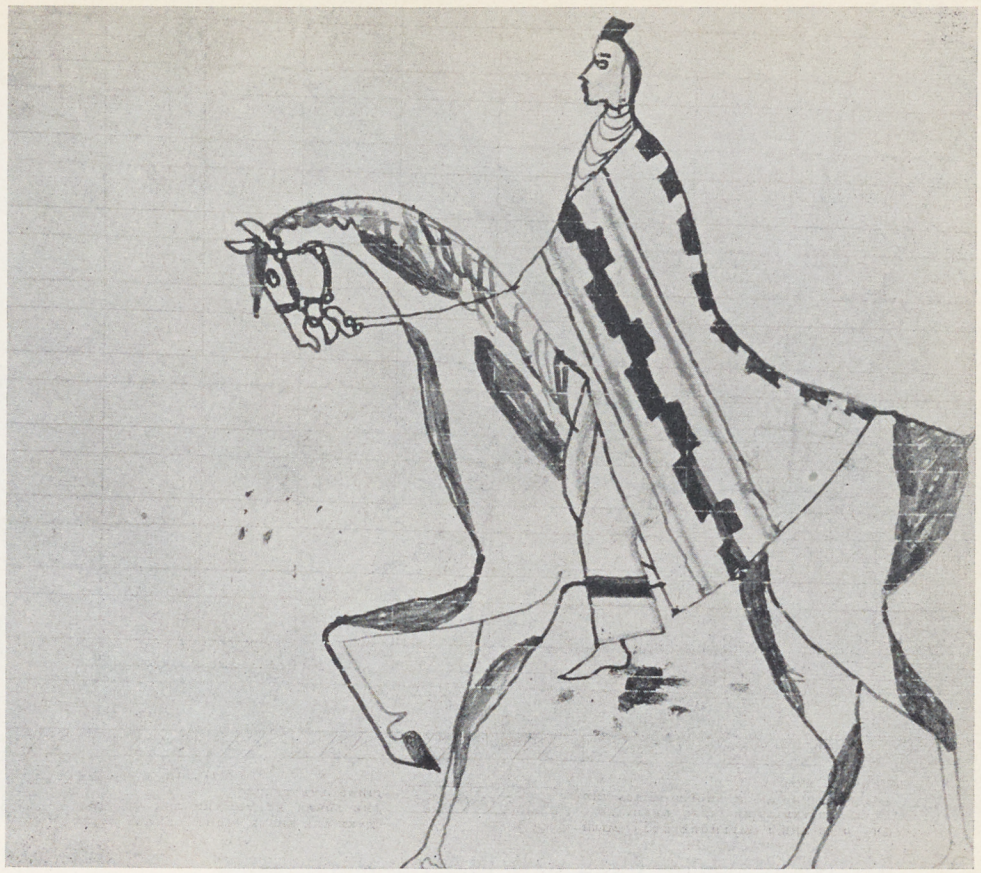


80. Two Indians and a horse. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian).

camp and tied their two good horses outside, and went in. The Blackfoot chief asked them, "What kind of Indians are you, what tribe?" They replied, "We are Kootenays." The Blackfoot chief said, "I'll let you go, but the others here will kill you sure." He told them, "Some of your tribe were here yesterday, and they killed many Blackfeet. And lots of Kootenays were killed too." These Kootenays, whose friend was this Blackfoot chief, were warned by him. Then the Blackfoot chief said, "Your horses are fast enough."—"Oh yes, they are like all journey horses, they can run." The Blackfeet soon took notice and waited to kill these two Kootenays, when they heard they were in the chief's tipi. The two strangers got onto their fast horses; then a Blackfoot took a knife and punched one of the Kootenays right in the belly near the thigh. But he failed to kill him. The Kootenays whipped their horses and ran away. The Blackfoot chief had made them run away. He did not want them to be killed.

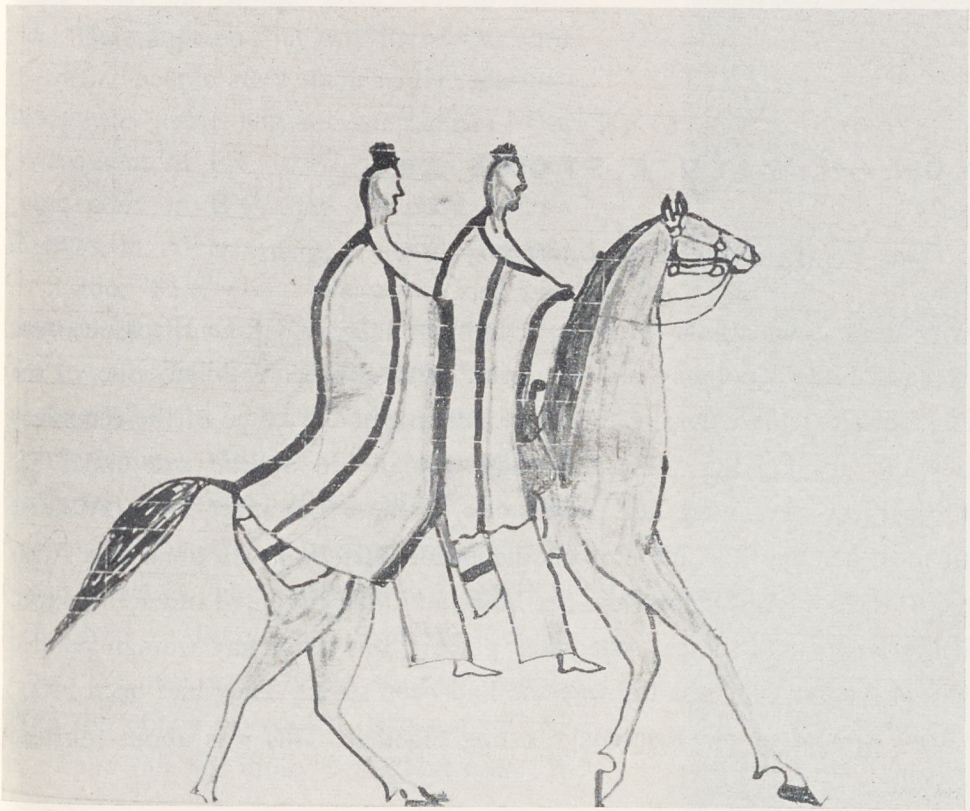
One of the two Kootenays was his own brother, only a lad. The elder brother had two guns, revolvers. He told his young brother, "Go away, and run about half a mile in front of me. Then I'll come behind; I have made up my mind to make my horse seem played out." He held his horse back all the time. And one of the Blackfeet pursuers came right close to him. And he shot that Blackfoot. The Kootenay ran up to his brother with the horse, his own and another he had captured. There was a rock bank, fifty yards up, steep, at the Old-Man River. The river was in flood. The Kootenay looked back and saw a Blackfoot coming, and a number of them right behind. He told his brother, "Whip the horses! We have got to go. We will die anyhow." Both Kootenays jumped off the bank right into the river. And they disappeared into the water. They came up again, after a minute. The elder brother was on the horse. And the younger brother came out of the water, on his horse, last. The Blackfeet shot at the Kootenays from the bank, and they wounded the horse of the younger brother. It was dark then. That is why they were saved. They climbed out of the swollen river. Then they travelled all through the night and reached inside the mountains. When they arrived at the Kootenay's trail, they saw tracks of their own people, who had gone back home. Soon they were with their own people.

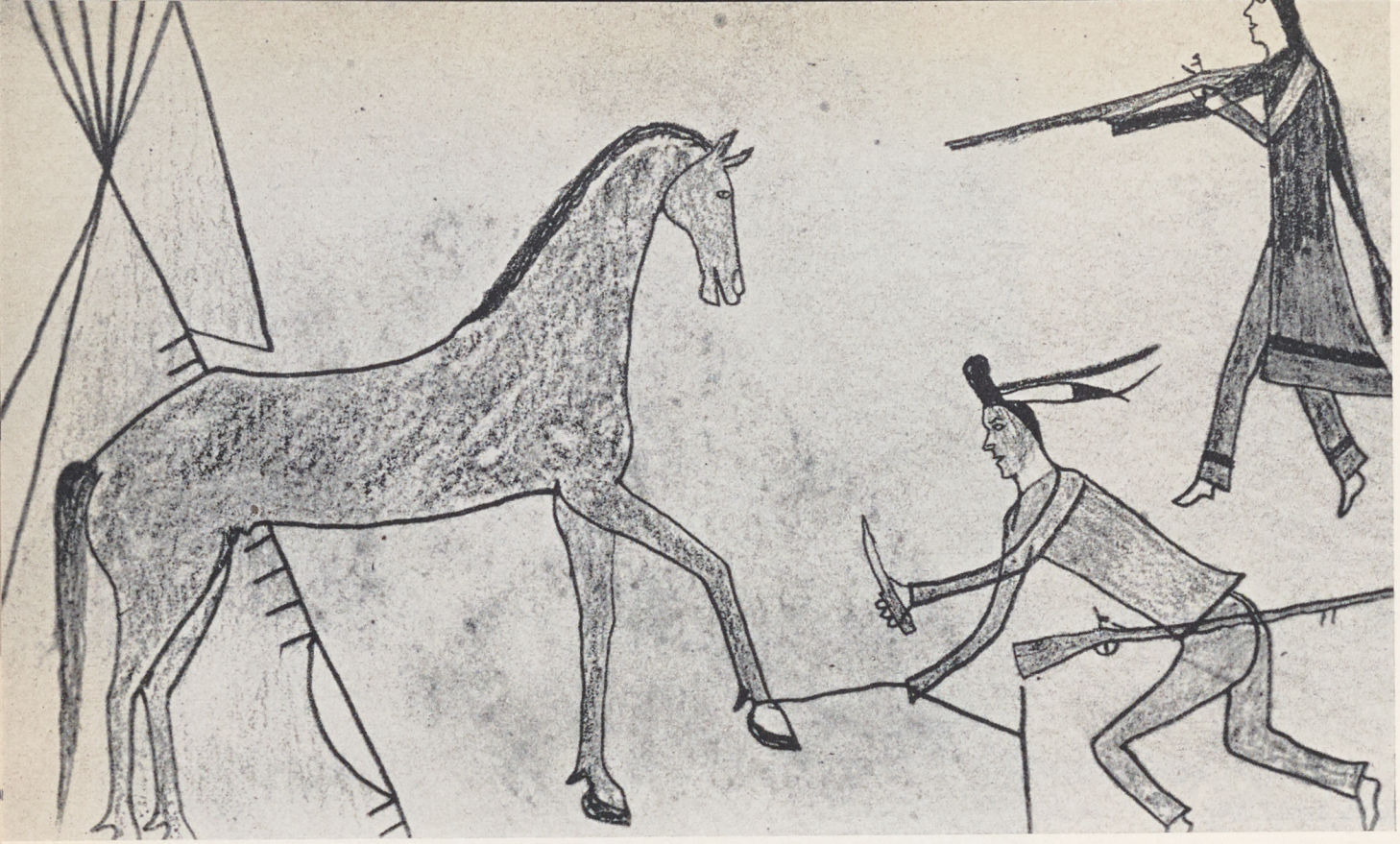
NOTE: The informant heard the story from "Flathead," a Kootenay. And he saw the mark of the wound on his belly near the thigh.



81. An Indian riding. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian).

82. Two Indians riding a horse. Blackfoot, Montana (Mus. Am. Indian).





83. Indians stealing a red horse (U.S. Nat Mus.).

THE KOOTENAY WOMAN WITH A STONE AXE

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

A Kootenay and his wife went down to the prairies to hunt buffalo, and four Blackfeet went after them to kill them. They caught the Kootenay and his wife. That Kootenay killed one of the Blackfeet. There were four Blackfeet altogether. One of the Blackfeet caught the horse of the Kootenay woman by the bridle. But they did not kill her. This Kootenay woman hid a little axe under her blanket at the time when the Blackfeet were after her. While one of these Blackfeet held the horse like this, the Kootenay woman took her axe and hit him on the head. His brain dropped out. This Kootenay woman had killed one Blackfoot. And meanwhile her husband killed the three other Blackfeet. He and his wife took away all the horses and things. After they got off, this Kootenay woman painted her axe with red paint and began to dance. That was the way she had been saved. They had been lucky.

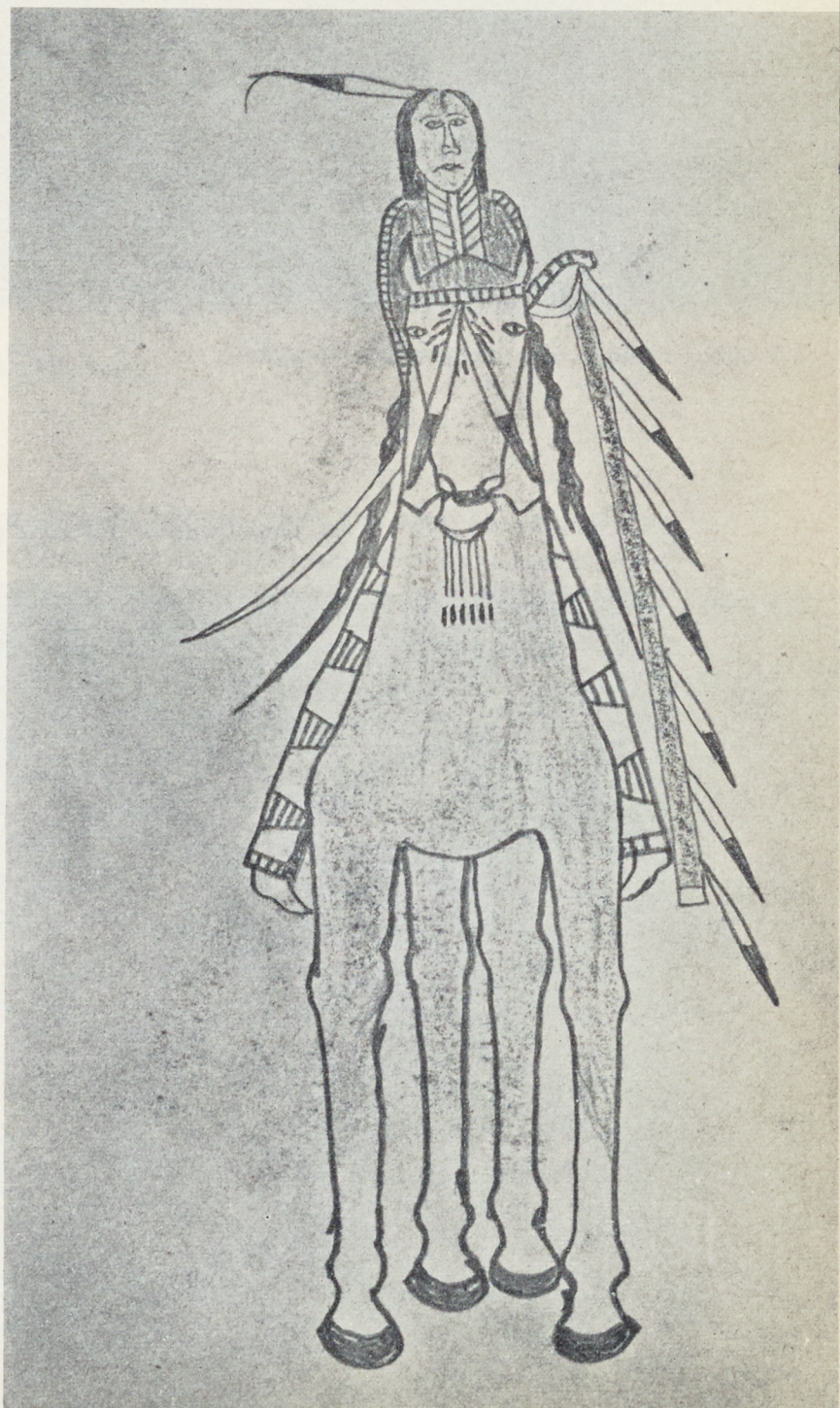
NOTE: We heard this from a band of old Kootenays sitting together. This was about fourteen or fifteen years ago.

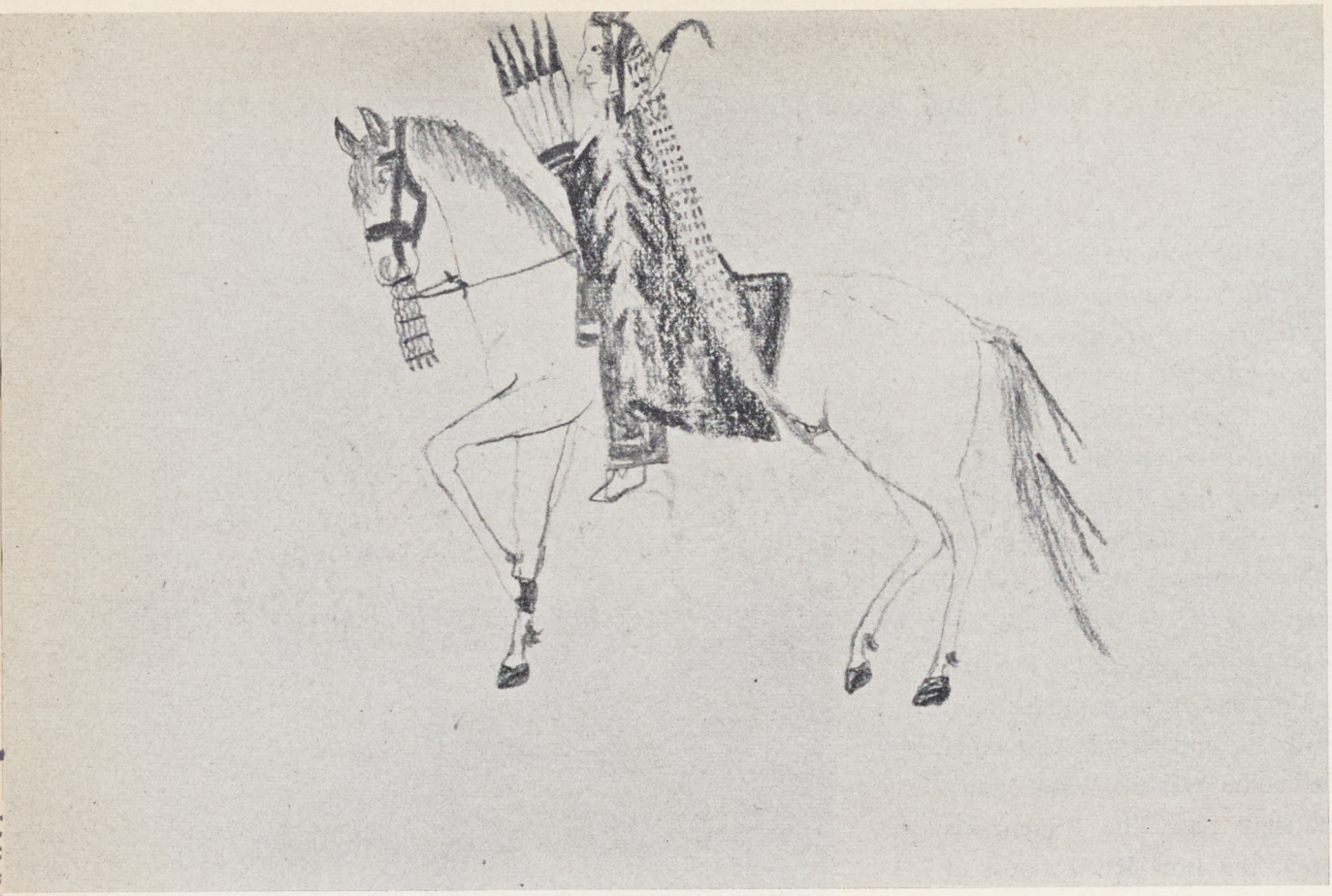
MEETINGS OF KOOTENAY AND STONY INDIANS

Informant: George McLean

The Stonies and the Kootenays are related to the Sioux. And besides, the Kootenays were always the best of friends with us. The Stonies never fought with the Sioux, never heard of such a thing. The Kootenays and the Stonies always lived in the Rocky Mountains. The only time they travelled on the prairie was early in the fall and in the spring. When they wanted to hunt the buffalo the Stonies and Kootenays were together. When the Kootenays did not see the Stonies, they hunted for them across the summit between the Alberta and British Columbia boundary. They came over the White-Man's pass, the Kootenay pass, the Kananaskis pass (Canmore), the Bow River (west of Banff) pass, the Saskatchewan, and the Crowsnest. When the Kootenays did not come over, the Stonies went over to their side. They kept on that way for years, until the white people were thick in the country. Peace was made between all nations. The government of B.C. tried to stop us from going over to B.C. and on each other's reserves in Alberta. The Federal Government too. They don't like us to visit one another. Since this happened, we felt lonely. We felt like being in confinement. Because of the way we held the meetings, the white people claimed that we went over and just bothered the other Indians. When we met one another, we traded horses, and we made special friends with someone we called a *kona*. And we did not trade with the friends' *kona*. We just gave things to each other. With the others we traded. Every man had one *kona* but not more; some had none. It

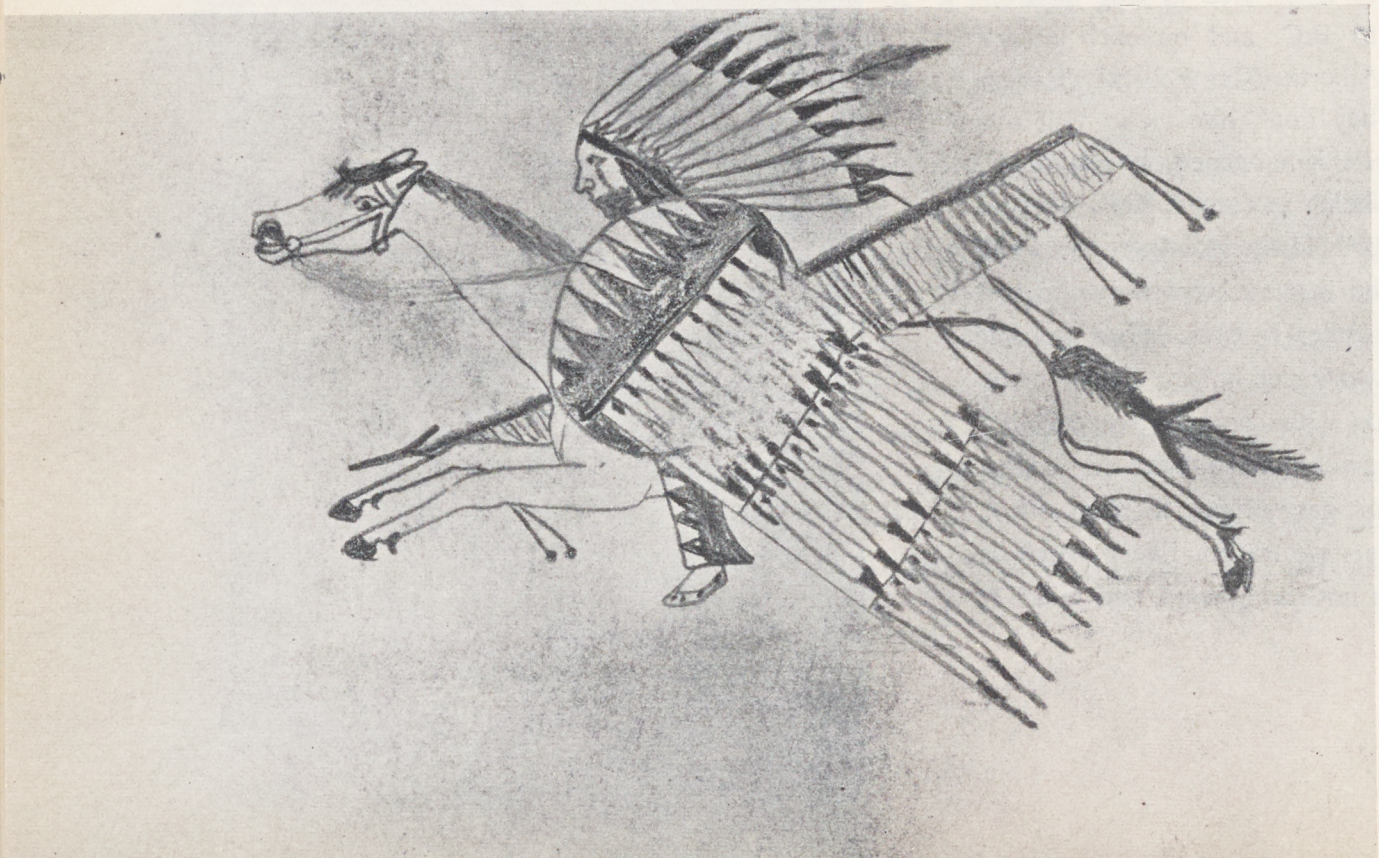
84. Indian riding a blue horse (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

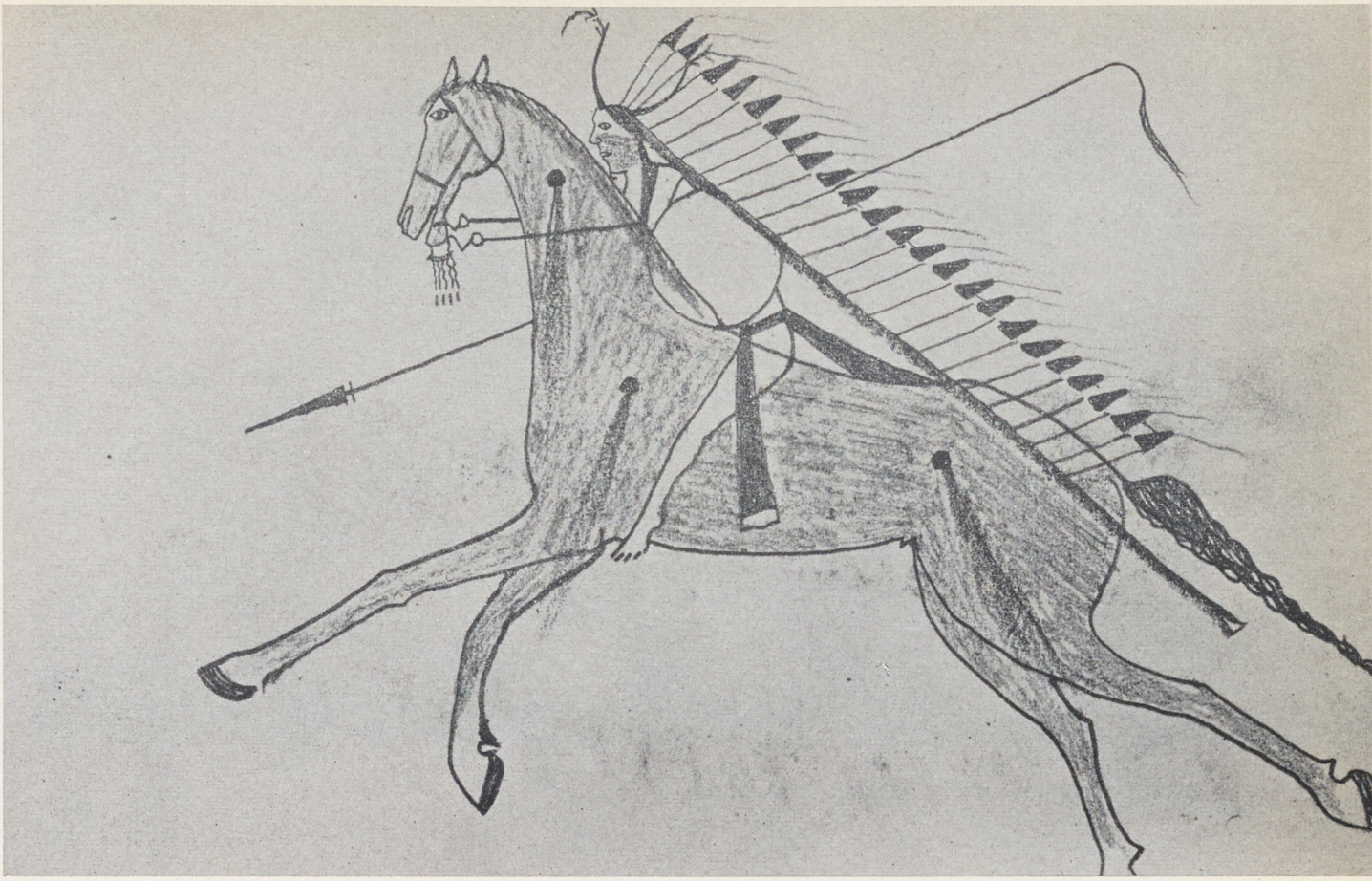




85. Indian riding in gala costume (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

86. Indian warrior galloping on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





87. Indian warrior parading on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

was a best friend. It was meant to be one with him, just like oneself. Then they tried to stop us. The Chiefs of the Stonies and the Kootenays, over at Windermere, made an appointment every year to meet again. It was to decide whether the Kootenays and the Stonies were to continue to visit each other. After a while they decided that we had to stop from going over, owing to the white people enforcing the law. Our government does not stop the Kootenay from coming over. It was because the government thought we killed off the game when we visited them. It was the reason why they stopped us. This happened about twenty-five years ago.

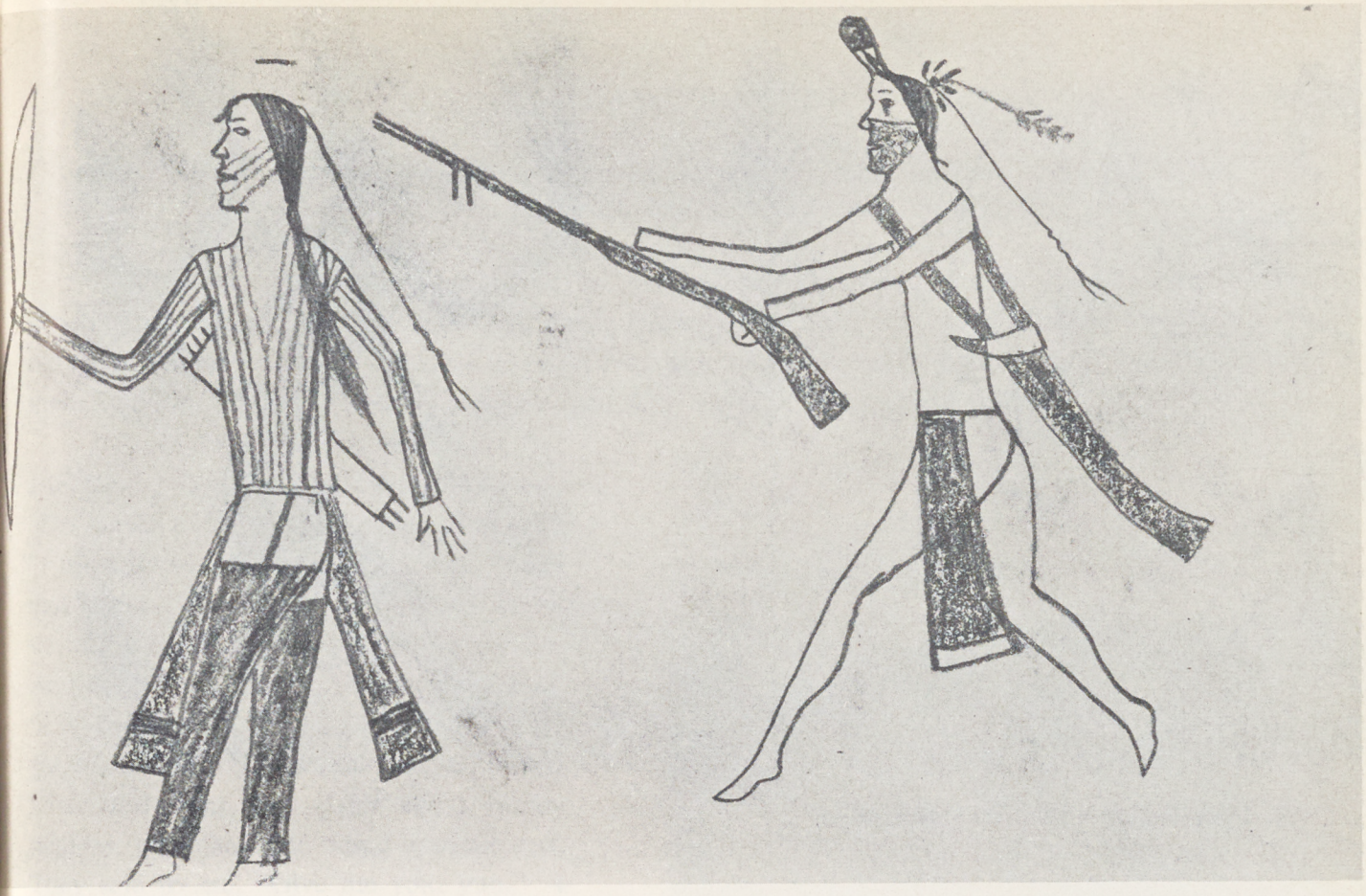
There were some Stony women married over in the Kootenay country. But now we don't go over there, ever since that took place. It is as if the white people are creating a hatred between Kootenays and Stonies. The Kootenays sometimes come over. And they came here, this summer too. It is the same way in Alberta. We cannot visit others. Only the agent gives a pass or a permit. It is just as if the Government wanted us to make hatred with other Indians. In former years, when the Indians were all alone, there was not much sickness among them. No sickness of any kind that we can mention, except from the cold in those days. They lived healthy and strong, although they did not get grub of every description, just meat and wild carrots with rhubarb and wild roots for our food. And after, when we gave them our land, the white people coaxed us into letting the white man use the land. When we gave up the land, we gave up our rights, believing that they knew best how to make use of the country.



88. Two Indians with horses (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Except the hunting rights. Today that is why we feel as if in confinement, with all the laws and regulations. It is because we have not the same comprehension as the white people. We know that the white people's ways are good, but we feel that we are not quite at home in the land. We were brought up free, and we feel the imprisonment. We talk a great deal about that, and we feel miserable when we talk of the past and the present. Of course, we see the white man has made great progress in the country, and gradually we want to get on with their ways, but right at present we cannot. After the treaty was made, we had to abide by all the laws when we'd go outside the reserve. When we go travelling, there is no place for us to stay, just along the road, with our horses. If we stop over maybe at one white man's, when we are caught up at night, if we ask to sleep at his place, he won't allow us. And this used to be our country. We have to stay on the road. And the people will go by, passing on this road, and cover us with dust, our camps and everything. This does not look good to us. We are unable to camp any place we want. And that is the confinement we feel. And there is much in this.

To-day, the white man makes progress, and we are better off with our homes and property than at the past times. But it is only the confinement that makes us lonely and makes our numbers decrease. If the government had acted in a different way and had patience, had given more time, it would have been better. In the present day, there are educated Indians. But those who are educated cannot be compared with the white people. The few that can catch up with the white people are clever Indians. No great results come from the school here, because the children don't get enough in the ways of the white man. It only spoils the children to have education. They are not Indians, and they are not white men. When they come back, they are smart. They think they know a whole lot, and the old people don't like it.



9. Two Indians walking (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

90. Two Indians fighting (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





91. Three Indians trading (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

On the white man's side, they cannot get along with them. The white people don't trust them. They just learn all the crookedness. They are not as true as the old Indians. They learn not enough of the Indian life either. We just call them *aintsikn ustombe,* "The lost people." They have not the experience of either side. They are no good one way or the other. The Government never gives them any encouragement after they leave school. The McDougall orphanage was started about forty years ago, and it was not run by the Government. It was the Rev. John McDougall who was running it, a Methodist. He promised the Indian that he would try to help the pupils that had education, that he would try to have the Government help them too, give them a start. The Indians believed it and put their children to school. And I was one of the first people (pupils) who went to that school in those years. Then nothing was ever done. Now to-day, I see that if the Government had given us the encouragement when the children were discharged from school, it would be an encouragement now to send others to school. Because of that, the people don't feel like sending their children to school. We have neglected sending our children to school here for about twenty years or over. And it is the fault of the Government and the Missionary Society. The Indians now do not care to have their children get any education. Now we have a little school started here. We asked for a better school, but never got it yet.

A FIGHT WITH THE BLOOD INDIANS

Story told by Sam Baptiste, a Stony of Morley, 96 years old, who is reputed to have been a great fighter in his day. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

I am going to tell about four Blood Indians and three Stonies. I was one of the three. We had gone hunting buffalo, when we saw three Blood Indians kill a deer. One of these Blood hunters was an old man; he was with two men, his sons. And they were accompanied by one woman. Four Bloods and three Stonies. One of us, the Stonies, was named Silly. He said, "I'll go over and see them."

Riding a horse he went over. But I told him, "You may be killed." And two of us stayed there sitting. Another of us said, "I must go too. He might be killed." Then they were both gone, and I stood there, waiting for them. So I decided to go too. And one of the Bloods, the old man, said, "Let us butcher that deer which I have got." One of the Bloods, the woman, took a horse and went east. After about twenty minutes, two men came riding from the east. They said to me, "Give me your gun." I refused to give him my gun. And I advised the others of my friends, "Don't give away your guns." The Bloods repeated, "Let me have your gun." But we did not let them have our guns. And one of the Bloods talked to Silly and said, "Let me have your gun." Yet Silly did not let him have it. But one of us, the Stonies, said to Silly, "Let him have it! He will only look at your gun." He gave him the gun. I knew that the Blood now was going to shoot us. The Stonies were sitting there, and I stood watching. The old Blood Indian said, "Get ready to shoot the Stonies." The Bloods took away another gun, and we had only one gun left. This was my own. I did not give it away. One of the Stonies got hit right at the jugular vein in the neck. The Stonies took hold of his knife, and thrust it right in the chest of the Blood. And the Blood shot the Stony in the vein only then. One of the Stonies, myself, who had a gun,

92. Two Indians atop a white man's cottage (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



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93. An Indian man and a woman (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

ran away. I ran over and tried to shoot the oldest Blood. But the gun would not fire. After a while the Blood shot at me right in the thigh. I still have the mark there. The other Blood was going to shoot me, so I ran after him and I shot him right in the middle of his body. This second shot fired, and I killed him right there. After that I did not fire this gun. It was no good. Every time the Bloods shot at me, I kept jumping. And I got wounded here in the arm, wounded six times. See my body. [He showed me the wound on his arm.] One of the Stonies ran home. I took one of the Blood's horses, got on it and ran away. If I had not run away, my blood would have run too much, and I would have been poisoned. And then I arrived home. I jumped a creek, and the horse fell down. And I got up again; lots of blood was running. I had got wounded six times. After I arrived home, everybody heard of this and all my people cried. It was because one of us had been killed, and I was wounded. One of us Stonies had gone home long before, but he had never told our people. When I arrived at night and told them, the people wanted to start on the warpath, to fight again. My legs were swollen up and I could not walk. One of the Bloods, who was shot and killed, was taken home. His folk put him in a tree. Another Blood then said, "If Baptiste had had a good gun, he would have killed us easy." I was eighteen years old at that time.

BLOODS STEALING HORSES FROM THE STONIES

Informant: Joseph Jonas. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

There were three Stonies living together at one time. They had only one gun. Two of these men stayed home with their wives, while the other went hunting. One of them just had one bow and arrow. After a while the Blood Indians came round. In those days, the Bloods were always looking for horses, stealing them, and fighting. That is all they did. There was a Blood Indian, a chief, who rode a white horse painted red. He came ahead, first to the Stonies, and said, "I want to be friends with you." But all he did was to take the horses of the Stonies and drive them back into his own herd. He stole these horses; he took the best running horses.

Then the Stonies got after the horses and fought, *hehehe!* . . . They had just one gun and their bows and arrows. They drove the Bloods back. One of them was going to load his gun. He put black powder on his hands, and then it exploded. It killed him. This was a Stony. Then the other Stonies drove the Bloods away; they never came back anymore. They had killed about twenty with only one gun. The Blackfoot guns could not work. It was raining and thundering, and their powder was wet. They could not fight. The Bloods began to recover their friends' bodies and throw them into the river. They did not bury the people in those days. The Bloods did say, "If the Stonies keep fighting us, they will kill us all, because the powder is all wet."

NOTE: This happened about 78 years ago. His grandfather's father told this story.

94. An Indian about to be scalped (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



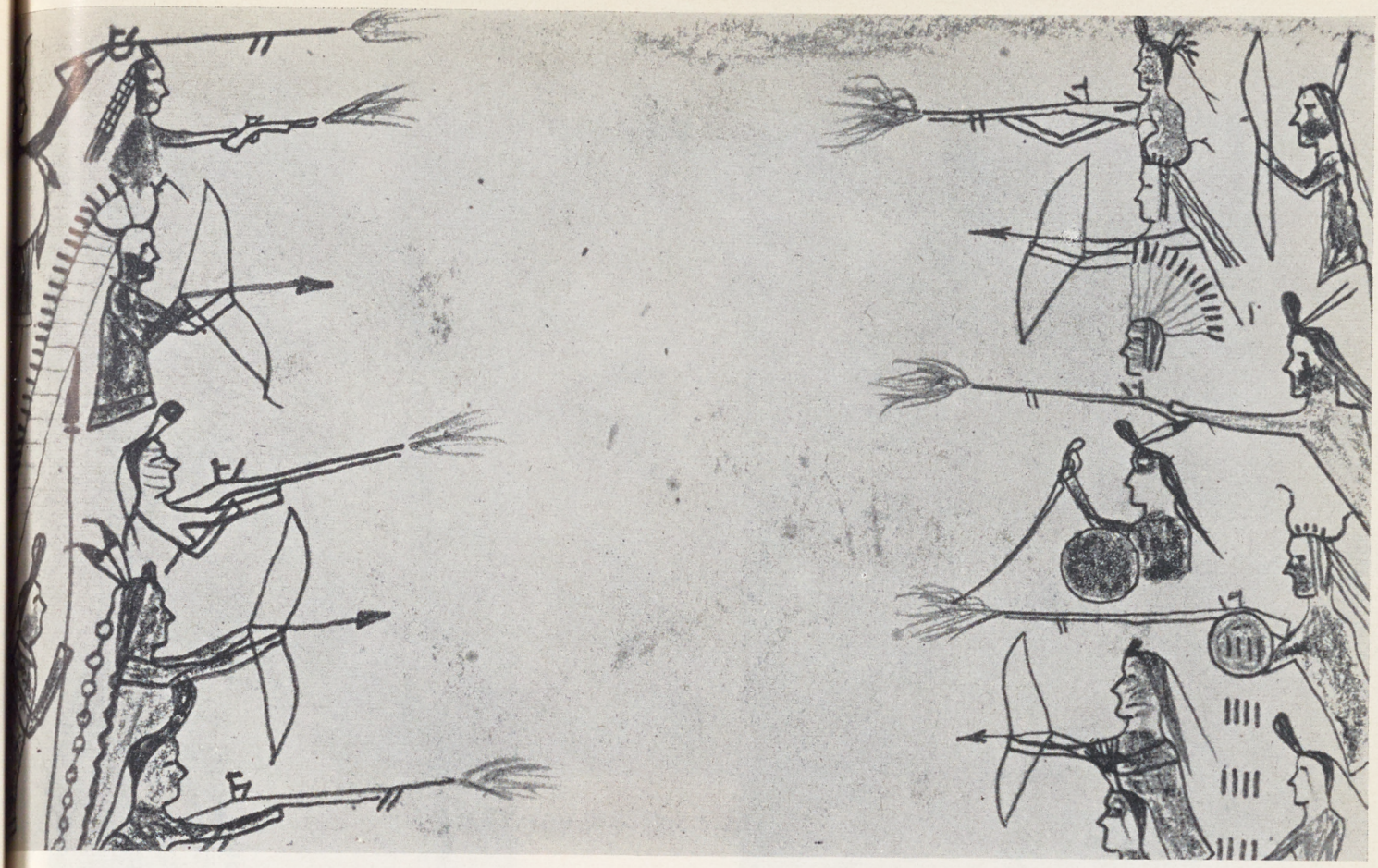


95. An Indian firing a gun at his enemy (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

BLACKFEET TRADING WITH THE STONIES

Informant: Jane Kakwits. Interpreter, Tom Kakwits

The Stonies were encamped at Eagle Hill, Bahamasnibin, west of Otts. Two Blackfeet came where there were two Stonies: one of them, Crooked-Neck. The Blackfeet were trading with the Stonies. Crooked-Neck had his gun concealed under his blanket as he was sitting close to the Blackfeet. He took his gun and shot one of the Blackfeet, and soon after shot the other. He had broken the arm (at the elbow) of one of the Blackfeet. The Blackfoot with a broken arm started to run, holding his blanket in his teeth as he ran. Crooked-Neck's companions ran away too. They went off to the hunt, and kept moving from place to place. That happened at the time when the Indians used to eat sixteen pounds of meat at every meal. They had no flour or tea. One of the hunters with Crooked-neck found a Blackfoot who had died. They caught him by his hair, lifted him from the ground, and hung him to a tree. That was their way of burying him. They took all his clothes away, and Crooked-Neck wore them himself. Then they packed up their things and went away, while the dead man hung on the tree there. It was in the season when the weather was cold. The people kept moving all the time. They packed the dogs and a few horses, not many horses, and moved away. They lived with the animals. No tea, just water.



96. Two groups of Indians fighting (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

A STONY WOMAN CAPTURED BY BLACKFEET

Informant: Tom Kakwits. These are recollections of his father, Wintsaxatonga, "Married-Man," who died in October 1925, at the age of 81.

I was looking for some horses for the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, Tito'nga "Big houses," on the Saskatchewan. I was living with two of my sisters and my mother Kakwits. We were four living together. After about a week, I found my sisters crying when I got home, and I asked, "What is wrong?" Both girls said, "My mother has been taken away by two Blackfeet. She was caught by both arms. Two Blackfeet came in here and took her away. That is why we cry." I took my gun and loaded it. And I told my sisters, "Sit here, I'll go and get your mother." My father had died five years before this happened. My mother was a widow.

I took a lot of bullets and powder. It was winter time. I left my sisters on the same day. After I went about ten miles, I saw three fellows walking a long ways off, three or four miles away. I went round, and I waited in the brush there in front of them. After a little while they came along on the trail. I called my mother from the brush. "Wait, my mother, keep back! I want to shoot these two Blackfeet." Both Blackfeet looked all around. And I shot the fellow who had a rifle. I killed him right there. The other ran away. He had only bow and arrows. He cried, "My brother, don't shoot me!" And I did not. That is how I got my mother back. NOTE: I heard my father tell this story.



97. An Indian warrior (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



98. An Indian in gala costume (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

SLEEPING IN A BLACKFOOT GRAVE

Informant: Daniel Wildman

Next year [the year after we had gone to Fort Macleod and encountered Blackfeet], in the winter time, I travelled all alone from Minnisni to Old-Man River, travelled three days away from Minnisni and was out of grub. It was a cold winter. In the evening, I saw a lodge standing through a



99. An Indian falling in front of an enemy (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

100. An Indian running away from an enemy (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





101. An Indian in gala attire (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

willow bush. It was just about dark then; I opened the tipi door. It had been barred on the outside with wood. There was nobody inside. I made a light with the flint to see what was in there. I saw a young man's and a young squaw's dead bodies. They were dressed and painted up fine. I understood that here was an Indian grave. In those days, if a young man got killed, maybe the young woman committed suicide because they were in love. I made a fire in the lodge. They had two or three good blankets where they were sleeping dead, and they were covered with buffalo robes. I took the buffalo robe for my bed, and started a good fire. I cheered myself up. I saw something tied up above the dead persons. It was their grub, pemmican and saskatoon mixed up. I enjoyed myself and ate it. I filled myself up. And I looked around across the fire where the dead persons were. I saw a wooden cup. I stretched myself to find out what was in there. It was good tobacco and good kimkimis mixed up. Then I remembered that Prairie Indians always love tobacco. I talked to their spirits. I said, "Excuse me, I would not do any harm to your bodies. I would not take anything but what I eat and what I smoke. I am not trying to do any harm." I talked like that to please myself. I smoked all I wanted with their pipes, and I slept. When I stretched myself down I was kind of afraid because the old people had said, "Where the dead persons are, there are bad spirits." But I was so

tired that I slept. In my dream, it was summer-time. I was sitting among the Prairie people and dancing.

When the morning came, I found myself in an Indian grave. I had no guts [no nerve] to stay there any longer, I said, "Thanks, goodbye, I go!" I ran some distance and saw two riders coming through the valley. I ran toward them, and as soon as I met them, I saw that they were Blackfeet. They were anxious and asked me, "Where did you sleep last night?"—"I slept where the dead bodies are." But they gave me answer, "You are lying," because the Blackfeet are very superstitious about dead bodies. They think bad spirits stay there. They asked me if I did any harm there. I said, "No! I ate what they had there, just one meal, and I smoked a few pipefuls." But they replied, "That is not true." One of them said, "I am going to hold you here." Then the older fellow went up to see the grave. They told me that if I had done any harm there, they were going to kill me. I waited there till he came back. As soon as he came back, this Blackfoot put his hand on his mouth and shook his head. He said, "You are a dog. You had the nerve to sit in that grave." And then the other fellow asked him, "Has he done any harm?" And he said, "No! Everything is in good shape. It looks clean. And the fire is out." They made a fire and gave me a lunch. They told me where my people, the Stonies, were. After lunch, I went to the south.



102. An Indian in gala attire (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



103. An Indian holding up a peace calumet (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

THE SIOUX THAT WAS DROWNED

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

I heard one Sioux Indian tell me a story. There were about eight Sioux. They went to fight the Blackfeet. Seven of the Sioux stole the horses from the Blackfeet. They picked the best horses the Blackfeet had and followed them. After they got to the river-bank, a Sioux said, "Oh, the river is awfully high." They were all afraid to ford. A Sioux said, "You are scared of the river, but I am



104. An Indian wearing a buffalo mask (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

not scared at all." He jumped right down at the river. The bank was steep. He went right down to the water. All his grub fell off and drifted away in the water when he was fording. They never saw him anymore. So he died being drowned. The other seven went home.

NOTE: One of the Kootenays told me this story. The people here (Stonies) used to go to trade horses with the Kootenays every year.



105. A buffalo hunter on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

CREES AND BLACKFEET FIGHTING

Informant: Mrs. George (Bercie) Hunter, half Cree and half Stony, of Morley Reserve, Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

We, four women, went for water about three-quarters of a mile away. The Crees and the Blackfeet were fighting together. They fought two days and two nights. And we got awfully thirsty. We never had anything to eat. We took our moccasins off and got into the lake together. The water was salty. When we were getting water, one of the Blackfeet came around. One of the Crees, watching the horses, got shot by him right in the elbow. The bullet broke the bone. He was just wounded. Everybody, the women, took their axes and went after the Blackfoot. One of the Crees shot another Blackfoot and broke both his legs. The Blackfoot took his gun and tried to shoot us. But he could not shoot at all; he just lay down. He could not get up. He was wounded in both legs. The Cree women took his clothes off him. And took off every bit. I took the necklace at the neck, myself. We raised the scalp too. We pulled at his hand down at the ground. Then we hung him in a great big tree. He was dead by this time. It was to let him dry there. Some of the Cree women dug a hole in the ground with their axes. A little girl stepped into the hole, and her mother hit her over the head without knowing that the child was there. They had dug that hole to hide in it.



106. A hunter chasing two buffaloes (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

There were nineteen dead, all Cree women. I was the only one left alive there. And we went back for the bodies of those killed. I was about eleven years old then. When we arrived, there were two bodies gone, out of the nineteen. The Blackfeet had put ropes at their necks and run away with them. In the night, my father got shot right in the forehead. But it glanced off; he was only wounded. And the Blackfeet who had shot at the tent ran away home.

LES PIEDS-NOIRS

Extracts from an essay presented for an examination at Université Laval, about 1945, by Georges Boiteau, Lorette, Quebec

En fin de juin 1945, je descendais du train à Medicine Hat . . . Je m'approchai d'un Indien, en le saluant, et je lui demandai à quelle tribu il appartenait. Il me répondit qu'il était un Pied-Noir et que son nom était Joe Bliss.

Auprès de quelqu'un qui me saluait en passant, je m'informai de la situation des Indiens et de la considération que les Blancs pouvaient bien avoir vis-à-vis des Pieds-Noirs. "Oh! oh! me dit-il, n'allez pas leur parler. Ils sont de mauvais sauvages. Ils ont tous les défauts que vous ne pourriez imaginer. Ils sont ivrognes, ils volent tout ce que vous laissez à leur vue, et vous ne serez pas capable de les surprendre ou de les prendre comme tels, pour les accuser en justice. Ils défient la police montée, là-dessus. . ."

Je me rendis à Suffield, vingt-six milles plus loin que Medicine Hat. Un matin que je surveillais le travail des gaufres et des blaireaux dans la Prairie, j'entendis la vibration sonore de quelqu'un qui courait à cheval. Je levai les yeux pour voir d'où ça venait. J'écoutai longuement, mais pas un son ne se répéta. Cependant j'avais cru entendre l'haleine d'un animal essoufflé derrière moi. Je regardai vitement. Un Indien à cheval m'observait depuis je ne savais quand. "Aie! lui dis-je, vous êtes un Pied-Noir?"—"Oui, je garde les moutons sur la terre d'un allemand, à deux milles d'ici."—"Mais je ne vois pas de moutons alentour."—"Ah! je cours la Prairie pour voir si les *badgers* sont nombreux cette année. Je voudrais prendre des petits. Je ferai des fourrures pour les jeunes du fermier."

Il descendit de son cheval, une fine bête qu'il flatta sur le cou, et s'approcha de moi. Un grand Indien, maigre, aux yeux très gris comme les aigles bruns de la Prairie, à la figure longue et moins large que ceux que j'avais vus à Medicine Hat, me demanda si je n'avais pas une cigarette pour lui. Je lui offris quelque chose à fumer. Il s'est assis en face de moi. La conversation commença, quand je le questionnai sur les animaux des Prairies. "L'antilope, en voyez-vous souvent alentour?"—"L'antilope se tient par ici. C'est sa région. Des fois, on en voit jusqu'à deux, trois cents ensemble. Il y en a toujours une qui guette quand les autres mangent de l'herbe. C'est un animal qui sent l'homme de très loin. Nous autres, les Indiens, on l'appelle le capri. Il court plus vite que nos chevaux. Mais comme nos chevaux courent plus longtemps que le capri, nous les tuons toujours. L'été, l'antilope monte

107. An Indian woman near a tipi (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





108. Two Indians dancing (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

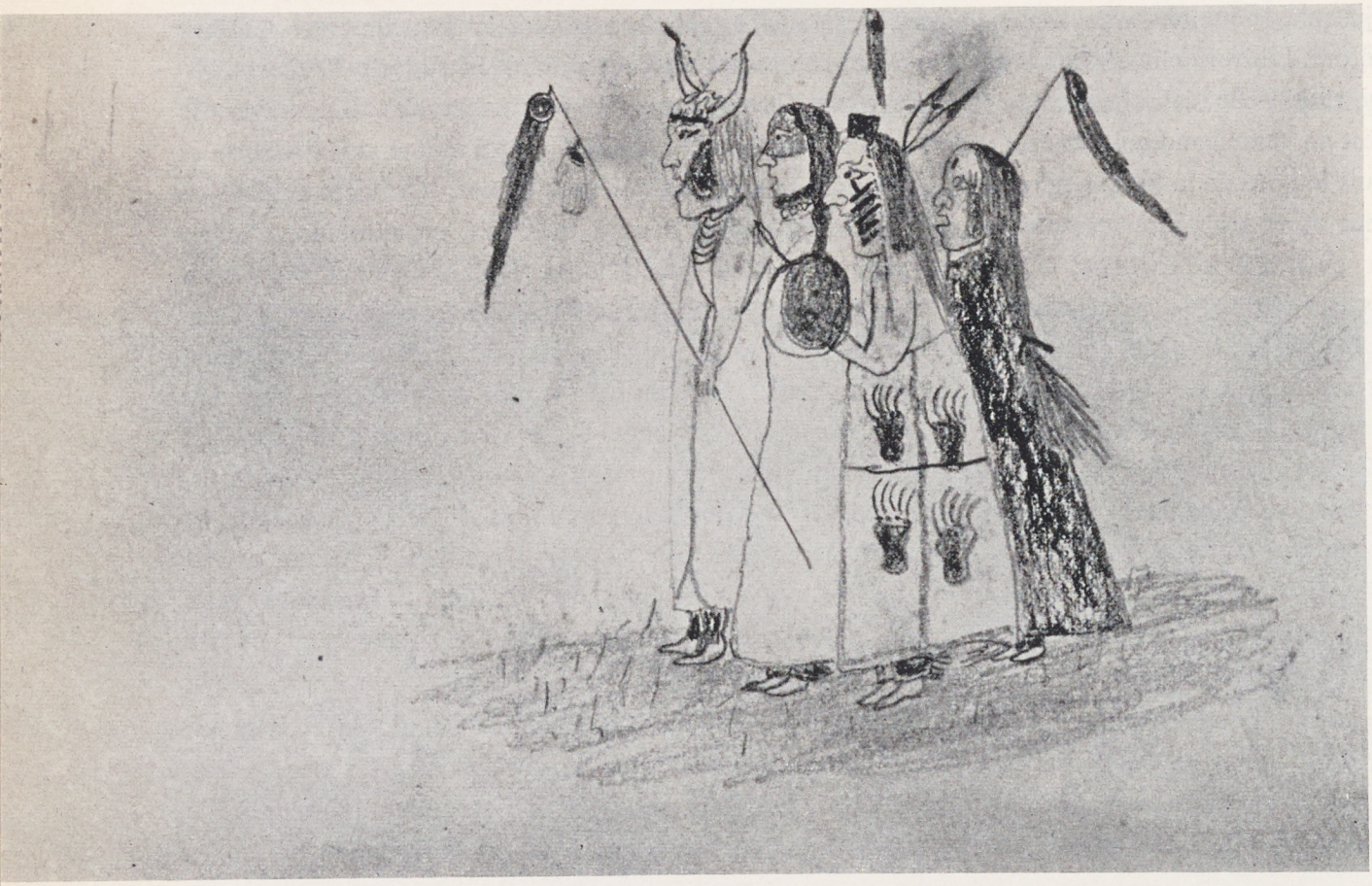
au nord jusqu'à la moitié de la Saskatchewan et de l'Alberta, à peu près à la hauteur entre Calgary et Edmonton. L'hiver, elle descend dans le Montana, mais elle reste dans le sud de l'Alberta."—"Pourquoi reste-t-elle dans le sud de l'Alberta?"—"C'est à cause du vent Chinook. Vous savez, le Chinook est un vent chaud qui vient du sud, dans les montagnes Rocheuses, et qui monte vers l'Alberta et un peu dans le bord de la Saskatchewan. Il fait fondre la neige en quelques heures. On vient comme en été; ça peut durer trois semaines comme ça. Le Chinook vient deux à trois fois, en automne. L'hiver, en janvier, en février et en mars, le Chinook vient à tous les quinze jours. Tous les animaux qui sont dans leurs trous sortent avec le Chinook. Le *badger,* lui, annonce le Chinook, trois ou quatre jours d'avance. Il sort de son trou, fait une longue course en zigzag, mange des *gophers* tout le long de sa course, et retourne à son trou, en attendant le Chinook. Mais le plus souvent on voit des nuages en forme d'arche dans le ciel, du côté nord, deux ou trois jours d'avance. C'est signe que le Chinook n'est pas loin. C'est alors une fête dans le cœur des Indiens, parce qu'autrefois le Pied-Noir, grand chasseur, pouvait courir à cheval partout dans le sud de l'Alberta. Il chassait le *buffalo,* faisait sécher la viande, et il en avait pour les tentes. Aujourd'hui le *buffalo* est parti; il ne reste plus que l'antilope. Le Blanc a tout pris ce que les Indiens avaient dans la Prairie. Autrefois, mes ancêtres avaient du plaisir à vivre dans la Prairie. Ils avaient tout ce qu'il leur fallait pour vivre. Maintenant, l'Indien peut encore vivre ici, mais il trouve son plaisir lorsqu'il est loin des habitations."

Le temps passa trop vite à écouter cet Indien de 60 ans, qui gardait les moutons contre les incursions des coyotes et des loups des bois qui descendaient jusque-là, aussi contre les ours grizzli qui venaient de temps à autre, dans ces lieux. Il semblait mystifié lorsqu'il se mettait à parler de chasse, de prairies et de chevaux. Il parlait avec force joie dans le visage . . .



109. Four Indian dancers (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

110. Indian singers (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





111. An Indian chief (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Le lendemain matin, je fis une autre marche, à peu près au même endroit. Comme j'arrivais le long des tas de pierres, mon Indien était là qui fumait la pipe et qui guettait paisiblement ses moutons paissant l'herbe rare de ce coin aride des Prairies de l'Ouest. "Bonjour aviateur, me dit-il, joli matin! Il va faire chaud aujourd'hui. Regardez les mirages au loin. C'est le signe de la chaleur. J'ai vu des *badgers,* là-bas, mais pas de petits. J'ai vu aussi un serpent à sonnettes: il est dans le tas de pierres. Je le guette, et quand il va sortir, je vais le tuer."—"Que faites-vous, les Indiens, avec le serpent à sonnettes?"—"On le *plème*. Avec la peau, on se fait des ceintures. On vend la peau aux Blancs, qui font des souliers pour les femmes et des portefeuilles. Les serpents à sonnettes sont dangereux. Quand ils font sonner leurs anneaux, il faut s'arrêter pour voir où ils sont. Souvent, on ne les voit pas. Quand on veut les éviter, on marche dans le sens contraire du bruit qu'on a entendu. Alors il n'y a pas de danger de se faire piquer. C'est dans le mois d'août qu'ils sont le plus dangereux. Ils s'accouplent et ils passent par une transformation; ils perdent leur peau et deviennent presque aveugles. C'est le temps qu'ils ont le plus la rage. A dix pieds d'eux, il est presque certain qu'on sera mordu. Ils sautent toujours à la hauteur du mollet et c'est là qu'ils prennent leur mordée. Quatre à cinq heures après la morsure, on meurt infailliblement. A chaque année, dans la région de Medicine Hat et le long de la rivière Bow, deux ou trois personnes meurent."—"Où vont les serpents l'hiver?"—"L'hiver, les serpents dorment dans des trous de *gophers,* à quinze pieds sous terre; ils vont presque tout le temps passer l'hiver sous les roches, le long de la rivière Bow."—"Pourquoi ne voit-on pas de serpents à sonnettes

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112. A general (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

dans la Saskatchewan?"—"Les serpents à sonnettes ne vont pas dans la Saskatchewan, excepté dans le sud, où le climat ressemble à celui de l'Alberta. Si le serpent à sonnettes remonte jusqu'ici, c'est à cause du vent Chinook. Le vent Chinook attire tous les animaux des Plaines de l'Ouest. Il rend le sol humide par la neige qu'il fait fondre en hiver et il sèche le sol en d'autres temps par ses longs jours, lorsqu'il est avec nous. Le vent Chinook fait du sud de l'Alberta la meilleure contrée où les animaux aiment à se retirer, c'est pour cela que mes ancêtres l'ont tant défendue." . . .—"Les *badgers* sont-ils des animaux particuliers?"—"Les *badgers* font des trous dans la terre, ils mangent les *gophers*. Il n'y a pas un homme qui peut rattraper un *badger* quand il se sauve; ça creuse plus vite qu'une pelle



113. A grizzly fighting a buffalo (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

mécanique. Il creuse partout, dans la terre gelée, dans la gravelle, dans les racines. Peu importe le terrain. Il fait toujours son trou où cela lui plaît. C'est un animal très fort. Il ne recule jamais devant l'homme et le chien qui le poursuivent. Quand on veut le prendre, il faut avoir une grosse pièce de bois à laquelle on attache la chaîne au piège et qu'on laisse *lousse* alentour du trou. S'il se prend, il restera à son trou, cherchant à y entrer, mais la grosse pièce de bois le retiendra, en travers du trou. Il ira parfois plus loin se faire un commencement de trou, mais restera aussi pris par la pièce. Certains trappeurs enfoncent une longue tige de fer près du trou pour tenir la chaîne du piège. Cette méthode n'est pas aussi bonne que la pièce de bois, car le *badger* grattera alentour, laissera sa captivité et se glissera sous la terre comme rien."—"Qu'est-ce qu'on fait avec le *badger?*"—"Mes ancêtres autrefois faisaient des casques pour l'hiver. Le chef portait souvent cela, dans les cérémonies, le médecin aussi. Aujourd'hui le Blanc s'en sert pour des collets de manteau et des manteaux trois quarts. C'est une fourrure que le froid ne pénètre pas . . ."

La vieille (de la famille Robertson) souriant me dit lentement: "Vous êtes français, vous? Moi, j'avais marié un Français. Il était bon, mais les Sioux l'ont tué. Ensuite, j'ai marié un Anglais. Il est mort depuis trente ans. Mes ancêtres étaient Indiens-Espagnols." Puis elle se tut. Je lui demandai quel âge elle avait. Elle se mit à dire en cherchant un peu: "90 ans," et son fils dit que c'était bien ça. "Indiens-Espagnols," cela me mettait dans la confusion. Et c'était vrai, puisqu'elle parla un peu d'espagnol à ma demande. Je me raisonnai, alors, que les Espagnols [Mexicains] se seraient rendus jusque-là. Quant aux mots français qu'elle avait dans la bouche, cela se pouvait fort bien, puisque les La Vérendrye avaient parcouru le terrain de Cypress Hill et que d'autres Français avaient

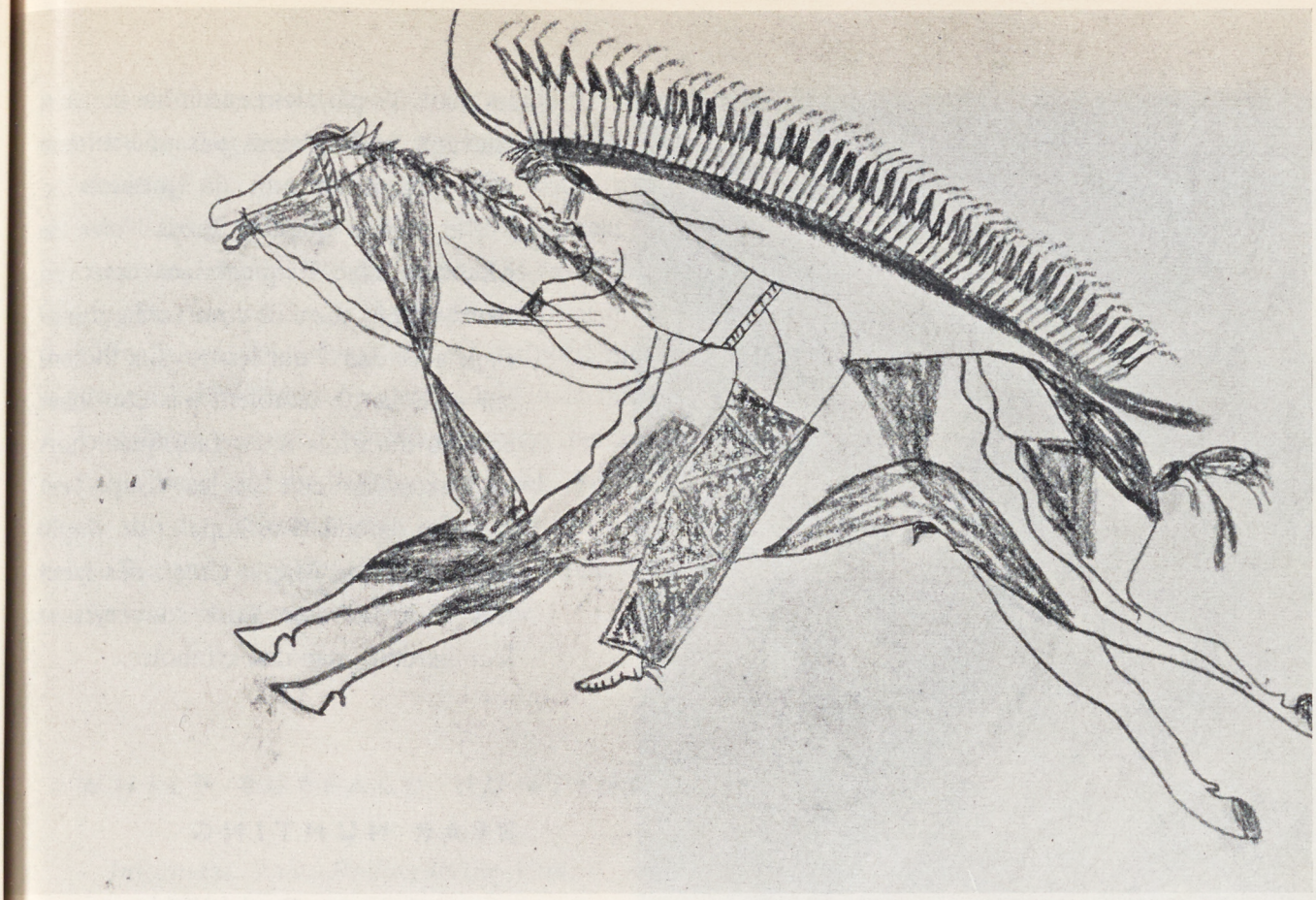
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114. A cougar stalked by an Indian (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

été plus loin encore que les premiers découvreurs de l'Ouest. "Jusque vers 1880, me dit-elle, les Sioux nous cherchaient querelle. Mon Français disparut, un matin. Les amis de la tribu me dirent que les Sioux l'avaient tué."

Le plus vieux de ses fils me parlait de la chasse qu'il faisait alentour, à travers son ouvrage qui consistait à garder les moutons. Il chassait beaucoup plus le *jack rabbit* que d'habitude, parce que les peaux payaient mieux depuis la rareté des trappeurs, en temps de guerre. Mais comme il s'arrêta à décrire les prouesses de son cheval, une grande satisfaction se mit à éblouir son visage. C'était la description d'un animal que les dieux indiens semblaient avoir envoyé sur la terre, tant il lui rendait service et savait comprendre celui qui le menait. Il me disait, entre autres choses, que personne au monde ne savait dompter, diriger le cheval et s'en servir comme le Pied-Noir. Il avait conservé de ses ancêtres l'idée que le cheval de l'Ouest était le seul sauveur de la guerre, le plus beau moyen de transport sur de longues distances et le plus fidèle compagnon de l'homme. Il me parla bien du cheval pendant trois heures. Il me décrivit qu'il l'enfourchait, son cheval, sans selle (*bare back*), qu'il lui mettait les mors mais qu'il ne s'en servait presque jamais, et qu'avec une tape sur le côté droit du cou il le faisait aller à droite, ou à gauche si le commandement venait de la gauche. Le cheval, pour lui, était docile comme un petit enfant à qui l'on fait faire n'importe quoi. Son cheval savait attendre et arrêter d'instinct à chaque place où il avait tendu un piège à belette, à *badger* ou à coyote. Durant un moment donné de la longue conversation sur ce bel animal (mais têtu comme pas un), la mère et



115. An Indian chief on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

116. An Indian walking ahead of his horse (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





117. An Indian warrior (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

les deux fils parlaient ensemble de leurs chevaux, et je n'avais pas une minute pour placer un mot de question . . .

J'ai appris que les Pieds-Noirs de Medicine Hat fréquentaient ceux du Nord-Ouest, et qu'ils contractaient mariage avec eux. Pour les travaux indiens sur cuir, ils ne semblent pas continuer comme autrefois à en fabriquer, hors les vestes de cuir et les coupe-vent qui sont de cuir d'antilope et de wapiti *(elk)*. Ceux de Maple Creek dessinent très bien sur cuir leurs souvenirs et leur hérédité par des symboles.

BEAR HUNTING

Informant: Daniel Wildman

We were moving into the mountain for hunting, one summer, with my brother named Elbow-broken, Ispaksahan. We hunted in the valley of the Kinbasket River.

One morning in the Berry month (August), I heard the women talking, excited. It was about a grizzly. I got up at once, no clothes on. Took my gun, just ran out. I saw a bear running away from the camp, the biggest bear I have ever seen in my lifetime. We made a charge at the bear. We shot him. The bear turned around. I don't know how many times we fired at him. He would turn around, and just bite himself. My brother-in-law, said, "Let us get as near as we can. I know our bullets don't get through the body." We

charged as close as we dared. I went side to side with my brother-in-law. And my brother went a bit ahead of us, and we stopped. We would not get any farther. The bear was sitting against a tree and watching us. We got as close as we could, banging him on the head. My brother shot at him too. Finally we killed him, and we stripped him and found I don't know how many bullets in him. He had been wounded by other hunters before. And this bear had an awfully bad smell. So we found out that it was a man-killer and threw it away. We just kept the hide. (This happened nearly forty years ago, before my time.)

WHILE BUFFALO HUNTING

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud.
Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

I was hunting buffalo where Cochrane now is. I was riding a horse. My horse slipped on the ice and fell right down on my knee. A buffalo grew mad and ran at me. The buffalo piss right on at me. That was when I was eighteen years of age, or about.

THE STONY FRONTIERS

Informant: George McLean

The farthest the Stonies would go on the Prairie was Cochrane in the east, even sometimes as far as Calgary. And out the other way into British Columbia as far as the Kootenay River. Down south, on the southern boundary of Montana. And north, right out to Peace River.



118. An Indian wearing a buffalo mask (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



119. An Indian warrior (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

NAMES OF TRIBES IN STONY

Informant: George McLean

Bloods: Usàbetóra, blood

Blackfoot: Sihasábe, black feet (we make a sign in sign language showing the feet)

Sarcee: Tchantòrabín, half-wood (half wood and black feet)

Stonies: Wàpeḿaksa, cut-throats

Cree: Shahyábi (?)

Kootenay: Kyitonéhe, (?)

Flatheads. Pomnaská, flat-head

Piegan: Pigán (?)

Sioux: Nakóda (?)

Shuswap: Tahmungebín, Snare-Indians (They used snares in the old days, they snared anything, moose, deer . . .)

Wood Stonies: Tshanhańdabing, woods-people

Beaver: Tshabatore, beaver

Dog Ribs: Sungatswwitwunshásta, dog's-rib-people

Saulteaux: Nandawíbi (?) braided-hair?

THE STONY CALENDAR

Informant: Daniel Wildman

Seasons: wédu' (spring): everything off the ground

nogaydu' (summer): everything green

pthaýdu' (autumn): everything turns to yellow

waniaydu' (winter): nothing but snow

ptogawán (fall): first snow

Moons:

1. witshorándu': middle moon
2. uwiyátawi: golden eagle moon
3. nawadisqántawi: goose moon
4. tabéxantáwi: golden eagle moon
5. u'wiyatáwi: grass moon
6. tshăhambismantawiwasása: red berries moon (July)
7. phatcidinkiyuxábitawi: elk-in-heat-moon
8. thakiyuhabitawi: moose breeding
9. anungkogípha: half-summer half-winter
10. tshaxóqtawi: frost on the trees
11. sindesabantiyuxabitawi: first snow moon jumping deer
12. togawanwahiamba: breeding moon
13. witshorandusungagu: middle-moon brother

Parts of the Moon:

(a) tonga'-ininga: first quarter
(b) tonga: big moon
(c) mima': full moon
(d) tebáhan: part gone, worn out
(e) tsisina'chan: last quarter

VOCABULARY OF THE MOUNTAIN STONY INDIANS

By Miss Anna E. Barker

As collected, over sixty years ago, in their reservation (at Morley, Alberta) 40 miles west of Calgary, amongst Rocky Mountain foothills, in 1883–86.



120. An Indian warrior (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



121. An Indian hunter (U.S. Nat. Mus.)

The manuscript and permission to use it were communicated to the author by Miss Barker's niece, Lucile Yerdon, of Fort Plain, N.Y.

ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS OF—

Across the river	Ah-ooo-wah-sum
Again	Nun-goò-yah
All	O-wah̓-sin-ah
Anybody	Du-way-g̀ah-s̀tah
Arm	Es*tow* and Es̀p*ah*
Arrow	E-yah-*z̀ah*-be
Angel	Gee-*ahm̀*-be
Ask	A-a-gah-*bay*-bè, E-c-b̀ah
Aunt	Me-*s̀ung*-en
Are you sure?	We-in-ji-ah̓-kah-he(?)
Autumn	Wah-payh-c-ah-b̀ah-pah
Ashes	Chah-*hò*-dah
Antelope	Tah-tee-*uǹ*
Beaver	Chah̓-bah
Badger	*Hog*ah
Board	Chom-ǹah̓-skan
Bottom	May-*haỳn* and Ho-*koon*
Buy	Wo-pay-*toom*-be
Bank of shore	Hi-*ỳah*-dah
Beans	So-*soǹg*in
Bite	*Vah̓*-spah
Brass	Zee



122. An Indian chief holding up the peace feather (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Burn	Pay-snèe-gotch
Buckle	Se-*nun*kah
Button	See-nuñ-ka
Bolt	Im-pe-*añ*-gay
Bake	Aij-wah-chu-*com̀*-*bah*-be
Buck (as a bad horse)	Hay-*pa'y*-otch
Bee	*Toom̀*-nah *tong̀*ah
Brooch	Jay-skàh-a Kee-nong-añ-been
Bring	Ah-goò
Barrel	Ne-O-zù-hah
Blueberries	*Hañ*-zah-tò-to
Buffalo	N-no-gañ
Beads	O-eñ
Better	Ah-ung̀-*gay*-cha-ning̀-òtch
Bad	*Nin*-gah, He-*ning̀*-otch
Bag	Wo-*zu*-hah
Ball	*Tañ*-bah-ben
Baptize	Ah-bop-*soom̀*-be
Bell	Snah-snow
Bed	O-*wing̀*-ah
Beard	Poo-*teè*-he
Big or out	*Tong̀*-ah
Bird	See-*tahn̂*
Bird's tail	We-*àh*-gah
Bitter	Wah-*tee-cham̀-nañ*
Bits (for horses)	*Soò*-dah
Bridle	Sù-dah-in-*jàs*-ka
Black	*Sañ*-bah, *Soonk*

Blackfoot	Toe-*gaṅ*-be
Blanket	*Im*-bee and See-nah-*soṅ*
Box	Chay-*waḥ*-kee
Bone	*'Hu*-hu
Boil (verb)	Ah-*bè*-a-hay
Boat	*Wàh*-dah
Boy	We-*chaḥ*-nan (Plural: We-chan-heenah)
Bow	Eṅ-dah-zee-bay
Bow-string	Eṅ-dah-zoo-bay
Boots or shoes	Chah-*hoṁ*-bah
Book, paper, or picture	O-aṅ-be
Boys and brothers (large)	Me*tiṅ*-oon (small)
	Me-*sooṅg*-un
Bracket	Ah-*nayḥ*-be
Bread	Yah-hu-*gaḥ*-be
Breakfast	*Hah-kay*-wah-yah-taṅ-be
Brown	Ho-*hook*-tah
Bracelet	Wah-e-*ù*-zah and Nom-be-*jaṡ*-ka
Bear (noun)	O-*ziṅ*-jah
Broom	Tee-in-jus-mèa and *Osè*-tee-gah-dah-*zah*-be
Break	Youp-*saḥ*-gah and Ye-ak-toè-z
Bugle or horn	E-ah-zoe
Buried	Wah-*pè-ah*-be
	We-*jast*-a-*nong*-e-*aḥ*-be
Butter	Ah-*soṁ*-be-*waṡ*-nah
Butterfly	Sah-wa-*wiṅ*
Bullet	*O-zu*-be, and Chon-*tu*-dayh



123. A chief with the peace feather (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



124. A chief holding the peace calumet (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Bull-dog flies	*Toom̀*-nah *tong̀*-ah, (also bees)
Copper	*Soò*-ne-ah-sah̀
Climb	*Chaǹ*-ah-*neè*-be
Cook	*Wah*-spah-yum-be
Catch	Yo-sh-p̀otch
Coals	Yay-otch̀
Coal	P-sap̀-sah̀-bah
Cry	Chay-*ah̀*-bah
Chair	Chah-*ong*-*ah̀*-be
Cover	Ye-*ah̀*-*ah̀*-*payh*
Carrots	Ma-*cooṡe*-ske-*ah̀*-gin
Cap, for gun	Eimp-tah̀-bah-*zu*-hah
Cape	O-nayh, Im-*beè*-nah
Cat	O-wah-*gong̀*-n
Clock	Wah-he-*ahm̀*-ba-u-*tah̀*-be
Clouds	Hah-*so*-*dah̀*
Clean	Se-*nunch̀*
Collar	No-tah̀-chu-kea-nah-gah̀-e
Chemise	May-hayǹ-*yoòm*-be-soonk-*sin*-jah
Cedar	Hon-*daỳh*
Coat	E-*pì*-we
Cold	O-*snich̀*
Come	Go-zah̀
Cousin	Me-*naỳ*-she
Coming	Goo-*Beech̀*
Cow	Tah-*tong*-ah-nah-*nà*-ha
Cry	Cah-*ah̀*-be



125. A chief holding the peace calumet (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Cup	So-snah̨-dah
Curl	X-*yah̨*-me-*nè*-zah
Cut (verb)	*Mah̨*-spah
Crown of the head	Pay-*snay̨*-gay-show-*koo*-say
Cree (nation)	*Sah̨*-he-*ah̨-be*
Christmas and kiss	*Keè*-che-*nom*-bee

Creek	Wap-*tah̨*-nah
Corral	Chong-hah-ah̨-be
Crack	Nomp-*toò*-zay
Carry	Waitoh-*in*-inch *Mè*-nah
Drive	Se---(?)
Down	(?)
Desk	(?)
Dark	(?)
Dead	Du-wah-otch̨
Dipper	Ose-*minnà*-ah-*gah̨*-be
Dirty	He-*ning̨*-otch, sah-be-tetch
Do you know?	Snow-*yah*-be(?)
Door	Tee-*ò*-bah
Dog	*Soon̨*gah
Done	*Nù*-stanch
Doll	Che-*henk̨*-chu-chù-*bin̨*
Dress	Soonk-*soon̨*-jah
Drink	*Mè-mè*-ne-yah-tong̨-be
Drum (musical)	Gah-moò-be
Drunken	Gak-*tò*-zee
Dust pan	Woke-du-*dah*-o-gah-ah-*zah̨*-be
Darning	*Kah*-hay-ay̨-beech
Eggs	Wink-*tah̨*
End	Imp-*tak*-tah
Eagle	Oom-*be*-skah
Elk	Tah
Earth	Oom-*shà*-ah
Ear	Mu-hay
Ear-rings	O-e-bin
Echo	E-o-*ah̨*-zah
Elbow	*Wèn*-che-*spah̨*-se
Empty	O-zu-*nos̨*-neig
English	*Wah̨*-she-*jù*-be
Eye	E-*stah*
Fear	*Wah̨*-ge-*nè-honch*
Fox (red)	*Tò*-kah-*sun̨*

Fox (black)	*Tè*-kah-*sah̀*-bah
Flesh	Cho-*niǹ*-cha
Frog	Tah-*bè*-ahn
Foster mother	*Hoòn*-o-yom-*biǹ*
Father	Ah-*daỳ*
Fish	Ho-*ah̀*
Fall (verb)	He-in-*jah*-hahm, and Hepotch
Fat or fleshy	Seen-to*ongh*
Fell	O-su-zah̀-be
Finger	Na-poong̀-ah
Fire	Ay-nay-*bong̀*, Ink-doo
Flag	Tee-cha-*nong̀*-gay
Flour	Chom-nah̀-skah, and O-u-*stum̀*-be
Flour (bread)	Yah-hu-gah̀-be
Foot	See-*hah̀*
Frying-pan	Wah-se-ah-shè-gah
Fly (verb)	Ge-*onch̀*
First	Toe-gah-hay-àh
Fight	*Kee*-che-zah-be
Fence	*Chah*-bay-*ah*-be
Gold	No-see-*noah̀*
Grey	(?)
Grave	(?)
Globe	(?)
Gopher	Pe-*ziǹ*
Gooseberry	We-chah-*zum̀*
Garden	U-*ah*-kee-*ah̀*-be
Girl	We-ahm-*bà*-nah
Ghost	We-chay-nah-*bay*
Goat	Ke-*skah*-sah
Go	*Hoong*-dah
Going	Too-kay-kah-may-*sneè*-yetch
Gone	E-*Yetch̀*
Good-morning	Am-bo-*wah*-steig
Good-night	Hah-*hay*-be-*wah*-steig
Gloves	Nom-*bè*-p-tah-soo-*soè*-dah



126. A chief holding the peace calumet (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Grasshopper	*Wo*-gah
Green (and tea)	Wah-*paỳ*
Greasy, grease, or oil	Wing-*ne*
Grass	Pay-*shèe*
Grow	O-yah-beech, Oo-yotch
Give	Goo
Goose	Pay-hum̀-dah

Happy	Dong̀-e-*nom*
Hay	Pay-zhee
Harness	Ink̀-kah-kah
Hawk	Wah̀-no-wah̀-sah̀
Hoop	
Heavy	Tatch
Hill	Mah-*hah̀*
Hen	*Seè-chah-tong̀*-ah
Half	Hoong-aỳ
Hard	*Neè*-may, and Ta-beech̀
Hair	Nun-*doò*

127. A chief smoking the peace calumet (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



Hay	Pay-*zèe*
Hear	No-*aỳ*
Heart	Chen-*dayh*
Horns	Tah-*nay*
Head	Smoo-ah and Pah
Hair parting	Poè-zah
Hands	Nom-*bayh̀*
Handkerchief	Par-ne-nu-*zin*-*zah*-be
Hat	Tase-*nah*-gah
Here	Na-sitch
Hole	Oh-noh̀-ah
House	Tee
House-fly	We-nah-hin
Home	Wah-nahk̀-totch
Hungry	Wo-man-*dingh*-dotch
Hurry	Hoong-je-*ah*-be and Ay-s*ayǹ*
Hate	Wah-ching-gaỳ-sneig and Dah-ah-wah-*sneig*
Hare or rabbit	Muh-*steè*-ah
Handle	In-*kah*
If	
In	Kah-dum
I do not know	Snow-*wah*-sneig-meà
I think	Ah-wah-chum-*ink̀*-to
Ink	*Ose*-o-wah-beeǹ-a-bo toom̀-be
I am sure	We-*in*-ji-wah̀-kotch
Iron	Oose
Ironing (as clothes)	Wah-bahm-nah̀-be
I	Mèa or Mih
Ice	Chah-ah
Jump	Yupe-*seè*-ah
Kick	Muh-*tah̀*-etch
Knot (in wood)	Chah-*nakè*-tah
Knot (tied)	O-*keè*-*jas*-ka
Key	*U*- spay

Kiss and Christmas	Ke-che-*nom̀*-bee
Knitting	Gah-hah-beech
Knife	*Mè*-nah
Keep	U-hah
Know	Snow-otch
Knee	Tah-*hung̀*-ah
Leggings	Ko-skah̀
Live	N*eeh̀*
Lock	*Tee-ù*-spay
Log	Chah-tank-*tang̀*-ah
Lightning	O-hah-zee
Laugh	
Lizard	Too-oǹ-ke-soǹ
Lion or tiger (?)	È-moo-*tòng̀*-ah
Lift	Hoong-abm-*iǹ*-ju-itch
Land, earth	Ah-ong-aǹ-be, and Ma-kè-kè-che, Oem-*shè*-ah
Last	Ah-hah̀-gaỳ
Leaf	Cha-bùday
Lean	Hu-stah̀-gee
Leg	Chay-*Jah*
Like (alike)	Ke-che-ah-ka-chin
Lips	E-*hah̀*
Lie (to tell lies)	Ay-too-*sheè*-sah
Lines (of harness)	Toe-nee-say and In-*jas*-ka
Liver	Tah-peè
Little	*Chusè*-kin
Light (or window)	I-o-zan-zan-*toom̀*-be
Leather	*Tag̀-peè*
Love	Dah-on-*otch̀*
Lost	Am-b*u*-stanch and Ah-u-*stum̀*-be
"Lights Out"	I-ò-z̀en zan-toom-be-Tong̀-ahm-ò-zah-zunch
Me	E-stoò-ah
Money	Soo-*nèah*



128. An Indian man and woman embracing (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Mash	*Woke*-du-dah-a-*yh*-potch
Mix	He-*ning̀*-ah
Moon	Wa-he-a*hm-hab̀*
Month	Wahe-*ahm*-bah-ah-gay-*ahm̀*-nee
Mountain	
Matches	Ink-doo-yom-biǹ *Eah-hay*
Marrow	Ju-bayh

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129. Two Indians fighting (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Marry	Wak-ah-hum̀-be
Mark (verb)	Gah̀-*oǹ*
Milk	Ah-*som̀*-be
Meat	Tah̀-ne Ah-kee-pah̀-be
Medicine	Pa-zù-dah̀
Medicine bottle	Pa-zù-dah-O-zù-hah
Miller (a fly)	È- *steè-mong̀*-tsh-*tshm̀*
Mitten	Nom-*bè*-p-tah
Mosquito	Cha-*poong*-ah
Mother	E-pah- and Hoong-*onè*
Mouth	E-hah
My dear	Me-tah̀-o-*yah̀*-day
Moccasin	Hom-bah
Monkey	We-cho-*chay*-zah
Mouse or rat	Pe-spee-*zoǹ*
Mirror	Pay-in-chayh-ta-a*h̀-bin*
Never	To-kay-Wah-go-sink̀-toch
New	Tay-*johǹ*
New Year	Keè-che-num̀-be
Nail (of metal)	Tee-*è*-gah-tà-hay
No	*Yàh*
Nail (as of one's finger)	*Shaỳ*-gay
Noise	*Yah*-be-*sh*-beech
Night	Hah-haỳ-be
Now	*Nung̀-ah̀*-hah
Nothing	Tah-gu-sneig, and In-doo
Nobody	Du-*way*-sneig
Nose	Po-*hayh̀*
Needle	*Tà*-he-*spah-jù-gah̀*
Over	Kah-keè
One hundred	O-*boò*-o-sy-wah-*zheeǹ*
Oars	*Wah-mè*-nah-*hày*-jay
Oats	O-s̀h
Old	E-*ssh̀*-gu-win
On	Ah-gah-pah-*dah̀*-hah
Open the door	U-spah
Ojibway	È-*ah̀*-she-*jah̀*-be
Organ (to make music)	O-hu-*toom̀*-be

Order (or quiet, or stop)	*Wah-mi*-ge-*ah̀*
Out	T*ong*-ahm̀
Owl	Mon-kah̀-bò-ah-ahn and He-hah
Pitch-fork	Hink-chah̀-pay
Plough	Yea-*Moà*-tayh
Pulpit	O-*k̀o*-nah-e-*jasìah*
Paint	Ah-o*onk*-t*oom*-be
Pencil	
Pail	Neè-o-zù-bah
Paper	O-*ah̀*-be
Pantaloons	E-zo-*hè*-be
Plate	Wak-shea-m̀-nah-skah
Play	Skah-dah-be
Pan (used in speaking of most tins)	Wak-shea
Path	Ah-d̀ay
Pen	*Osè*-o-wah-*beeǹ*
Pot	Chay-*aỳ*-hah
Potato	*Oong̀*-je-àh-be
Pillow	Ein-*zah*-be
Pillow-slip or cover	Wo-*z̀u*-hah
Pray or prayers or worship	Ja-ge-*sh̀*-be
Porcupine	E-su-hahn
Porcupine quills	*Hèh*
Pigeon	See-chah-chahǹ
Quick	Wah-*kuǹ*
Quarrel	Kee-che-chay-aỳ-be
Rise	Kee-tah̀
Root	Ah-gaỳ-pa-*ah̀*be
Rake	U-*aỳ*-ke-*ah̀*-be
Ride	Su-gah-hong-ah̀-be
Rock	O-*pah̀*, be-*tong̀*-ah
Roll	O-me-mah-in-je-ah-*biǹ*



130. A hunter going to the woods (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Railroad	Ink-doo-chah-me-mah-*cheǹ*gee
Rooster	See-jah-tong-ah-m-no-gah
Reindeer	See-jupe-*soǹ*
Rainbow	Ma-haz̀-u-*mooǹ*-gay
Rain	Ma-*haz̀*-u
Ration-day	Wè-go-*je-jù*-be-*ahm̀*-ba
Rest	E-ah-sning-è-*ah*
Read	À-ah̀
Ring (circlet)	Nom-se-paỳ-hay
Ring (as a bell)	U-snah̀
Rise	Kee-tah
River	Wap-tah
Ribbon	Wo-skah-skahǹ
Rough	Pay-paych̀
Round	Me-*mah̀*
Row (with oars)	Wah-de-paỳ-be
Ruler (a woman)	Roong-*ah̀*-be We-*um̀*-be
Rear (as a horse)	Chay-*jah̀*-in-gah-*ù*-sotch
Raspberry	Kah-haỳ-jah

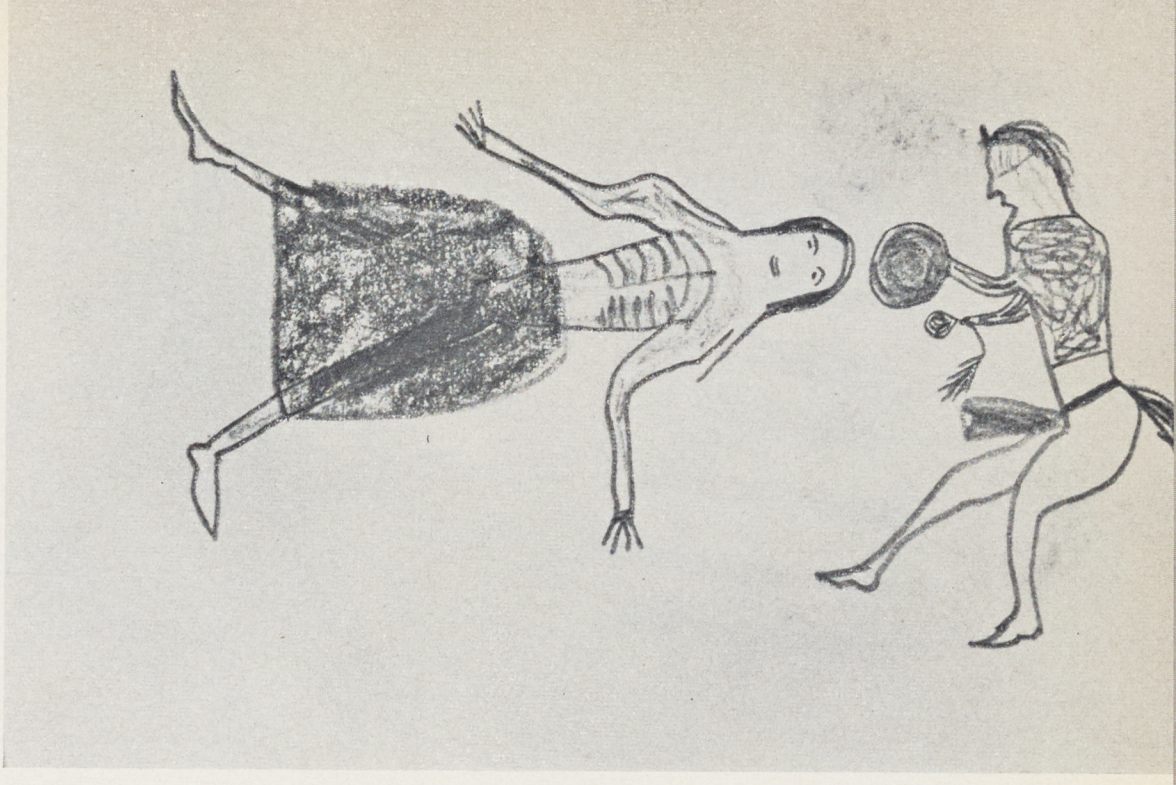
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131. Two Indians going to a tent to doctor a patient (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Skate	See-dah-gah-zoe-hah-ge-*chù* be
Skip	
Stick	Chah
(Large stick)	Chah-*è*-to-*zah*-be
Sweet grass	
Saddle	Ah-kee
Scrubbing-brushes	Osè-tee-u-zah-wa̱h-be
Sell	
Silver	*Soò*-ne-ah
Side	Chu-*k̀*im
Satchel	
Strawberry	Chem-day-de*ǹ*
Serviceberry	*Wè-ba̱h*-zo-*ka̱h̀*
Smooth	Snu-snù-dah
Spider	*We ǹ*-che-*yah*-skee-*skee ǹ*
Skin	Hah
Sinew	Tah-*ke ǹ*

Squirrel	See-*ja̱h̀*
Sandflies	Cha-p-oong-ah-*smoon*
Snakes	*Toè*-nà-say-*say ǹ*
Sheep	Kee-*ska̱h̀*
See	Ah-*keè*-dah
Saw (verb)	Chah-hon-*da̱h̀*-de
Salt (or sour)	Tah-zù-zah
Shin-bone	Chonk-*pay ǹ*
Stairs	Hoong-*o ǹ*
Says	Say-*otch̀*
Scarlet	See-*ǹah*-sah
Short	P-*te ǹ*
Sick	Yah-*zum̀*-beech
Scissors or sheers	In-*ja̱s̀*-nah
Shirt	*Zee-seè*-bah-e-*nu*-we
Shut the door	O-non-ta̱h̀-gah
Shame	E-stay-*sy*-zay
Shoulder	He-*aỳ*-day
Shavings	Chong-*ah*-zhu-*bah*-be



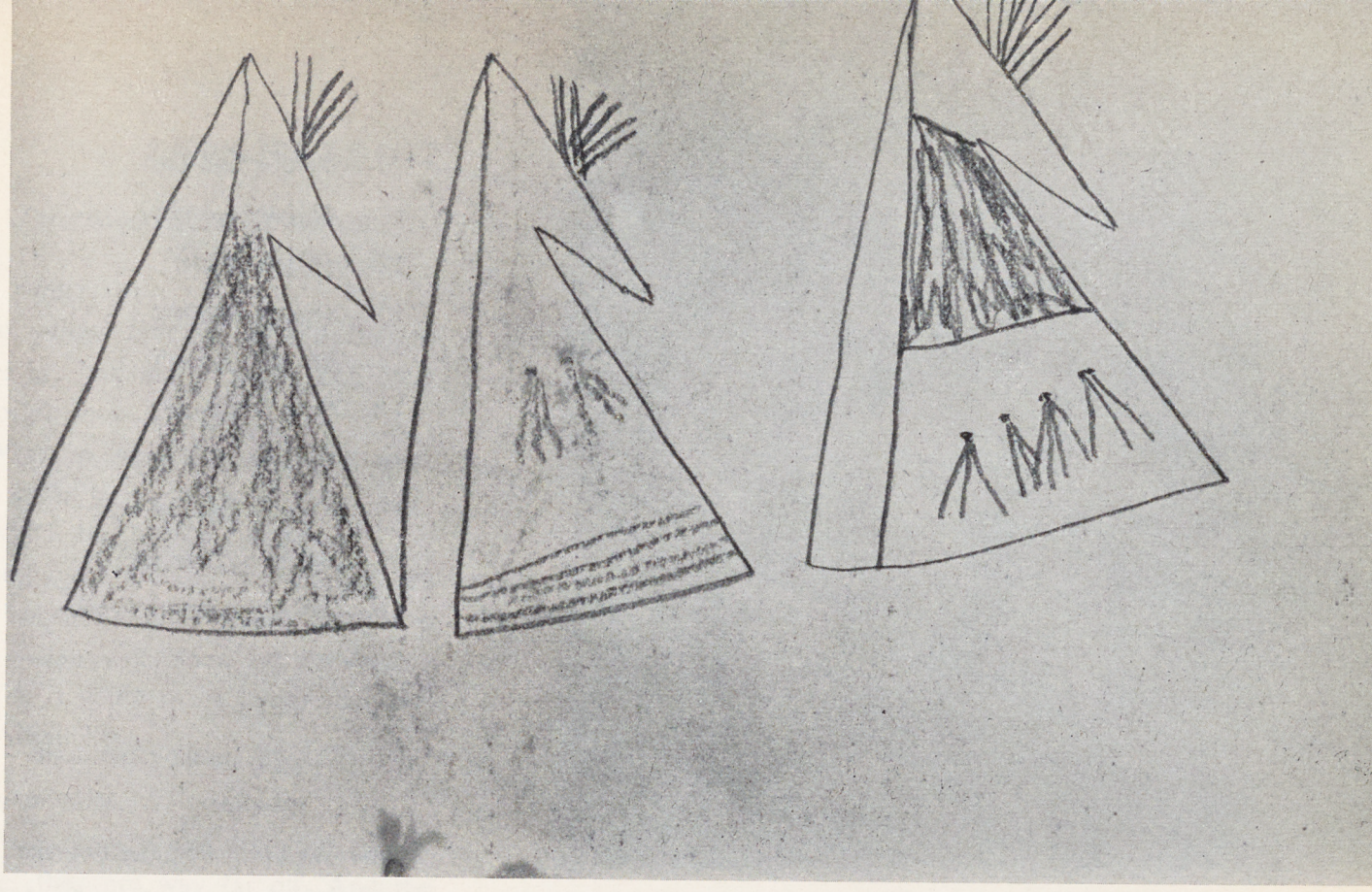
132. A medicine man doctoring a patient (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Shine	Ah-Kah-day-*hay̓*-ah
Shore	Cah-*nah̓*
Skirt	*May̓*-day-hah-*yoom̀*-be
Slate	Ah-dah̓-nah-go-*ah̓*-be
Sewing machine	Soo-*dah̓*-wah-gah-hay-hay-ke-ah̓-be
Smell	Pah-*ne*-nah-o-*bah̓*-be
Snow	Wah
Soft	O-wah-stayh
Sock or stocking	O-*yah̓*-co
Spoon	Soo-dah-keè-skah
Square	O-m-no-dò-bah
Seat	Cha-*hong-ah̓*-be
Soap	U-zah̓-zah
Sore	Mah-heech̓
Soul	Yah-yah-ing̀-en
Somebody	Du-*wah̓*
Snore	E-stee-mah-nè-be
Sorry	Dah-wah-ge-nè-sneig
Sleep	È-stee-n*um̀*-be
Scrubbing-brushes	*Osè-tee*-u-*zah̓*-be
Sky	O-*hah̓*-zee
Sew (and spool)	Wah-gah-hah-*hay̓*-be
"Sitting Bull"	Tah-tong̀-ah U-*dong̀*-ah
Sugar or sweet	*Soùeah*
Spring	Wah-pay-*gah̓*-kah
Summer	No-gay̓-tu
Stony (nation)	Yes-*kah̓*-be
Stone	E-pah-*been̓*
String	Soo-dah, Toe-*nè*-say and In-*jas̀*-ka
Stars	*Yeà*-hè-ah-*in̓*-je-in
Stand up	Nah-Zhee
Steam	Ah-pah-*neè-nay̓*
Stove	In-*teong̀*-ah-hah-be
Stove pine or drum	*Ink*-doo-gah-ah̓-be
Sit down	U-*dong̀*-ah
Sing (or church)	Ah-he-ah̓-be
Speak	E-ah̓-be
Supper	Het-ah-*yeà*-du-wah-yah-*tàh*-be
Sunday	In-doo-gah-bee, and Wah̓-go-nah-gah-be-shm-ba
Sun	*Wah̓*-he-*ah̓m*bah
Swollen or raised	Boach
School	We-spay-jèe-jeè-ah̓-be
Sigh	Hùn-gee-ch̓u-be
Scold	See-nah̓-be



133. Two women carrying water pails on a pole (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Thunder	Moo
Tease	*Mon*-ke-ah̀-gotch
Train (of cars)	Ink-*dòo*-chio-*me*-mah
Trade	*Ink*-cho-*paỳ*-ge-che-che-*ah̀*-be
Top	Hoon-*gùn*
Tie	In-*gah*-skah
Track	Oo-yay
Table	Are-dah-nah-*wah*-yah-*tah*-be
Taste	Snee-*bah*-beè
Tall	Kay-*pay*-ah
Tea (also green)	Wah-*paỳ*
Teeth	E-*skah̀*
Tear (verb)	*Yè*-uh-*neah̀*
Think	Ah-gay-wah-*ching̀*-ah or Ah-*wah*-chee
Thin cloth	*Seè*-ze-ben
Thimble	Nòm-baỳ-o-*stah̀*-be
Thread	E-wah-gah-hah-*haỳ*-be
Thanks	E-sneè-yes
Tickle	*U*- see-*sè*-*im̀*-be
Tired	Ewah-sah-zah-*gaỳ*-sneig
Tomorrow	Hab-*kày*-jee
Tongue	*Chaỳ*-zee
To lie down	Mah-*con*-ing-*ah̀*-be
The same one	O-kee-*chè*-otch
Tree	Choo-*sh*-bah
Trap	Yah-tak-yah̀-be
Try	U-tah
Towel	In-dee-*bah̀*-by-zah̀-be
Trimming	Ah-com-bah-be
Toadstool	*Mò*-tah-*hoǹ*
Turnip	*Sock*-o-*dah̀*-be
Under	Ma-hayǹ
Up	Wing-on
Uncover	U-swah̀
Uncle	E-nu-gah-wein
Valley	Mah-*bah*-hoong-ah-dò-ah



134. Three tipis (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

Vomit	*May-bah̀*-be
Veil	Ri-*yah-hum̀*
Wool	Kee-skah̀-be
Whip	E-jap-*sooǹ*-day
Whistle	E-*ah̀*-ze
Woodpecker	Toe-*skahǹ*
Whale	Ho-ah-Tong̀-ah
Want	Wah-*ching̀*-otch
Walk	Mum-im̀-be
Wagon	Chah̀-O-*mè*-mah
Warm	Ches̀-itch
Wash-dish	Wah-see-*yah̀*
Wash	Ege-ǹu-*zah̀*-be
Wash board	*Ose*-y-u-skee-*ah̀*-be
Wash-cloth	Wah-*sè*-yah-bah-bu-*zah̀*-be
Well (for water)	*Minna*-Ou-*cum̀*-be
Winter	Wah-ne-*aỳ*-dy
Wind	Kah-snee-ah-*gee*-say
Wipe	Bocken-daỳ-be
What is your name?	Tah-ge-*non*-zah
When	Gah-*nù*-zah
Where	*Took*-yah(?)
Whisky	Gek-to-*zah*-be-pa-*su*-dah
Who	Du-wa(?)
White	Skan
Wood	Chah-hong-ze-bay
Work	*Pè*-in-je-ah̀-be, and Tahegu-an-Je-*ahm̀*-be
Wring	U-skee-*ah̀*-be
Write	Wah-O-ah̀-be
What	Wey
Year	Wah-ne-aỳ-du
Yes	U-h-*m̀*
You	Nea
Young	Ko-skah
Yesterday	Ton-*ah*-hah



135. A white man greeting an Indian chief (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

NUMBERS

1—Wahzhee and Wahzheen
2—Noon
3—*Yom̀*-nee
4—Toè-zah
5—Zap tah
6—Sock-pay
7—Sah-*goè*-way
8—Sah-nò-ah
9—Nom-p-*chonkè*
10—Wenk-*chem̀*-nah
11—*Ah*-gay *wè-zheè*
12—*Ah̀*-gay-noom̀
13—*Ah*-gay-*yom*-ne
14—Ah-gay-*toe*-zah
15—Ah-gay *Zap*-tah
16—*Àh*-gay-*sock*-pay
17—*Àh*-gay-sah-*goè*-way
18—*Àh*-gay-sah-*nòah*
19—*Àh*-gay-nom-p-*chonk̀e*
20—'Ah-gay-wenk-*chem*-nah-noom
21—'Ah-gay-wenk-*chem*-nah-wa-*zheen*
30—Wenk-*chem̀*-nah-*yòm̀*-nee
40—Wenk-*chem̀*-nah *Teè*-zah
50—Wenk-chèm-nah-Zap-tah
60—Wenk-chèm-nah-Sòch̀-pay
70—Wenk-chem-nah-Sah-goè-way
80—Wenk-*chem̀*-nah-Sah-nò-ah
90—Wenk-chem-nah-Nem-p-chonk̀e
100—Ò-boò-o-ay -wah-wah-zheè
1,000—Koke-tò-a-boò-a-hayh

PROGNOSTICS

Informant: Daniel Wildman

For winter:

In winter time if the old Indians faces are hot, that is a sign that there is to be snow.

When in the spring the water rises, it is going to be very cold.

When the thaw is coming, you feel aching and cramping all over; you see the northern lights if the thaw is to last.

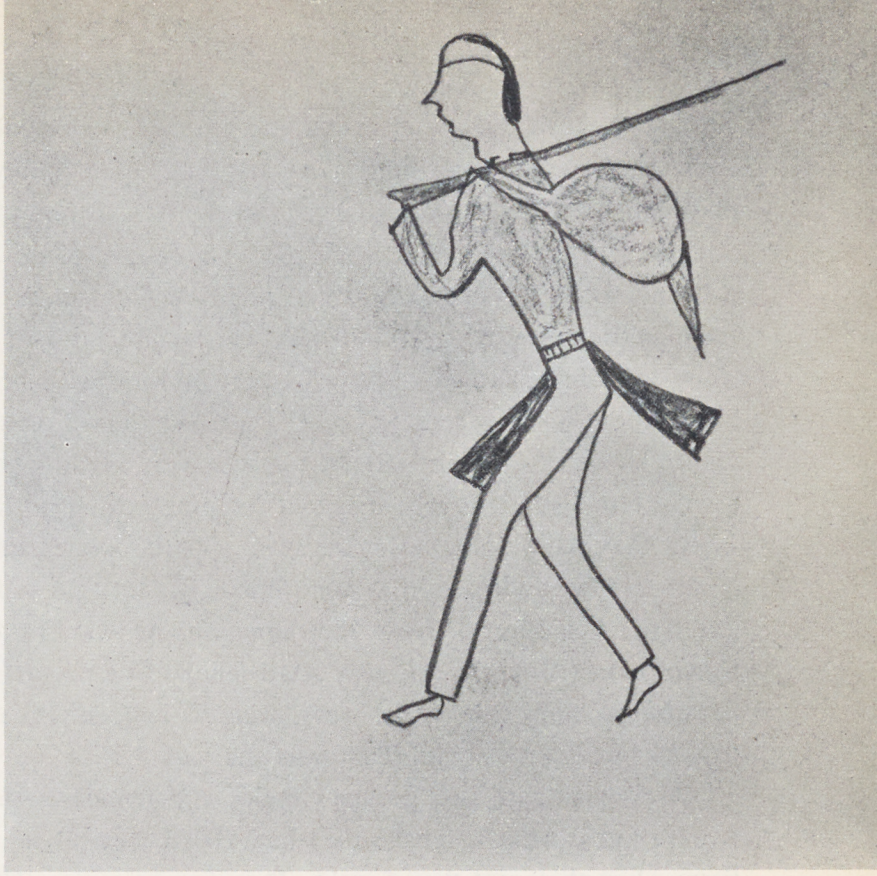
If it is going to be windy, the ears *hm, hum, hm . . .*

Summer time:

If it is going to be dry, stars do not shine; they are way far off. And the springs are dry.

If it is going to be wet, the stars shine; the sun has a kind of damp heat if it is going to be a rainy summer. The springs open where it was dry. And there is always cold wind from the northeast.

If it is to be a hard winter, all the wild animals get fat.



136. An Indian travelling with a gun and a pack (U. S. Nat. Mus.).

THE ORIGIN OF THE PEOPLE

Informant: George McLean, Tatangamene "Walking-Buffalo," belonging to the Bear's Paw band. 48 years old

We don't have written histories of the generations back. But we keep it in memory down through the descendants. And we don't know ourselves how we came to this continent first. But it is only through some Stonies that we believed we came to this continent.

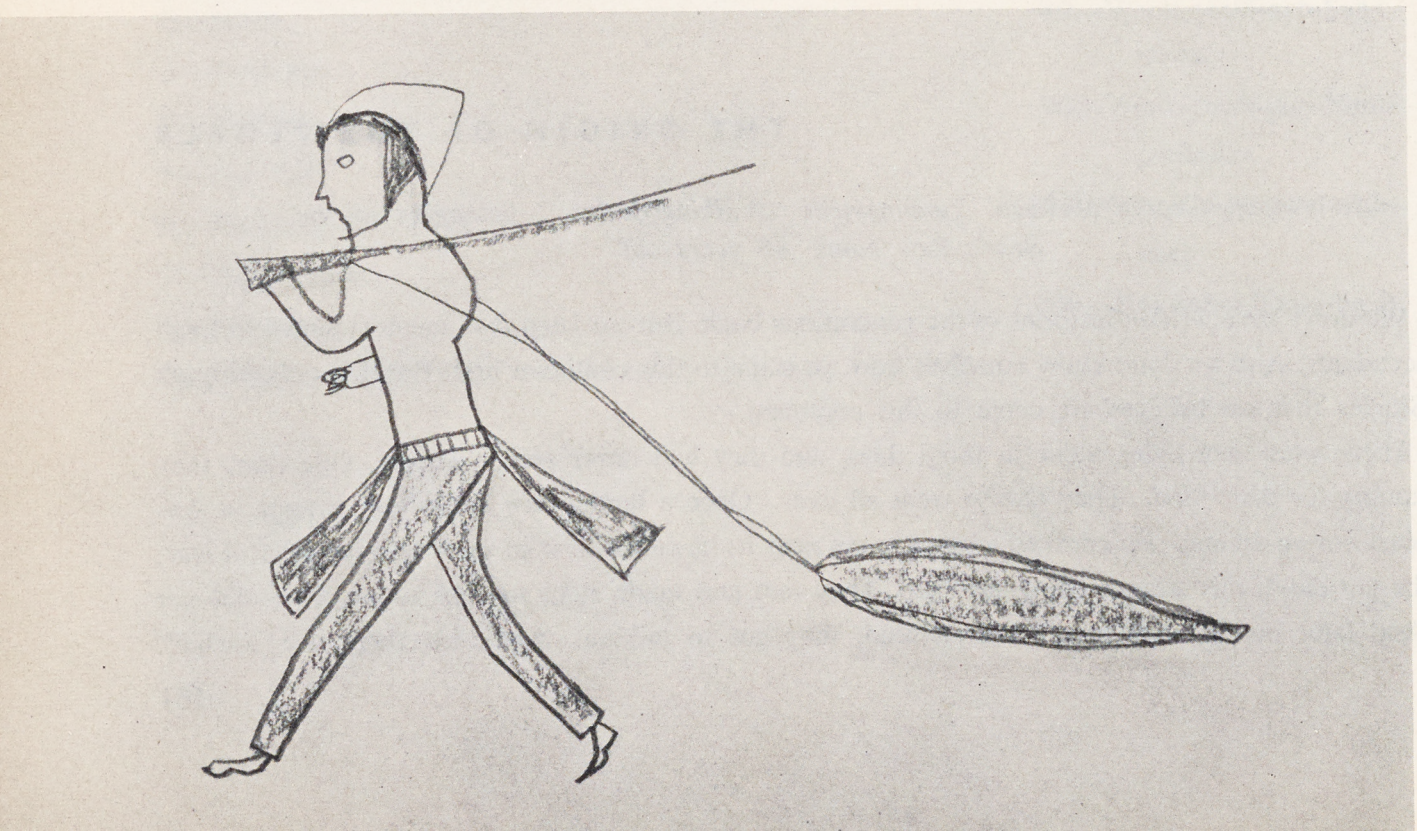
There were men living alone in those days, and they had never seen a female. One time, they were hunting for their food. They always went all over. Once a hunter saw something strange; it was not a beast nor an animal. He sneaked around to get near it; he called to it so as to find out what it was. When he got close, this strange being saw him. They met and made signs to each other. They did not talk. And later on, as they became acquainted, they got to talking. And then there was a chief.

He was the first man that found the female. Before that, men were alone. They began to inquire about each other, how they lived and got along and what they did [text here abbreviated]. Then they began to tell stories to each other. It was not the chief but just one of his men. And that woman told the man, "We will meet at a certain place; I will tell the women about it." And they told one another. Until then the women had been living in a group all by themselves, running wild. Then the men found out that it would suit them to cohabit with the women, instead of living just by themselves. They told one another, "We will meet at such a place. I will tell the men about it." Other women heard about it. Then they left and had an agreement as to where to meet. [Story abbreviated]. Then this man told his other friends about the discovery of the female. And there was a chief, also a chieftainess for the females. Then this man told the others what he had found, and he was to get them to the place where they were going to meet. It was in the winter time. The chief refused to take a queen. So the queen told her followers that none should accept that man, the chief. He went away all alone, this chief, left the whole party. From that time on, he was always found sitting alone. He was like a giant, Setsanyuski ("Joker"). He was a tall fellow. The people in those days thought a great deal of that man, because he knew things that were going to happen. He was a prophet. He could see what was coming. But he left them behind. That was the way.

When these two groups—males and females—met together, they began to multiply, to spread. I don't know what language they had. Then they all separated. They did not see each other for a long time; when they met they fought. They fought a war. They did not care whether it was with their own brothers and sisters or fathers and mothers, or who it was. When they got vexed, they killed one another.

In those days, the people had a supreme being on whom they depended for their help. I don't know what it was. They say it was beast, dog, eagle, bird, or fish, of every kind that talked to them (Spirits).

137. An Indian dragging a pack (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





138. A wounded buffalo (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

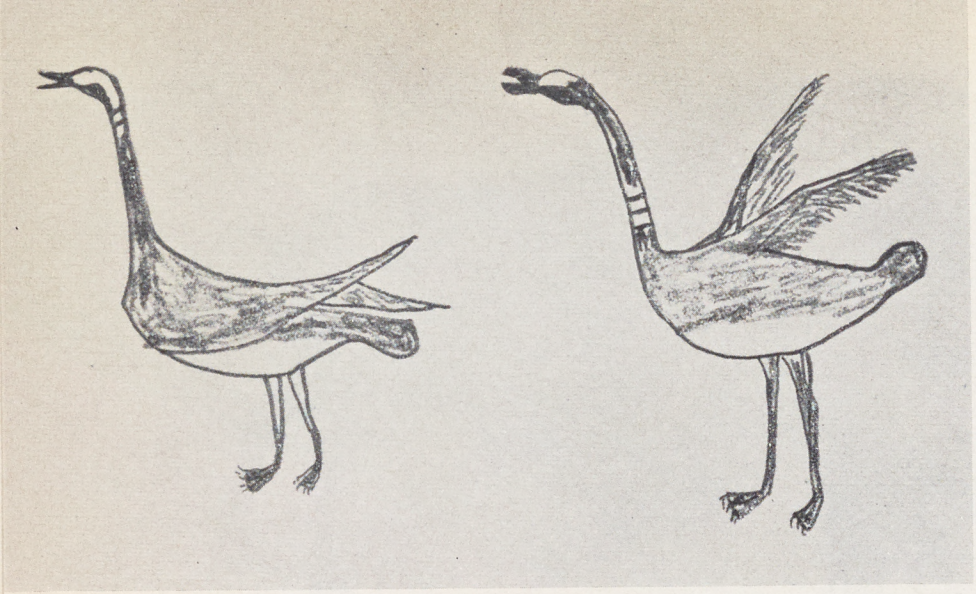
All that is going to happen they would learn from them. And they believed in that. They had for their weapons only bows and arrows. Spears were half bone and rocks, and knives. They had no dish nor cup. They ate their meat and drank the water off the bare ground. They did not know what tomorrow was, nor what to-day is. And they did not care. The people that lived the longest were the braves, *agitside*. They had spirits that kept them from being killed, one way or another.

NOTE: I heard this story all my lifetime from my father and grandfather. It is generally believed in.

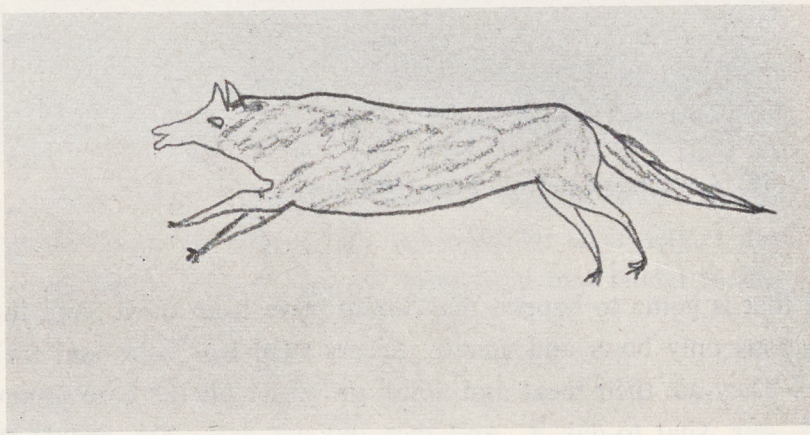
KOOTENAY LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF THE TWIN LAKES (AKISKANOOK)

Recorded in 1922 by W. Langdon Kihn, among the Upper Kootenays at Fairmont Springs, B.C.

It was a long time ago. There was no living thing upon the earth, only spirits, great and small, parent souls of all things that breathe and grow to-day. The earth was new, and things then were different. Canal Flats, that narrow strip of land separating the Upper Columbia Lake and the Kootenay River, was not there. The Kootenay branched, part of it flowing into the Columbia at Canal Flats and the rest resuming its present course. (KIHN: A most curious feature that I consider worth recording is that, because of the small canal that was built [about 1880, by Bailey Grohman] to connect

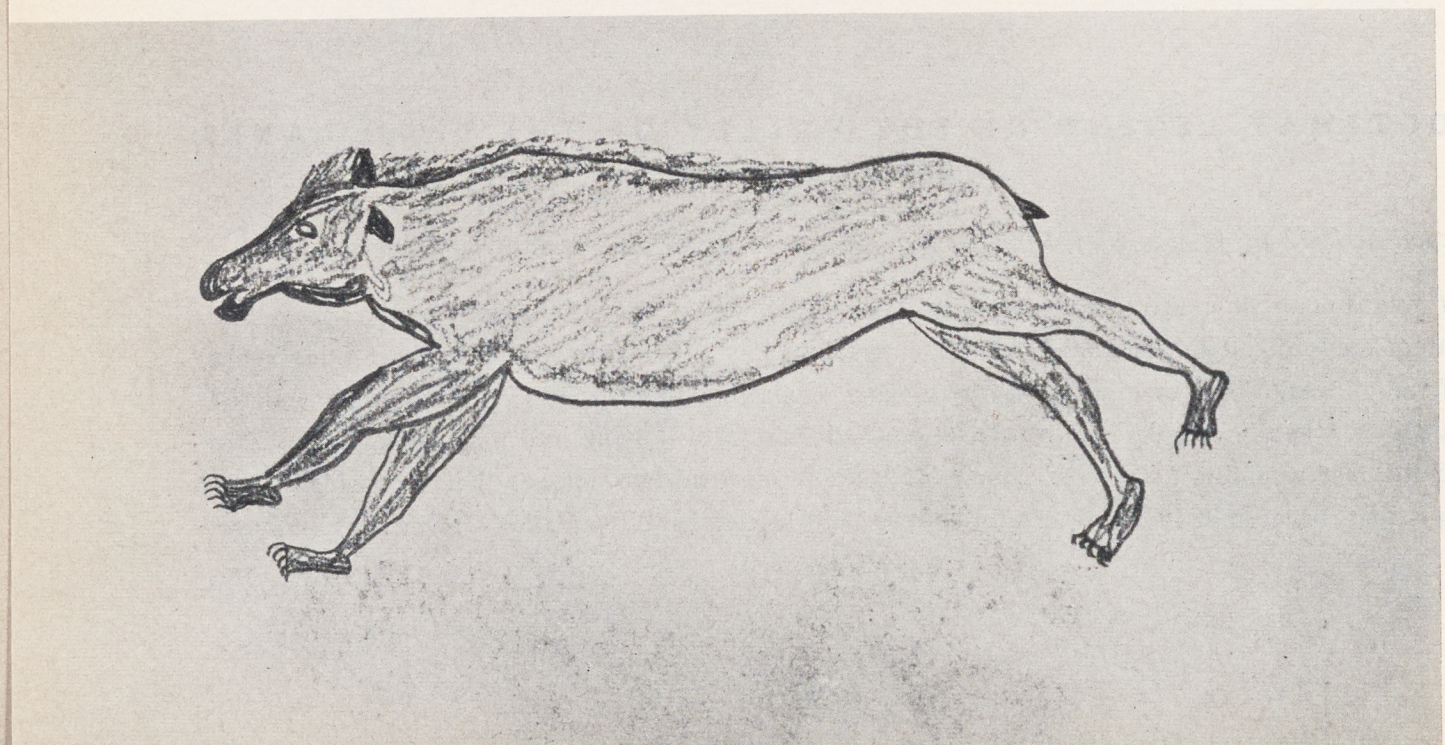


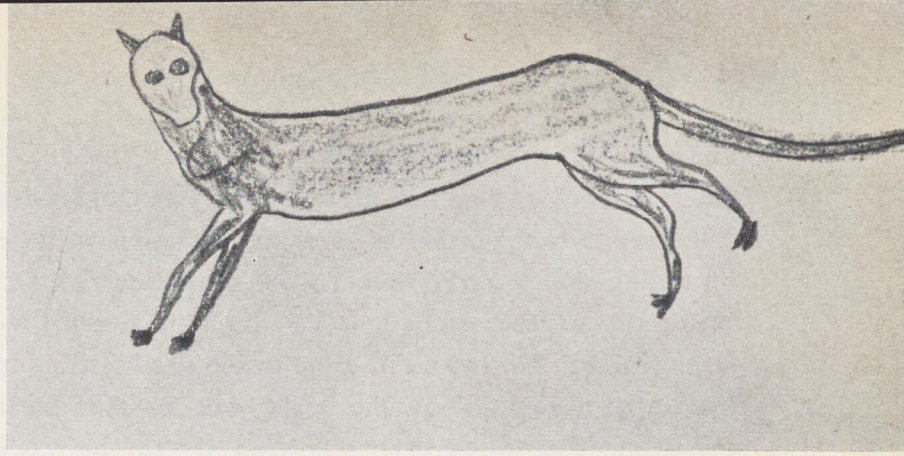
139. Two wild geese (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



140. A coyote (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

141. A black bear (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





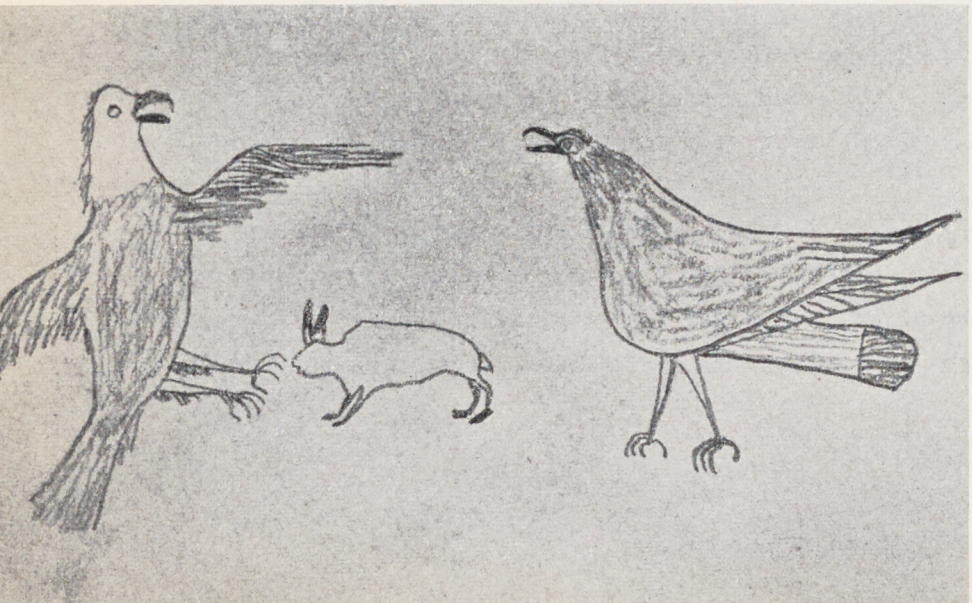
142. A cougar or a weasel (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

the Upper Columbia Lake with the Kootenay River, mostly all of the West Kootenay district, including half of the Kootenay Lake and the entire Selkirk Range, and almost half of the East Kootenay district, a big chunk of northwestern Montana and northeastern Idaho, are an Island!) And so it was long ago, when all this great territory was an island within the continent and a great and wicked spirit infested this region. This spirit's name was Ya-woo-a-nik, and a mighty one he was, the mightiest of all the great evil spirits. Now this great medicine resembled the dragon of our old traditions, but it had no wings and lived in the water and had all the powers of the fish. Something like a colossal lizard he was. He had lived long in this country and had been the cause of much death and pestilence and plague. The lesser spirits, good and evil, feared him and knew that something must be done. Ya-woo-a-nik lived near Kootenay Lake, and starting from home he would travel west to the Columbia River where Brilliant now stands, then up the Arrow Lakes, on up the Columbia and around south to where the town of Golden lies, on down to the Upper Columbia Lake into the Kootenay and back to Kootenay Lake, killing all things on his way, leaving nothing but death in his wake. Yet Ya-woo-a-nik was a wary and elusive one, and they never knew whence he came. So all the spirits good and bad, weak and strong, appealed to the highest medicine, Nach-l-mook-chin, the chief of all the great good spirits for help.

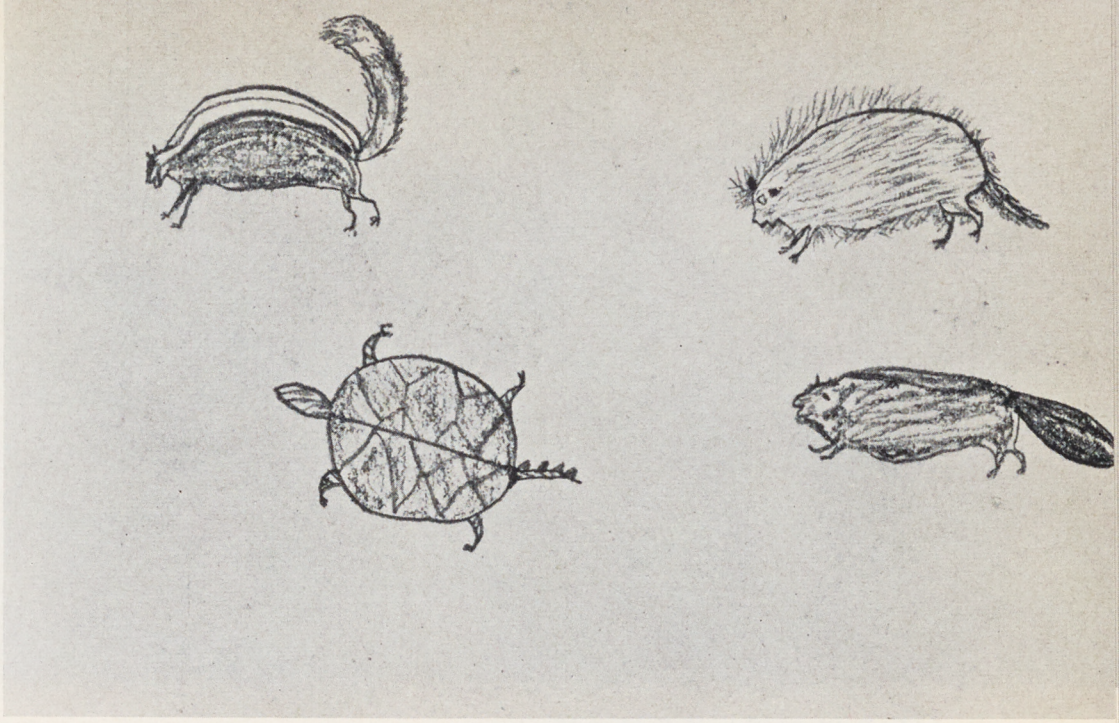
Nach-l-mook-chin was the mightiest of all existing spirits. He was the Great Manitou. He heard their plea and bade them all come and hold a council with him. And so they came, the spirits of all the things that fly and walk and swim and crawl, to listen to the wisdom of the mighty one. When they had all gathered and seated themselves in a gigantic circle, the pipe of peace, the K-an-koosak, was passed around. As the great chief took it in his hands he spoke and asked them where Ya-woo-a-nik lived. None could answer, and there was a long silence. At last the great chief spoke, telling them to watch his eyebrows. He took a long puff from the pipe of peace, and the smoke, instead of coming out of his mouth, came out of one eyebrow, and then the other. As the two thin blue strands curled up into the sky, he bade them watch where they met. Slowly they rose over and past the high mountain peaks, first to the south and then to the west, and all the spirits marvelled at the chief's great magic. At Kootenay Lake the two strands met. "That is where Ya-woo-a-nik lives," he said, "and that is where we'll go."

Ya-woo-a-nik saw the hordes of spirits coming in the air, on the land, and in the water, and he guessed the cause. A terrible and swift chase ensued. On up the Columbia he swam, to the north to where Boat Encampment now stands; then he turned south following the course of the river. Now at Brescoes the pursuers were very close, and Ya-woo-a-nik, hoping to fool them, turned up a small creek

that emptied into the Columbia at this point. But Nach-l-mook-chin, the great chief, was not so easily deceived, for he knew that the headwaters of that small stream couldn't be far away. So he bade all his followers to wait on the banks of the Columbia at the mouth of the brook. Seizing his spear, he went on up the stream along after Ya-woo-a-nik, the Evil One. All the spirits feared a terrible battle would break out, for they knew that Ya-woo-a-nik was the most cunning of all spirits, and his medicine was strong. When Ya-woo-a-nik came to the headwaters and found that he could go no further, he turned, and as he turned, he saw the mighty one standing there waiting for him. Ya-woo-a-nik knew that the chief's medicine was greater than his own, and he was much frightened. Cornered, he thought his only salvation would be to bluff, so he said to Nach-1-mook-chin, the mighty one, "Your carcass shall rest with those who have gone before you." At these words the great chief hurled his spear, and it caught Ya-woo-a-nik in the foot. But by a supreme effort Ya-woo-a-nik struggled loose, and so swiftly downstream did he swim that the lesser spirits on the banks of the wide Columbia didn't even see him. But the brook ran crimson with blood, and to this day the Kootenays call the stream "Red Waters or Eeiknosoka." The great chief followed close behind Ya-woo-a-nik, and again the fearful chase was on. On up the Columbia they went straight to the south now, and at Windermere the pursuers again came very near. Ya-woo-a-nik suddenly turned up Morigeau Creek. The great chief stopped and said, "This time I shall send Coyotte, Skincoots, after him." At this the spirits were amused, for Skincoots was known to be a bully and a coward and was endowed with that trait called bluff. So, armed with a tomahawk, Skincoots proceeded upstream. Now when Ya-woo-a-nik again found headwaters, he started to dig an enormous hole, thinking he would bury himself and thus deceive his pursuers, but he soon struck solid rock and was forced to turn back. The enormous hole at the headwaters of Morigeau Creek is there today, and the Kootenays call it Akakuchmitteeook. Ya-woo-a-nik made his retreat; Skincoots loomed up suddenly and blocked his way. Now the Evil One knew Coyotte and knew him for a bully, and with little fear he threatened him, repeating the words he had spoken to the great chief. "Your carcass shall rest with those who have gone before you." With this frightening declaration, a great fear seized Skincoots, and he fled away. Back into the Columbia with frenzied speed Ya-woo-a-nik swam. Now the great chief, who was very wise, had gone on ahead to the southern end of the Upper Columbia Lake, and taking his hand, he had scraped an enormous pile of dirt from the side of the mountains and blocked the passage between the Columbia and the Kootenay. This is known as Canal Flats, and the slide from

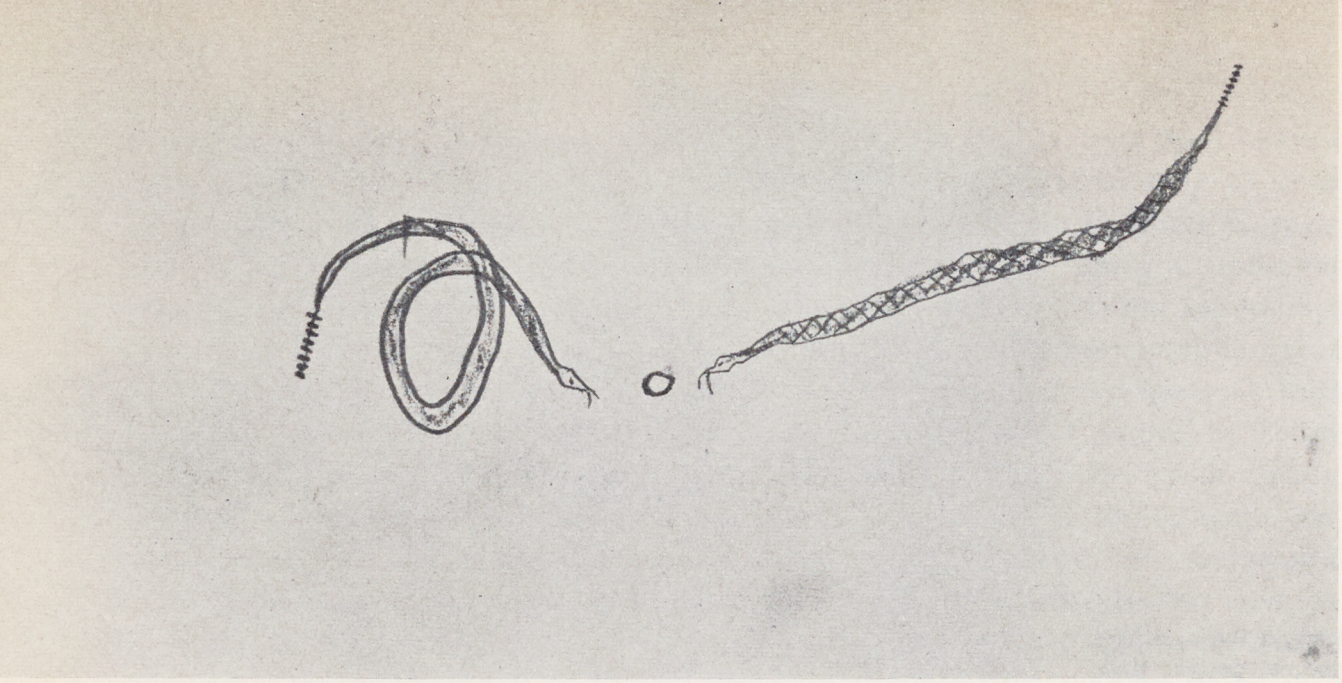


143. Two eagles fighting over a hare (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



144. A skunk, a turtle, a porcupine, and a beaver (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

where he took the earth is where Findlay Creek now flows. When Ya-woo-a-nik reached this spot, he turned about to retrieve his course, but the hordes of spirits had arrived, and he was truly cornered. Skincoots, who was ashamed of his cowardly action, rushed forth to encounter Ya-woo-anik. But the Evil One saw him coming and threatened him again. Coyotte lacked the courage and was about to turn heel, when Nakeeoo, the fox, the cunningest of all the lesser spirits, seized Skincoots' tomahawk and dealt Ya-woo-a-nik a thundering blow that crushed his skull. Then all the spirits rushed on and tore him, the Evil One, into a thousand strips. Suddenly Nach-1-mook-chin, the chief, the mighty one, came forth. He took a handful of Ya-woo-a-nik's dried blood and threw it far to the land of the rising sun. "That," he said, "will be the beginning of a people with red skin. The blood landed on the prairie and splashed to all four points of the compass, and where every little speck fell a tribe of Indians sprang up. Then taking the fat of Ya-woo-a-nik, which was white, he threw it straight into the heavens. Higher and higher it rose, and as it descended it spread in all directions. "That," he said, "will be a race of people that will be white, and in time they shall cover the earth." He then wiped the blood off his hands, and throwing it on the ground, he said, "This shall be in memory of the day when I killed Ya-woo-a-nik. There will be born here a race of red men that will be few, but strong, and they shall be called the Kootenay." Then taking the ribs he threw the left ones far to the south and the right ones far to the north. The ribs of those thrown to the south lie on the big white sand bluff with the deeply carved ridges and fantastic hoodoos, overhanging the Kootenay Valley at Fort Steele. And those thrown to the north lie on a similar bluff with weird grotesque hoodoos, overhanging Dutch creek that joins the Columbia on its western bank where it flows from the upper Columbia Lake and opposite Fairmont Springs. If you should take the old pack or still older Indian trail heading south along the eastern shores of the Columbia and if the day was quiet and the lake like glass, you would see to your right and at the bottom of the waters a large red spot at the southernmost point of the Upper Columbia Lake. This marks the bloody scene of the last day of Ya-woo-a-nik, the great and cunning Evil One. Running south from the head of the lake and slightly at an angle to each other, are two small gullies



145. Rattle snakes (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

or arroyos. These were the result of the horns of the colossal bad medicine. To-day in any modern trading post among the Kootenays, you might hear that word "Ya-woo-a-nik," and even if you knew its applied meaning, you would hardly guess its connection. It is what they call the scarlet Hudson Bay blanket, for to them it commemorates the Evil One.

THE GHOST

Informant: Daniel Wildman

One time, when I was about twenty-five years old, I travelled all day from Crowsnest River, Kaimanwaptha (Two-old-Men River) to the place called Osnitin, "Cold-Weather-House." Just as I got there, it was not very late in the evening, I looked for a camp. It was in Frog Moon (early in the spring—April). I heard something whistle. It was in a dark place in the bush, in the spruce bush. I was pleased then, because I thought somebody would meet me there. I thought we would have a good fire that night. And then I whistled to him an answer. I heard another whistle again. Then I said, "Come on, you fool, you had better come. I have lots to eat in my pack." Whistling, he said: "Ho!" which means yes. I sat there to see whether he would come out of the bush. But I heard all kinds of different whistling—trying to talk in whistle. Then I knew what it was. The old people say that the spirits talk in whistle. I knew well what it was, and my hair stood up. My feet and my hands were numb, paralyzed. I started to run to the Old-Man River. I heard whistling all over. I had not enough sense to stop. I kept on running until I heard something coming behind me breathing and breathing. I had a gun in my hand, but I could not shoot; I could not turn about-face. While I ran,



146. A bighorn sheep (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

the darkness came. At last I reached the Old-Man River and saw prairie fires on the other side. But there was still something running behind me, raising all kinds of whistles and something blowing on my back. As soon as I got to the river, I ran across it. The river was very low then. I went a little ways, and then I came to my senses. I remembered my uncle's grave was there, where I heard the whistle. This uncle was named Crook, that is "Bent-Backwards" (his body), Gas'in. I remembered, when I was a boy, that this uncle would frighten me as much as he could. I stopped, and said, "If you are going to kill me, kill me!" I was ready to fight. I looked around, but I saw things like northern lights all about me. I could not decide where to shoot.

I went to the dark canyon coulée to sleep. But I could hear somebody walking behind me. I started to build a fire. I heard somebody pulling the branches to help me make a fire. But I could not see the body. And then I set a good fire. I boiled tea. The tea I had got from a trader—and sugar and pemmican. As soon as I ate, I recited a little prayer which I remembered. That noise went on. After I ate I thought about this; that before this I had never believed in any bad spirits haunting graves. Now I thought about old people talking about devils, and about the devil bluffing people. I changed my mind then and was not scared of anything. I knew it was not going to kill me. I laughed, but I ran like a rabbit. I was surprised that something could still scare me. I knew that I could face the gun muzzle and the enemy. But this was a different thing altogether. I said to myself, "No man on earth has nerve enough to stop this bad spirit." That was what I thought, and I went to sleep.

Next morning, I travelled to the north to Minnisni, and went a little ways. I heard something again. The voice said, "*Tos tos tos!*" I recognized the voice. It was a Stony woman who was calling a pack dog. And I took a deep breath. I ran toward where I heard the voice. I was glad to see a living person, a man and his wife coming. It was my uncle (David), and the woman's name was Sudawgado (Blacksmith) "Iron-Cutter." As soon as I met them, I told what had happened the night before.

75700-5—13

Then this man said, "You believe what I told you about bluffing spirits. It was your uncle's spirit, because he has done all the wrong things while he was living. That is why his spirit is still staying on earth." A lot of people would say that they have heard a spirit like this, in that place.

RAINBOWS AND SUNDOGS IN THE SKY

Informant: Daniel Wildman

In June, 1914, Hector Crawler gathered all the Stonies. He told them that something funny was going to happen in the sky. So the people all camped at Umciyaskamne: White-Mud-Lake (4 miles southwest).

He was doing medicine work, while they were waiting there, getting ready to see the funny sky. They held a medicine dance every morning. Early one morning about a week later, one of the young fellows said that he had seen a funny sky as soon as the sun had arisen. The whole village went to see. They found the rainbows and sundogs all over the sky—south, west, east, and north. The Indians were surprised, and they wondered what was going to happen. What was the meaning of all this? Hector Crawler, the medicine man, was there too. He said that these things foretold what was to happen in the near future. There was going to be big sorrow for the whole world. This funny sky the Morley white people have seen too. I can assure you, half a dozen. Hector said that this was a

147. An elk or wapiti (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





148. A pronghorn antelope (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

149. A mule deer (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



75700-5—13½



150. A mule deer (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

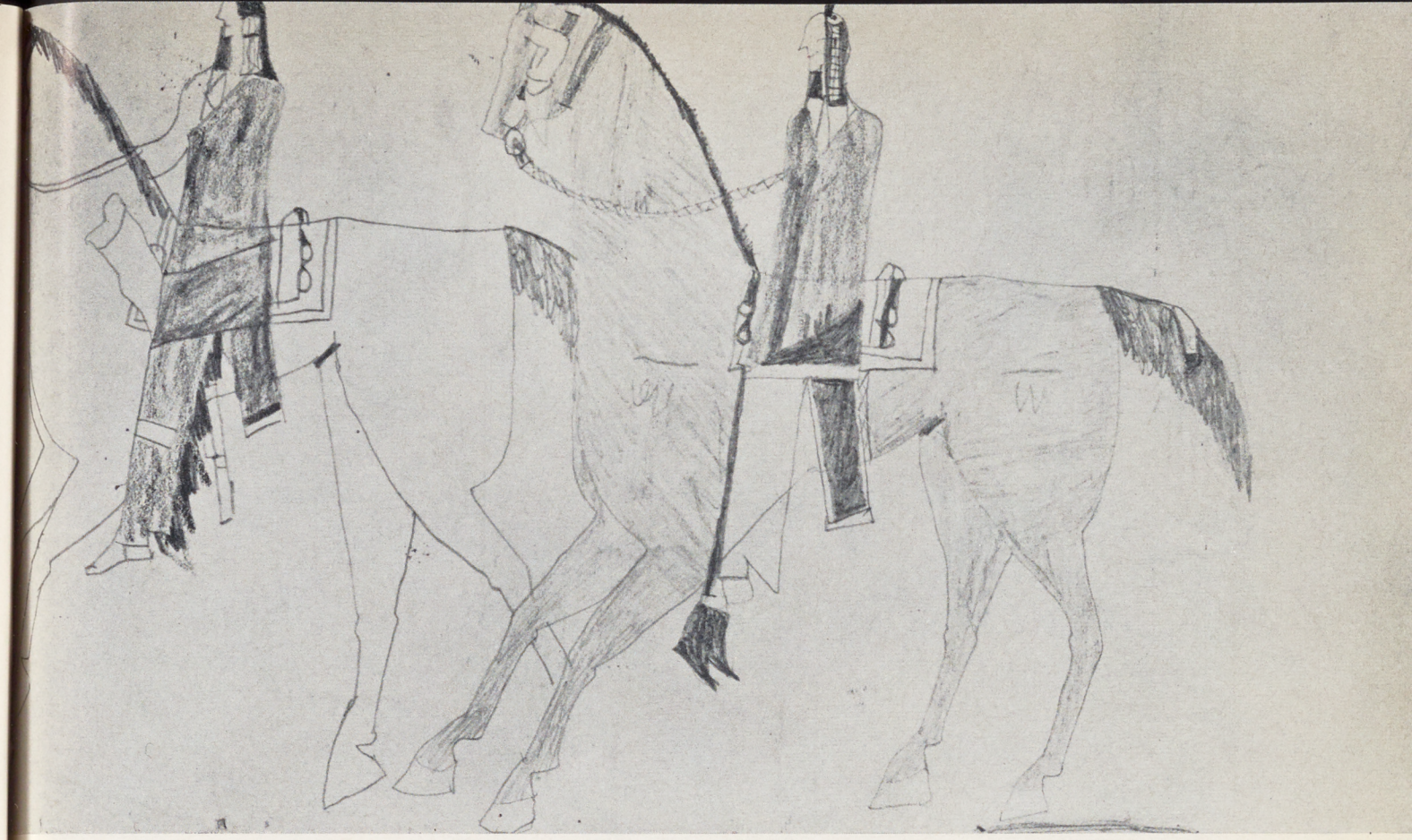
sign of a terrible time to come for the world. Earthquake or bloodshed! Something frightful was to happen. That same summer all the world's fleets were fighting. I saw it myself, that sky. My wife was also at the camp with us. We saw the red, yellow, green, like long rainbows. And in some places, it looked like northern lights. It was about five o'clock in the morning. And it continued for about an hour.

THE SUN DANCE

Informant: George McLean

The missionaries were against the Sun Dance or Thirst Dance, Tirawbi. But they should have let the Indians decide for themselves. If a fellow was very sick, he did not know what to do to get better, and he would try and offer a sacred prayer of some kind. In the old days, they say there were spirits. They prayed to a spirit and addressed a sacred prayer promising that if he lived he would give a Thirst Dance or Sun Dance. It was a vow. In the old days, they used to cut the sinew off the children, and the missionaries thought it was cruel. But to-day it is considered as a sacrifice for their vows. And to-day, it is not done. The people were not cruel to themselves, although they wanted to keep their vows truly.

The Sun Dance is called Thirst Dance, because they thirst themselves, when they think of their vows. When Christ was crucified, the people who believed in Him and loved Him, felt sorry.



151. Two Indians on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

They did not feel like eating, hunting, or drinking. And here also, it was the same way. It was like a sacrifice to be thirsty for their vows, after recovering from their sickness.

There is a certain man who is a leader in this Sun Dance. He is not the man who makes the vow. There are other dances, the war dances. The Government is against Sun Dances, but not the other war dances held here.

DREAMS AND SONGS

Informant: Daniel Wildman

My father remembers dreams that happened before he was born, or maybe after he was born. But he does not know when they happened. First I saw a nice looking man coming to me. He asked me to come to where they were gathering. As soon as he turned, it was a white horse. Then I go with them. We get to the lodge, and I find myself in a great big camp near a large lake. The camp is between the Big-Rockies and the Big-Lake. I hear peace-singing, singing, and protecting songs. Myself, I am singing the songs with them. The words of the song they sing, when they make a charge against the enemy, are: "Crazy dog is coming to face death. I am coming, my enemy! Don't turn away when I get there!"



152. Two Indian warriors on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

The spirit in this instance was the dog. So he could not be killed.

If they got lost in the mountains, they would sing to the spirits; they dreamt about the horses: "I am lost, where are you? I want you to protect me, my great grandfather!" Then they see a very little light in their dream. They follow this light, like the stars. It does not matter where this light goes, they have to go there. Sometimes a light appears. Maybe the bear or danger rock. They travel like that, those spirits. Sometimes they build a medicine lodge; that is, they put up about twenty-five small willows (sweat baths), and they sing to the Siktabin messengers, like tame pigeons. They come near the medicine lodge and give an answer.

Song: "Where are you, messengers?
I want to see where my people are."

And then they wait for about one hour. Then they hear the bird's voice. And the dreamer says: "Yes, yes, keep on like this!" The dreamer then tells the story of where he is, to the rest of the Indians who are far away. He cannot tell whether they got killed. But he believes one of them is sick. They can see the high spirit by the lights. They say a woman's spirit is like a blue light, and a man's is like a white light. Children's, very very small lights. They are steady on that, and they tell the truth.

When they put up a lodge like this, the Indians depend on it. It is like sending a telegram. Some of the dreams are not very good—maybe very few of them. But there is one good one out of a tribe.

ROLLING-HEAD

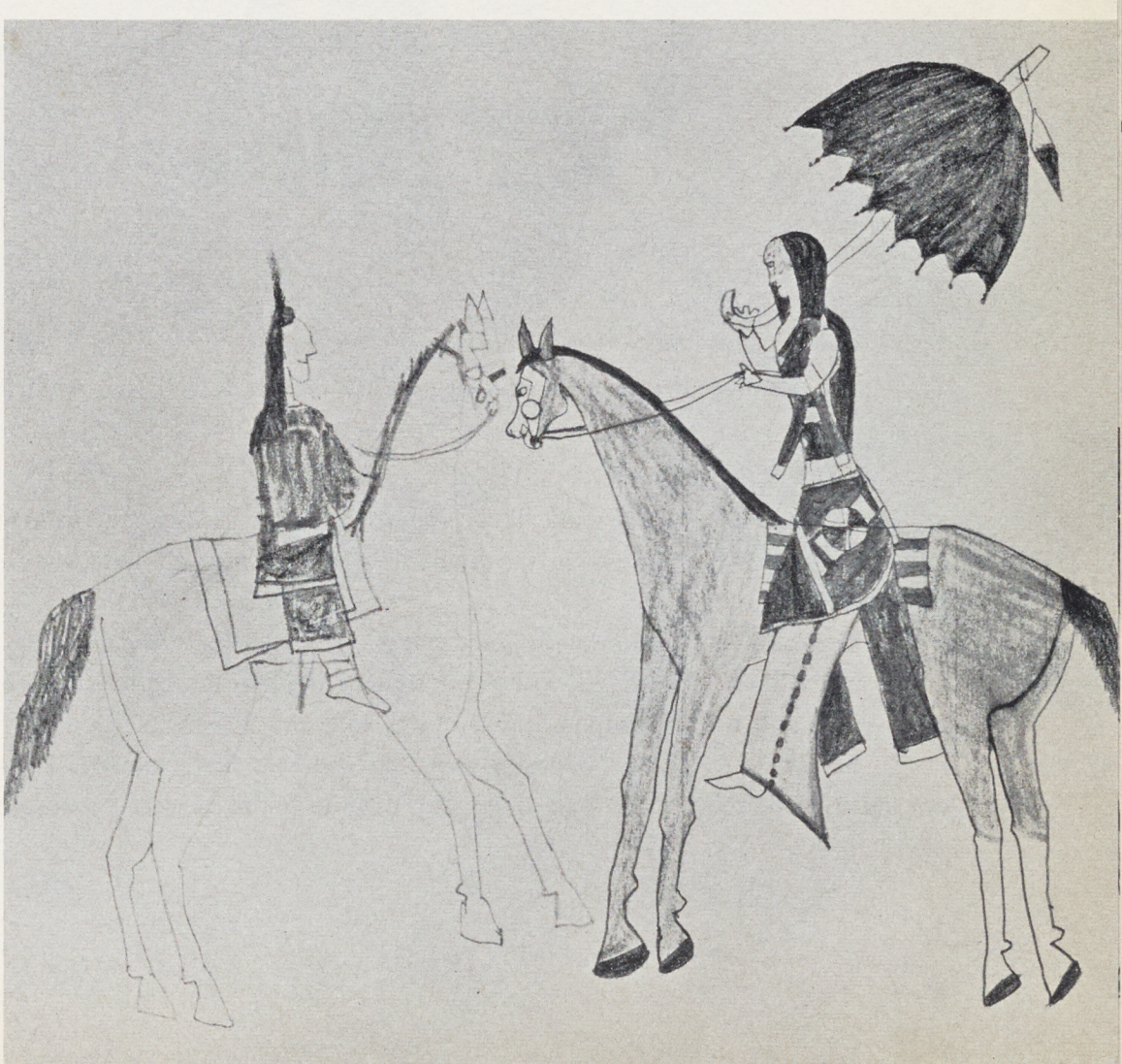
By the Rev. Mr. Ahenakew

(A half-breed or native Methodist missionary of Mervin in Saskatchewan, who had communicated it in manuscript to the author in 1926. This is a legend of the Western Crees.)

It happened in the darkness of the primeval world that there existed, it is said, a being who may have been a man. With him was one who was his wife. They had two sons, one being half-grown and the other, a small tottering boy.

They lived in a wigwam, not made of leather but of many poles, and the whole thing was plastered over with mud in order to make it warm. Once in a while, in later times, such lodges were

153. Meeting of man and woman on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





154. Indians meeting, two of them holding up open umbrellas (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

built for winter use, which made it impossible to move them about from place to place. This brought them into such discredit among the nomadic people that their lodges were, in time, entirely replaced by those of leather.

In such a lodge this family lived happily for a time. Every morning the father went out into the woods and seldom came home without bringing with him the choicest pieces of venison. He was happy in his work and in the companionship of his wife and children.

At the time, however, he noticed that his wife had changed. Instead of the happy contented look he used to see on her face, there was now an air of restless preoccupation. A strange light shone

in her eyes. Every now and again she would get up and go for wood in a nearby bush. This she did repeatedly, even when it seemed unnecessary. The man said nothing but made up his mind to do some investigating in order to help her, if it were possible.

One day in the bush, some time after this, he saw her coming. Something in her eager gait so aroused his curiosity that he hid himself behind some willows. She approached a dry tree, at the foot of which there was a large hole. She tapped! A great number of snakes came crawling out. She sat on a log that had blown down, and they crawled all around her, even as she fondled them.

He was horrified! In him was born all the usual human abhorrence for the snake. Not stopping to make his presence known, he went back to the tent and called his two sons, "I am going out to hunt," said he. "Tell your mother when she returns."

155. Two warriors on horseback meeting two hunters (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



He walked a long time and passed many wild animals before he killed a moose. Without even stopping to take out the insides, he went home. Arriving there, he sighed as if in great weariness and told his wife that he had killed a moose. He explained to her where the carcass lay and asked her to go for some of the meat as he himself was not feeling well. She showed marked reluctance at having to go, but she could not very well disobey him. "Let me run for some wood first," she cried. "No," replied the man in a firm voice, "you will go at once!"

Mumbling to herself, she started off. The man, looking on the fire, saw a piece of sinew contracting with the heat. He knew that she had dropped it there while he was not looking and that it was an act of magic performed by her in order to make the distance she had to go shorter. He scooped it out of the fire with a piece of stick and, wetting it, stretched it to its utmost length, thereby nullifying her act.

Then arming himself with a hunting knife, he walked to where he had seen the snakes. He tapped, and the snakes began to crawl out as before, one after the other. As fast as they came out, he cut off their heads. He spared only one—and that, a very little one. "When the Earth is peopled by men," said he, "you will not have the power to interfere with those who are to be lords of it; you will be small and easily conquerable." Having made this pronouncement on the reptiles of the West, he hurried back to the tent and began to make preparations.

He took four things, and calling his older son to him, he said, "You are to take your little brother on your back and flee for your lives! Here are things which will come in useful when danger

156. Five Indian warriors on horseback (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





157. Two Indian women (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

approaches; this awl makes a hedge of thorns; this flint gives fire; this piece of rock can form a mountain, and this beaver-tooth, a great river. Farewell! my sons, farewell! May your lot be such that good may come to the earth through this evil that has fallen upon us. In days to come, should you want to see me, look up to the northern skies, and I shall be up there. People will call me Oo-chay-ka-tak, the Great Dipper." The boy took his brother up and fled to the West.

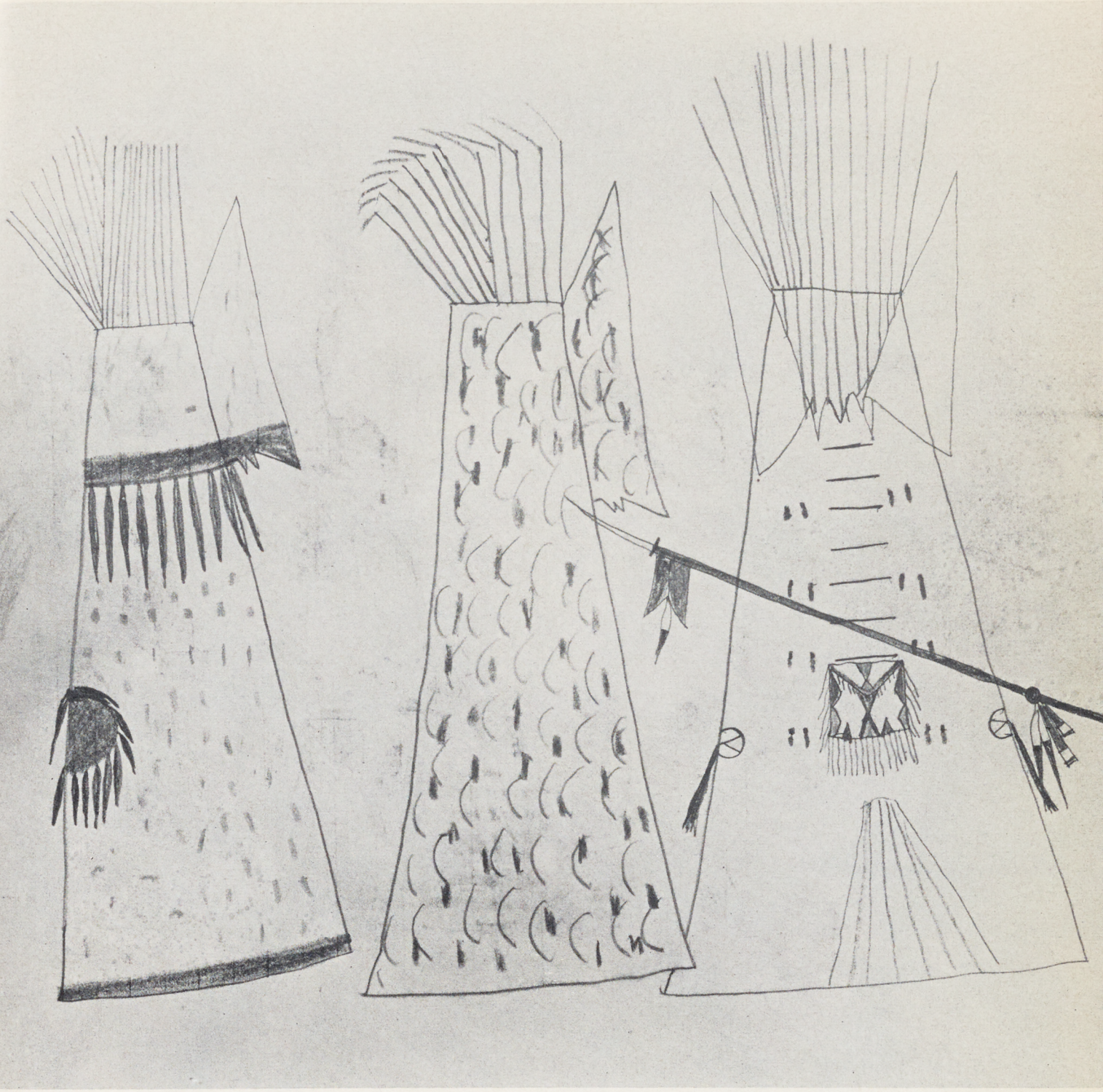
Some little time intervened before the mother arrived, panting and covered with perspiration. Her path had been long, and she had run most of the way. Without a word she dropped her load and hurried to the bush. A great suspicion had come over her. Sure enough, there lay a heap of her pets, dead. Only one little snake came out to tell her what had taken place. An insane fury came over her, and she ran to avenge the death of the reptiles.

In the meantime, her husband had been making preparations; he had pulled a net over the door, and there he stood, axe in hand, ready for his wife. She approached with fury, but her progress was arrested by being caught in the net; only her head went through. The man severed it from the rest of her body and then fled upward through the opening on the top of the wigwam. "You chase him up to the sky," said the Head to the Trunk, "and I will go after his sons." The body soared after the fleeing man, up to the heavens, while the Head sped westward after the boys.

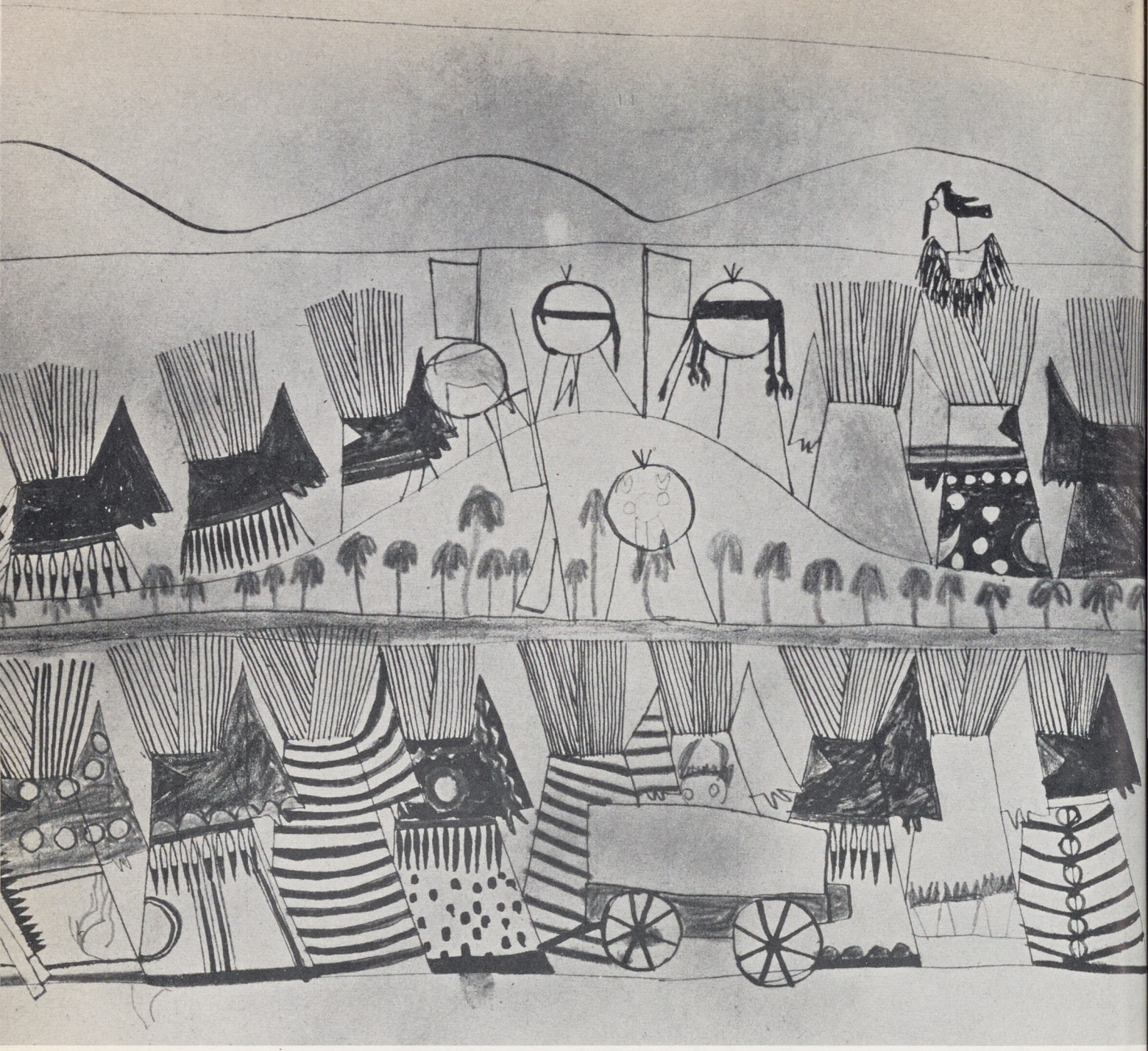
The man may be seen up in the northern skies at night time. He is the Great Dipper; to one side is the Small Dipper, which is the body of his late wife, ever chasing him but afraid to go too near the abode of the North Star, who loves her husband and therefore is ever ready to protect him.



158. Man and woman under a tree (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



159. Tipis (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



160. Tipis and a wagon (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

THE FLIGHT OF WESAKAYCHAK

By the Rev. Mr. Ahenakew

(A western Cree legend)

With wonderful speed, the head of the mother rolled after the two boys. This was now Chi-chi-pis-che-kwan, the Rolling-Head. From afar the boys could hear her say: "Where, where can

you flee to? I am going to kill you!" Wesakaychak, for that we must now call the boy, ran faster. Ever nearer came the voice of his mother, and something would have to be done. He remembered the advice of his father. Putting his brother down on the ground, he threw the awl behind him, saying at the same time, "Let it be as my father said!" Immediately, there came to be a seemingly impenetrable hedge of thorns between them and their pursuer. Once more he took his brother up and fled.

Rolling-Head could not find an opening anywhere. She went up and down, but the hedge extended from sea to sea; there was no alternative but to force her way through somehow, and this she proceeded to do. Here and there she rolled, screaming with pain and fright as the thorns pricked her. How long she took to make her way through is not told, but in time she was free on the other side, bleeding all over, but more furious than before.

This hedge of thorns disappeared as time went on, but remains of it are still to be seen in the Cactus plant in the South.

161. Groups of Indians engaged in trading (U.S. Nat. Mus.).





162. A festive gathering of Indians (U.S. Nat. Mus.).

In the meantime the boy had been making his way as best he could, although he was now very tired, having carried his little brother on his back for such a long time and having had no sleep. Once again he heard the approach of his mother as she spoke the words, "*A-a-u-ay-y!* Where in the world can you flee to?" He laid down his brother, and throwing the piece of rock behind him, he said, "Let there be a mountain from one end of the earth to the other!" Immediately that great phenomenon in nature known to us as the Rocky Mountains came to be, and once again Rolling-Head found herself thwarted. Back and forth, she rolled, looking for an opening through which she could go, but she found none. Imbued with super power though she was, a time came when she was exhausted. She lay down beside a wall of rock and slept. A strange sound awakened her. It seemed to come from the heart of the mountains. The sound grew louder and louder until she saw a hole forming. It was a monster worm which had gnawed its way through the rock. Here was her chance! As soon as the worm was through, she went over it, crushing it, and then rolled into the hole which was just large enough to

let her through. Bleeding and scratched beyond recognition, she emerged on the other side, and her fury increased a hundredfold. Once again she gave chase to her children, and in a short time was close to them.

The boy had been making very slow progress, in fact he was beginning to see the futility of mere flight, and so when he knew his mother's head was near once more, he threw down the flint behind him and said, "Let there be a wall of fire from one end of the land to the other!" This happened. Once again Rolling-Head found herself confronted by a seemingly insurmountable obstacle. She sought for a safe way through; there was none. One way only was possible and that was to go right through it.

163. Indians on horseback, hunting (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



Hesitating only for a short time, she rolled into the flames and emerged on the other side, burnt and blackened. A man is dangerous in such a plight, but no creature exists that can exceed the fierceness of a woman, thwarted in her vengeance and humiliated at the same time. She gave chase once more!

After throwing the flint, the boy Wesakaychak was just able to stagger along because of his great fatigue. He was hardly able to keep from falling asleep, as he walked along unsteadily. When he heard his mother's voice again, he took the beaver's tooth this time, and throwing it ahead of him, he said, "Let a mighty river flow here!" It was only when he found himself confronted by a great flow of water that he realized his fatal mistake. The river was in front of them and the Rolling-Head was behind. He and his little brother were now at the mercy of their mother, and he knew what that meant. Then his mind cleared, and he ran along the side of the river looking for some way to escape. The river seemed impossible to cross. When about to despair, he saw two old patriarchs; they were great Bitterns, old men in appearance, sitting, one on either bank of the river, exactly opposite each other. This kind of bird is quite large now, but in those days they were monsters in size. He ran to them and implored them to take him and his brother across, but this they at first refused to do. They were not bad at heart, however, for they finally took pity on the plight of the boys, and placing their necks side by side they provided a hastily-improvised bridge, on which the fugitives crossed to the other side.

164. Indian hunters skinning a dead buffalo (U.S. Nat. Mus.).



In a moment or two, Rolling-Head came up. "Cross me!" she commanded the birds. They refused to do so. Now Rolling-Head was a creature well versed in the wisdom of her kind. She made many a flattering remark to the Bitterns. Seeing that they were pleased, she kept on until they offered to cross her. Wesakaychak implored them not to do so, but it was to no avail; the birds once more placed their necks side by side, and Rolling-Head proceeded to cross.

Her naturally wicked nature was her own undoing. Recent wet weather had given the birds rheumatism, and their necks were painful. Rolling-Head, when she saw Wesakaychak on the bank, began to jump up and down as she crossed. The incensed birds pulled up their necks, and she tumbled into the river. The boy Wesakaychak, acting on the instinct, which was later to bring him into such prominence in the affairs of the young world, took a stone, and throwing it to where his mother's head had disappeared, he yelled out the word, "Namao! Namao!" (Sturgeon). The result was that the head whisked its tail and swam away, a fish. Thus, the mother, because of her evil ways, lost the highest that mortal can attain and was destined forever to play a humbler role. Out of her evil will, she made herself useful to man and became the mother of the fish, now found in our rivers and called "Namao" by the Cree Indians.

KOOTENAY VISIONS AT THE VERMILION SPRINGS

Informant: Tatley, a Kootenay of 82 years of age, of Fairmont Springs.
Recorded in September 1926. Interpreter: Gabriel

The Kootenays used to travel over the Sinclair Pass, and also the pass at Golden. Iakhligi was the name of the pass at Golden. That of the Sinclair Pass was Yakyutskay, "the place where they tell lies." The explanation of this name is that Nahlmuktsen once travelled over the pass. He was a great being in the story. He was so tall that he could never stand, for his head would hit the sky. There were two Indians at the Sinclair Pass at the time of his coming. He told them something, I really forget what. But he knew that it was not the truth. He was a great liar. So that was the reason for naming the pass Yakyutskay. The trail used to climb over the mountain near the Canyon; it did not follow the Canyon.

[*Remarks from Tatley's wife*]: The people used to go there for visions, to the place where there are paintings on the rocks. When a fellow went there in the old times, he used to talk to the spirits about the future. Some of these people died in a short time. Those beings gave the people coloured objects which they called *nameeta*. And they drew on the stone wall whatever they wanted with this *nameeta*. The spirits told them how they would live and what they would do. They would help them during their lives and in battle.

[*Tatley again*]: I never went there myself, as I was baptized. But the Shuswaps used to visit these places. None of the present-day Kootenays know of these things. They have only been told about them by Kwihlkay, "Bighorn," who was chief here.

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The paint from the paint pots was used. The warriors went there before the battle, for red paint helped them during the battle, and their horses too.

[Tatley's wife explained here that she thinks it was all due to the Devil's power. And she added that "it is of no use."]

THE LEGEND OF THE VERMILION SPRINGS

Informant: Daniel Wildman

Unsna'waka-cagubi: "Red-clay-spirit-where-it-is-taken."

From the old generations on, the people used to take this red clay for war paint. Whoever dreamed about it was told in the dream what design to paint on himself. Maybe a rainbow on the forehead, the big eagle there, maybe a bull's head. Maybe the dreamer was instructed to paint a buffalo on his tents, maybe a half moon or a great big eagle called Muh, Thunder, or the great eagle Wawgiantoza. Some very famous Indians, maybe one or two in the tribe, have that clay and keep it in case anyone is wounded. In the very early days they put this clay in the wound, stretching the wound and putting it in. That is what the clay was used for. In the dream they painted their protector, when they were going to face hardship. Even to-day red paint is still used.

They say they see a big animal spirit, a thunder spirit in the springs. Or it may be a spotted horse, or something that looks like a man, or like a tiger (puma). They see this in a dream as if they were inside the springs of paint. They put presents in the springs—rings, tobacco most of the time, brass hand-cuffs, any little thing. They dream that as soon as they put there a thing like that, it is gone. They used to hear something there, a flute or some war songs like that on the flute. They were very superstitious about the springs.

From the place where High-Wood River comes, between four and six miles south on the flat rock, the creek faces the South. If you get there in the spring, you see pictures of tipis and of people wearing war bonnets out hunting buffalo. The next time you get there, the paint is all changed. It is a house with a bell on the top, a man walking and a leg walking behind, and the full moon on. Next time all the paint is changed again, and somebody is shooting all the mountain animals: goats, sheep, bears, and jumping deer. Another time, it is a picture of the moose. Sometimes they put the moon on there, and then some [horizontal lines] below the moon, seven lines. When they see the moon there seven times, and seven marks on the rock, they have an idea of what will happen in seven months, maybe good luck. It is a kind of prophecy of the future. But that picture is placed very high on the rock.

No human being is able to reach up there. These pictures are still right up there to-day. As soon as a person gets to that place, there is a strong wind, when they stand there, before they return home. So the Indians don't want to tarry or laugh there. They just pass. An old generation knew what these things were there for. So the Old Indians know that rock.

A year ago last summer, I went to see the rock. These pictures had moved up higher for the third time, I know. Now they are just more than half-way from the top of the mountain. But quite distinct. It is in spirit-red clay, nothing else but that. The lines are about the size of finger marks.

The pictures of animals are as good as an artist's. No Indians in the western country can draw pictures like that. It is not the work of human beings. In the early days, they used to be only ten feet high, or a little bit higher. I don't know who made these pictures there. They have been known for generations.

[The informant and companion, Jonas Ryder, Waphano, "Daylight-Coming," asked me who made these pictures.]

My old parents told me a story about it. The reason they told me was that one of my uncles used to do designs like that. In those days, the days of my uncle or anyone of the tribe, an individual who was going to die took the red clay and made a ball in their hands with it. This uncle used to take the little ball and hit it with the knife. He would say, "I know when I am going to stop this pounding with the knife. Before that, if this clay is turned into a bullet, then I will save the life of this person. If it is not turned to bullets, no use to doctor that person. Anytime, no matter how serious the case, if this clay is turned into a bullet, they know very well that this person is to be cured. When we patted that clay, if it did not turn into a bullet, we knew very well that the person was to die, at once. Whoever created this paint there, gave me the power to cure the disease like that."

When my uncle told a story, he used to add, "A white man knows this as well as I do!" He said he had seen a white man swallow knives, swallow twenty-five cents in silver. Because this white man was playing tricks like that, the Indian swallowed bullets, picked up bullets all over his body, whenever he wanted to. So he thought that this white man got the trick the same way we learned this trick by the dream. That is the reason I asked you why this paint is there.

NOTE: The Indians claim that people have seen these paintings and made fun of them. That is why they are moving upwards.

VERMILION SPRINGS AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Informant: George McLean

The old people thought that mud, red paint, was a medicine. We still use it as a medicine. I heard it myself that they know when there are some spirits around there, at Vermilion Springs. We have been told, if ever we go to this place and get some of this mud, to drop some gifts into this spring—any kind of gift, such as tobacco, pipes, rings, or any other things a man would like. They burnt sweet incense, some sweet roots that we use for smoking. Several kinds. They are mixtures. (And I don't like to tell.) We used to burn incense, as a sweet-smelling sacrifice. If we take this red earth, it will appear to have life. When we want to decorate someone, or to give a sign of peace, it will seem to give life to it. We don't know what kind of spirit is in there. Some saw things or could hear singing. It sounded like a flute, an Indian flute, a whistle, and singing. And it talks, but *we* can never see anything.

We believe that there are little human beings, *makutibi,* that live under the ground in some mountains north of here. Some hunters, when tracking bears or ptarmigans into caverns, have heard a great noise, and then it is as if they hear a lot of people talking. These are the little people.

ROCK PAINTINGS IN THE CROWSNEST PASS

Informant: George McLean

There is a place on the Crowsnest Pass, along the mountain, where the cliff overhangs. Above the place where a man can reach, there are designs in paint in different colours. They are made like rainbows. And then there are buffaloes, and Indians on horses chasing them, and war dances shown on them, sun dances, pictures of them. It is where nobody could have made them. Every year when you are there, there is a different picture. The Indians believe that the pictures they see, when they are there, represent things that are going to happen. Every year it is a different picture. The pictures always change. I have never seen this myself. I have just heard of it from other people that go that way and from my father. There is also another place on High River where one sees such designs.

THE KOOTENAYS AND THE PAINTED ROCK

Informant: Tatley, Qalsahluhlat, Three-Pipe-Stems, a Kootenay of Fairmont Springs, 82 years old, baptized by Père de Smet. He was living with his parents at Tobacco Plains when de Smet arrived there. Interpreter: Gabriel, Kupumramik-skinkuts

Many times we went to hunt the buffalo. We used to go to a place named Akwam in southern Alberta. The people here and at Cranbrook and Tobacco Plains would get together in the fall and go to the prairies. I was at a battle, about fifty years ago, with the Piegans.

We would leave here in July, when the snow was gone from the top of the mountains. We would go through Crowsnest Pass; it took four days to go through the Pass. A couple of days after, we were on the prairies and started for the Piegans. We met them near Fort Macleod, on this side. The Piegans did not want us to hunt the buffalo. They wanted to send us back. We camped toward the river, the falls there. The next morning, we went hunting buffaloes. And we did not know that the Piegans were camped near by. There was a herd of buffaloes near there. The Piegans were in great numbers, and we were only a few. On the day that we went to hunt the buffalo, one of our people came back to the camp and told the others that the Piegans had attacked their party while hunting. I, Tatley, left to join the hunters. When I arrived, I saw the group there. The Piegans were on the one side, and the Kootenays were on the other side, all in a row. The Piegans and Kootenays were about one hundred and fifty feet apart. That time we were fighting with bows and arrows. An arrow struck my horse and went through its neck. At the moment my horse was struck, I saw one of our men falling a couple of yards away (Sawaats). He was an elder brother of mine. As soon as I saw my brother fall, I started for the crowd of Piegans. We drove the whole crowd of Piegans to their camping place. I caught up with one of the Piegans, and I killed him on the way. It was with bows

and arrows. That was the end of that battle. The number of Piegans killed was ninety-nine, but there were very many Piegans. Only four of the Kootenays had fallen. The Piegans were using the rifle, but not the Kootenays. This was the last battle.

I, Tatley, must have been about thirty years old; about a year after they made peace together. But I was not present myself, when this happened. I was told about it. It was in the summer, the year after the Kootenays had left for the prairies. They were keeping on the other side of the mountains near river Akwum. The Piegans were on the other side. The Kootenays went across that river to the Piegans and began to shake hands with them. That was the last of all; they never quarrelled after that. Kanahtaako, my half-brother, was a great warrior. He was wounded in battle. I saw his wounds. There were three. . . medicine-men. Even when the Piegans shot them at close range, they never wounded them. The arrows glanced off on their bodies from one side to the other, even from only two feet away. Myself, I never was superstitious. There was only the One above (God); the other was Knuprhqegaga. I think he was the devil. The people used to see spirits in the night. Some were owls, bears, and all kinds. They appeared to them. The spirit told them about the future. I have never seen a spirit myself, but I was told about them. There were some Stonies here, at Finley creek. There are drawings there. There is another at Yakgwatak, on this side of Upper Columbia Lake. A young man would go and spend a night near these places. But nothing would appear, and he would come back in the morning. If a fellow did have something appear to him he would never tell the others about it. He would keep it to himself. If he told, he would die soon after.

SMALL-POX

Informant: George McLean

Long ago our people who lived in the southeast suffered a great sickness, *untsahnihni* (sore disease). It was new to them. To-day we call it small-pox. In those days, they used to travel in big parties, and any place they saw another party, they would fight a war. When this sickness came upon them, they did not understand how it had happened to them. They lived in tipis, maybe three or four hundred in a party. Sometimes they found in one night a whole lot of tipis with all the occupants dead. Maybe ten or twelve tipis in one night. They did not touch them [the dead], just left them, just packed up their stuff and carried their things away. They did not have horses at that time. No dogs even. A few had a pet wolf or a coyote to carry a pack. They did not touch their dead, just left them there, just went off. They wandered around in that way for I don't know how long. They scattered all over. We Stonies, we ran away north, and all that time, as we travelled, there were hundreds of people who died, whole families. And sometimes maybe a little baby was left alone. Other parents adopted the baby. The parents left a child there, while they travelled away up north to a colder climate in the mountains. We Stonies were Sioux then. After this sickness we left them, and the disease stopped. Then the Stonies began to work their way back south in the mountains. They

increased again and when they increased, they got two dogs. They used those dogs to pack. Some lived in leather tents some of the time, and some just made a cover with the twigs of the spruce tree. That was their home. And they used nothing but leather for their coats and robes.

NOTE: I heard this from my relatives.

LIFE ON THE RESERVE

Informant: George McLean

The ranchers outside this reserve are kind of sore. They think that the Indians are just wasting land and not working on it. Not enough cattle and horses. And then they break the fences on the reserve lines and let their own stock come over. Sometimes, we see them drive them in. And when they want them, they come in and hunt their cattle and horses. When they don't see theirs, they take some of our horses and cattle with them. And sometimes their horses and cattle would follow them up and get lost that way. We may be away ourselves. Then we look for our horses and cattle. They feel disagreeable about us hunting for our cattle on their fields. But we don't object if any white man comes and camps on our grounds overnight. It is because we want to try and make friends with them. The white men are not all that way; most of them are kind. The last agent seemed to ruin the reserve and the Indians. He was here for five or six years. When the Indians wanted to do anything in business, he would not help us. He was unkind. He would sidetrack us. That was all. We sent in a petition last year.

Most of the people here would be much better off without a government agent bothering them. We have cattle, which were given us by the Government in the early days. Then there were no houses nor fields. We did not have to cut hay. We were badly exploited by the white people in the early days. And the Government wanted to look after us and our cattle.

To-day there are over one thousand head of horses on this reserve. The cattle have never increased at all from the beginning; they increased for a while and then decreased. That decrease came in this way. There was a man (John Abraham) on the reserve who killed a three-year-old steer, his own, to eat. And the agent found that out. He had him arrested. And they sent him to Calgary. Then we Indians were all mad. We were told that if we had done the same thing, we would have been sent to jail too. But still we sold a lot of the cattle at that time and killed some of it. There was a lawsuit over it. And they let John Abraham out. They could not prove guilt, because it was his own animal. This is the reason that the cattle got to decrease after that. Ever since, they have not increased very much. We may have a little over three hundred head of cattle on this reserve. So there is a difference. The Government can see that for themselves, when the agent bothers the Indians. The Indians are not encouraged to raise cattle as they have no right to kill any of the cattle unless they get permission from the agent. At present, the Stonies may ask permission to kill cattle, but they never get it. The only thing they do, the only permit the agent gives, is to sell the three-year-old steers to outsiders. As to the horses, the agency doesn't bother about them.

They can sell them and try to make a little money on the sale. They keep breeding them, because they don't have to ask the agent or get any permit. And that is why the reserve is full of horses now. If the Government would make some arrangement to let the Indians get the cattle in the same way as they do the horses, there would be the same increase. The Indians would be interested in them. They are only interested in horses now.

When we go to Banff every summer [for the Indian Days], it is like a medicine for us. Our chests bulge out to the air of the mountains. And when we get back to the reserve, we feel better than before.

INDIAN SCHOOLS

Informant: Andrew Sibbald, a white man, of Banff, Alberta; 90 years of age

At the time of the treaty with the Government, there were three Stony chiefs: Jacob Big-Stony, Jacob Bear's-Paw, and John Chiniqui (a French name). Chiniqui always claimed that he was quarter-French. One of his parents must have descended from one of the Montreal traders of the North West Company.

There were Mission schools from the time I came until sixteen years ago. Then there were none until lately. And the Orphanage was established. Government and Mission paid part of the expenses after the treaty was made. The Indians would not send their children to these schools. That is why, I think, they were discontinued.

The Indians were better then than they are now. The old chiefs were all good men, ever loyal to the Government. The present generation is too sceptical. Hector Crawler, their leader, is a sceptic. Now that they mix with the white man more, they adopt more of his ways.

George Crawler was Hector's brother. He was known as Gentleman George. He was a better man than Hector. "Crawler" is the English for an Indian word. Hector Nimrod was a Stony who accompanied Hector. He hunted for the party. Nimrod was the name given him by Hector.

I heard of an old-time conjurer who used to draw ribbons of fire from his mouth all day, all kinds of tricks (maybe Tchakta).

McDougall, the missionary, prevented the Stonies from holding their pow-wows or from painting or dancing.

THE MAN BELLY SICK

Informant: Joseph Jonas. Interpreter: Tom Kakwits

One Stony got his belly broken, and its insides fell down to his knees. They hung down, and he was sick. A lot of young fellows stood around him. He had a son. So he told him to get his shotgun. The son took the gun and gave it to his father. His father took black gunpowder and

loaded it into the barrel; four inches altogether were loaded into the gun. He told one of the Stonies, "Shoot this into my belly, and then go outside." But they did not do it. They said, "We might kill you." He gave the gun another fill, and said the same thing again. But they did not do it. He could not move at all; his belly was too heavy. And he told his son, "Take this gun and shoot into my belly." And the son took the gun and stood by the camp door. He shot his father in the belly, and went outside. As soon as he shot him in the belly, he went out quite fast. There was lot of stuff coming out of the belly. After the stuff was gone out, he started to rub the belly with his hands. Then, the sore was gone. It was all healed up. The other fellows would not shoot. Only his son did.

NOTE: Informant knew that man himself. His name was "Stony-medicine-man." He was a medicine-man. This happened when the law was on [after the coming of the white man].

THE EARLY DAYS NEAR FORT EDMONTON

Informant: Daniel Wildman

My father is Dan Wildman, Agitsida, "Protector" (like the police), 65 years of age. His father was named Louis (his Stony name?). His paternal grandfather's name was Iron-Face, Tawrawtsihimazaw. His mother was a Cree: Mistahik, "Bigger-than-everybody."

When I was about three years old, my father died. About six months later, my mother got another man. After that, I slept as I pleased. No one looked after me. We went with my grandmother. We moved northwest of Rocky-Mountain House: Tichia, "Old-House." We had been away from the Hudson's Bay Post, Tichia, for about three months, in the fall. Then we got a man who was a good hunter. He stayed with us. His name was Hector, Sintogedza, "Wolf-Ear." He was a fierce man. He was my father's uncle. He took the party up the trail here through the passes. As he was out of tobacco, flints, and bullets, he went back running to the Hudson's Bay Post just by himself, on a flying trip. He came back in a few days later to the camp. It was at the Rocky-Mountain House. We were camping north of Nordick Yahareskin, "Mountain-with-the-cap-on." Hector came back. When he was half a mile from the camp he fired a shot. That meant, "You had better look out. There is a sad story."

As soon as he arrived at the camp, he told us that the small-pox had spread all through the western country in the last three months. And he told us that pretty near all our friends had died. Between Old-Man River and Minnisni it was full of graves. He asked us, "Who is digging the graves?" "John Englishman," Sindaykaphea, "Long-Tail." He is still living. Another Stony was his brother named Thebigjawn, "Otter." He told us that these two men had sore knees from kneeling down and digging graves. Their hands were also sore. They were digging graves with elk horns. Those were their tools in those days. Because of the small-pox everybody was crying in the Minnisni valley, at Banff, Minnehapa. From Banff to the Phamawksabe, "Cut-Head-Fork," about 30 miles from Banff, there were the last graves.

The next morning Hector packed, to escape to the country to the north toward Brazeau River,

Ozadetonga, "Big-Fork." In the morning, just as soon as he started, Hector came to us and told us that Mr. Aukland wanted my grandmother at the Hudson's Bay Post. Mr. Aukland was the official in charge. His mother was a Cree woman, and his father, an Englishman. My father's grandmother was a sister of Mr. Aukland's mother.

We started for the fort, while Hector went the other way to the Big-Fork and to Tichia, Rocky-Mountain-House. We were going to the Hudson's Bay Post with a widow woman and my grandmother and my older brother, Tchasmuwapta, "Poplar-Creek." We camped in the evening near Tichia. The widow with us was named Indaytchahni, "Powder-Face"; she took fits. My brother took a *saganapi,* a rawhide rope, and tied her down because of that. My grandmother did the doctoring. Root medicine. She took these fits because she was worried hearing the bad news all over the country. Next morning, she got better, but not very well. My brother told her, "You had better be careful. If you get another fit, I'll have to kill you, for you might kill us after we are asleep." At the second camp, she was all right. Then, on the third day, we got to Tichia. And then Mr. Aukland vaccinated us.

Some messengers arrived from the South. They reported that the whole tribe of Blood and Blackfoot was on its way to get ammunition and paint for their faces, and rings. Next day, they arrived, toward the evening. We saw all those Prairie Indians with small-pox faces, every one of them. For trading they brought pemmican and bales of dried meat and buffalo robes and buffalo tanned skin for moccasins. They traded these for two days. I watched and watched them, surprised. The third day, they went home.

And we stayed around there all winter. Through the winter my grandmother made the pemmican for the Hudson's Bay people. All the time, I saw the half-breeds who came from the eastern country. And Crees were with them. Sometimes warriors came to get gunpowder and bullets and paint for their faces. When the spring came, Mr. Brazeau, a builder of boats at the Post, and Mr. Fraser's wife, a half-breed, asked me to go with them. I was about eleven years old. About a week later a band of half-breed boatmen came from the eastern country. One morning when they had finished loading about twelve boats, the half-breeds were singing sorrow songs, because they were leaving their wives and sweethearts at the Hudson's Bay Post. Then we were on the river. Two nights and two days we travelled on the water. Two days and two nights. We got to Titanga "Large-Building," Edmonton. We landed there, and we got to the place called Menestoh, "Narrow-Lake." We stayed there all summer.

A band of half-breeds organized together about August (berries month), and hunting parties went to Hand-Hill, Wangtchanambin "A-person's-Hand," east of Red Deer. Nothing there! We were setting up camp on top of the hill. I could see the mountains from there, my home. About twenty-five miles west of that next ridge we saw flashes of glass (mirror). These were signs. We answered them. We found out that these were enemies. So we went down to the camp and reported what was going on. We went to the wisest men there. But they were unable to write or anything. They took a dried scapula of a buffalo, and they made a corral design on it with fire powder (soot). And they drew a Union Jack on the bone. They put it up on the hill where we had been sending the signals. And next morning we ran up there. The enemy had marked a cross on the bone, at the place where we had drawn the corral. We took the gun and ran back home. They put a piece of tobacco, and we listened to the wise half-breed, who said, "They want tobacco and peace." Toward evening we heard

the gun banging up the hill. They came down singing peace. And the half-breeds were all asking peace too. It was a band of Blackfeet. They had been trading horses, and we gave them all the tobacco that we could spare. We gave them some belts and shirts. And they gave us [dried] Saskatoon berries in exchange and pemmican to trade for ammunition and powder. Next day, they went back. The half-breeds hunted buffalo a little while, south of Hand-Hill.

About half a moon later, we came back. Our wagon carts were all filled up. We went home to Edmonton. After we got home, we began to shoot ducks in the Menestoh "Narrow-Lake." I visited the little cabins of the half-breeds. I found out that they had something called "potatoes" now. I did not know these. At first I thought that they were digging stones. But I saw the half-breeds eating them. I could not eat any. That winter we went to the same place again toward Hand-Hill. We hunted buffalo in January at Witchawandu, "Middle-Moon." We were using dog sleds. Some wealthy half-breeds had horses and sleds. They loaded up and started north again to go home. We found free traders at Sindewaptang, "Tail-Creek." All the half-breeds wanted to get firewater, about twenty-five of them altogether. These traders put me by myself into the one little room in a black poplar shack. I heard fighting, quarrelling through the night. I was afraid, because I was the only Indian boy there.

Every once in a while a Yankee came to me and gave me something to eat, trying to cheer me up, I was so frightened. At last, morning came. Then I hitched up my dog team. I opened the store room. I saw the half-breeds piled on top of each other in the rubbish, sleeping, their faces black with moustaches, and their hair in broom cut. It looked funny. And then I started home. I left them there altogether. I travelled all day facing the north-wind blizzard. I saw little poplar-wood shacks, more than half a dozen. All the half-breeds came out, with black moustaches on. They started to speak in broken French. I just laughed at them. So then they started to talk Blackfoot. I answered in Cree language. I told them I had gone hunting for Fraser. They asked me to camp there at night. I unhitched the harnesses of my dogs. I saw somebody coming with two sleds from Edmonton. It was a man who was Mrs. Fraser's brother, a half-breed. As soon as he came there, he was made acquainted with the half-breed who had gone out with me. He was surprised at what they had done. We camped there in the half-breed huts. Half-breed music continued through the night, with the fiddles. They played the fiddle their own way. In the morning we started for Edmonton. The half-breed brother of Mr. Fraser left one of his horses there. And he took half of my load. We started for Edmonton and camped in the evening in a warm sheltered place in the bush. Next morning we travelled north again. We got home late in the morning at Narrow Lake. We stayed there all winter, the rest of the winter.

When summer came, I felt like going back to the western country. But I had no horse, and this half-breed did not want to let me go. Late in the summer, toward fall, I went to Edmonton and saw Mr. Aukland. He told me that he had to go to Minnisni right away, and he wanted to take me back there. So we travelled to the West country for more than a week and arrived at Minnisni (on the rivers). I saw the first shack (at the saw mill now). That was the Reverend George McDougall's shack.

Then I went to the south country with the Stony tribe. I started to grow my hair and paint my face, and I intended to be a brave. Up I started gambling with the Blackfeet. We gambled through about four nights. It was with a bullet in the palm of the hand. We sat down and sang gambling songs. Then we made the others guess in what hand the bullet was. That game was *hetchumbin*.

We won Hudson's Bay blankets and bullets, all sorts of things like that, shirts. And I warmed myself. I got a blanket coat on. While we were gambling, the Blackfeet got mad. The chief gambler of the Blackfeet and one of the Stony chief's gamblers pulled at a blanket, stretching the blanket in front of me. It was a good blanket. And I shoved my fist right under the armpit of the Blackfoot. He was naked. I fought as the half-breeds used to fight. The Blackfoot said, "*Hu!* . . . And he put his hand there and looked back at his hand two or three times. He seemed to think that I would put a knife there. And he told me, "I am a manslaughterer. You should not do that. You are only a kid." I laughed. Everybody started quarrelling at the same time. "Quit the gambling!"

A messenger came from the south country and wanted me to go to the south with him, to go back to the tribe. So we travelled to the south. We packed pemmican and all different kinds of goods, of meat. We began to run south. And we camped at night. We cut hay and made a bedding. Next day, we got to a little camp. Next morning, we started again. In the evening, we found that we had no ammunition and nothing to eat. But we still were telling stories of how we used to feel good. And we ate snow. Next evening we started to the south. Then we came across a herd of buffalo that looked at us as if they would chase us. And we ran up to the big hill, Bahabombi, "Long-view-hill." It was near the high wood, and we saw some people skinning the buffalo, way down the valley. We went down there running, and got to the people. They were Stonies. We were very tired, but they would not let us have a horse to ride. They asked us for tobacco, but we could not give them any; we had none. Then we started for the camp where they came from. As soon as we got to another ridge, we saw something flying above the camp. There must have been a hundred lodges. We ran down to the camp. We heard the dogs barking and the women laughing. They were tanning hides and flapping them.

BIRCH-BARK CANOE STORY

Informant: Daniel Wildman. This is a story of the Stonies.

It was about a hundred and fifty years ago. There were two big tribes of Stonies. One tribe was called White-Buttocks, Onze-sansan, the other [something like] a curlew (rail ?), Behansa. One of these Behansa, who lived all alone in a lodge, apart from the tribe, had seven sons (the youngest was adopted) and one daughter. The girl was married into the Onze-sansan tribe. Her husband (*wintsonha:* son-in-law living with the wife's parents) was a good hunter, good looking, brave, and trusty.

Early in the spring before the ice opened, the old man would order his seven sons to go to the big lake to see if the Onze-sansan were there. It was about time to go and camp there. The adopted son was long-winded, a fast runner, a Blackfoot. So he went to the lake also. He got there the same day by travelling across on the ice. They must have been travelling all night. Early in the morning, they got where they used to camp. But only the tipi poles stood there. They put their hands where others had had their camp-fires. The ashes were still hot. Others searched round to see if anything had been forgotten. And the sixth fellow in the family said, "Look! I see a kind of dead bird in the camp." He hit this big bird on the neck, like this, with his bow. And the bird cried, "*Ptrr, ptrr*!

The man said, "You know what this bird says?" They all ran to him, and asked him, "What did he say?" He answered, "There is a grave here. If you run away with the widow of this man in the grave here, you will be killed." And the young fellow said, "If there is a widow, I'll run away with her." The oldest man said, "You had better not. It is a bad sign when the dead bird gives you a warning like this." The sixth brother turned round and said that they were cowards. Then they fixed themselves up and made a run following the moving camp. They went a little ways and saw a woman dressed up in a sad dress. They recognized her. She was a beautiful looking woman. The young fellow said, "This is the one. I want her." As soon as he got there, he took her arms. The others ran back. And this woman sang death songs. When the people moving heard these songs, they knew that something had happened. All the braves put on their medicine hats. They made a charge back on the trail. The runaway people got to the ice past the old camp, and soon they got a little way on the ice; it was a big lake. All the Onze-sansan tribe surrounded the lake. They fought with bow and arrow in those days. They kept on killing the party of the seven brothers, one by one. At last, there were two left, the eldest and the adopted Blackfoot brother. The sixth had been killed. The widow was killed too. They were too jealous. And at last this uncle of the Onze-sansan tribe came forward. The eldest brother shouted to his uncle, "I am glad you are coming, I have spent all my arrows."—"Yes, I am coming." He shouted to the crowd, "You think these two fellows have frogs in their hands." Because in those days they were scared of frogs. So he made a charge toward his nephew.

The uncle had a spur at the end of his bow. He speared his eldest nephew right in the middle of the body. This eldest brother fell down on the ice, and his uncle laughed while poking around in his body with the spear. Then he shouted to the Blackfoot brother, "You may run. I know they cannot kill you." But the Blackfoot brother answered, "I am an enemy, anyways. I would be ashamed to run away. But you yourself had better run, because I say so. This is the last word I talk." The whole crowd tried to capture him but could not. He ran away to the deserted camp where his old man was. He got him and laid him down on his bed. The old man said: "What is the matter?" He replied, "I shamed myself and ran away from my brothers." He asked him if they were to get killed, and he told the story. This old man said, "All right! We will get even with them some day."

Sitting by the fire the *wintsonha* said, "I am worth killing; but, my old man, please yourself, I am one of your enemies." The old man said, "No, you are my best boy, you are as good as my son. You had better carry this tobacco to my tribe." He said, "All right, I'll do that." And he started to the south with the tobacco. He travelled a long way and found a tribe. He took the tobacco to the chief's lodge. He told them that they had to organize and fight the Onze-sansan. So they began to make bows and arrows and all kinds of arms. There were no guns in those days. They moved their camp to the place they were going to start. Summer was coming fast. They made canoes there, with birch bark. And they finished about one hundred canoes. (The Stonies used to make birch-bark canoes.) Then they went toward the place where the enemy tribe was (also Stonies these were). They send this *wintsonha* as a scout. He went one day ahead. It was night time when he got to the enemies' camp. There he counted the buckskin tipis, more than a hundred. He looked through to find his father's tent. At last he found it, and got in. The moment he went in and saw the elders gathered inside, he said, "I have been running ever since you killed the six brothers." Some of them did not believe him, and thought he was a scout. But he said, "I can prove it to you." He had a little black dog that was very thin.

He said, "The dog was fat when we started. Now it is so thin! I am thin myself now." They asked him, "Where is your wife?" He said, "My wife is across the lake. I'll be back to-morrow sometime." As soon as he started in the canoe, some of them looked at him suspiciously. There was no wind, but the water was choppy. Most of these Stonies, when they saw that, said, "The evening must be coming." The eldest and wisest in the camp said, "No! Wind shall rise soon." Then their canoe party travelled as fast as they could to the camp to get there before day-light. And they surrounded the camp and waited until daylight came. They said among themselves, "Whenever you are ready at daylight, shout!" As soon as daylight came, they shouted, all in different directions. Then the *wintsonha* made a charge toward his father's tent and killed his father, sister, and mother, to please his father-in-law. They all fought for some time. Some of them ran away into the bush, but most of them were killed in the camp.

The man who had killed his nephew in the first fight hid himself in a dog's hut. His brother searched all over the camp. When he came out of the dog's hut, he said to his brother, "Why are you hiding yourself?" He answered, "Because I am scared. You might kill me by mistake." He said, "You are quite right too. My oldest son shouted at you, asked you for arms. I was told you gave him arms, that is, killed him." So he cut his brother's arm first. His brother cried, cried, and asked him for sympathy. He said, "There was many a time I could not sleep when I thought you killed my sons, your nephews." He cut the other arm, took his flints out of his pouch, and he cut him all over, until he was dead. Then the war was over, and everybody was sitting on the hill. There, the *wintsonha* brought his father's head and placed it before the old man sitting there, and taking his knife, he cut his own throat.

(Heard from my father and grandfather and my father's uncle. It happened.)

BUFFALO HORN WHIP-TOP

From L. A. B. Hutton, Joint Liaison Officer, Ottawa

The spinning of whip-tops is generally associated with pavements, but surprisingly enough, the Cree Indian and half-breed boys played with them, at least in Saskatchewan, over 70 years ago. Whether they learned it from white boys or whether it was a native development is a matter of surmise, but it seems quite likely to have been the latter.

Some of the tops were of water-worn stones, carefully selected for shape and size, but the most highly prized were made of buffalo horn tips. These latter varied from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches high depending upon the size of the horn from which they were made, as it was necessary to have the cavity at the top as small as possible to maintain the balance.

In winter they were spun on the ice with a whip of buckskin thongs, and in summer on any handy wooden surface such as a railway station platform. A circle was drawn, and the game was to knock the opponent's tops out of the circle and still keep your own top spinning.

The top illustrated here (Crawley Films Ltd.) is at least 70 years old, as it has been in my possession for over 60 years. The spots on the bottom are reflections from the lighting when the photograph was taken and do not appear on the original (*See* Plate 165).

They also played a form of baseball and football. In both cases the balls were made of buckskin stuffed tightly with antelope hair, which is quite tough and springy. These games were probably learned from the whites, but this again is purely surmise.

ABOUT THE FIRST RAILROAD HERE

Informant: Tom Kakwits, who quotes his own father's recollections—Wintsaxatonga, "Married-Man," who died in 1925, at the age of 81

STONIES INVESTIGATING WITH THE WHITES FOR A PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS

My father said, "We went up to Kananaskis [river]; there were about twenty white men with us, and three Indians, Stonies. They were all looking for the pass which is the best. Some went by the Kananaskis to Banff. After we got up to Kananaskis Lake, we took a lot of grub. They did not pay us money, but gave us some kind of cheque. One white man was pretty mean. Every time we ate, he thought we ate too much, and he did not like us. He did not like the three Indians. And this man was the boss.

The next day, a Stony named Philip went with two white men up ahead and came back to tell the rest of the people about it. We returned about six o'clock, and Philip put his handkerchief around his face, covered his face, and Tom Kakwits asked him, "What is the matter?"—"Oh," he said, "the straw boss [second in command] fought with me, knocked my nose, and he killed me for about five minutes. He is an awfully strange man, this boss. I could not understand him. Then he started to get sore." Tom Kakwits said, "Wait, I will lick him to-morrow, for I am going to go with him again."

The next day, old Baptiste and Tom Kakwits, and two white men went up ahead again. The straw boss [second in command] went with them. They were all on horseback, and they went to the other side of Kananaskis. We went to the mountain, a steep mountain. We had to come back because we could not get through the mountain. We ate some mountain blackberries (huckleberries). About ten minutes after he had eaten, the boss said, "Go ahead!" We went ahead. And the boss was sitting, eating the huckleberries. Baptiste, Tom, and another white man boiled some tea at the creek. The boss did not come around. After we had all eaten, the boss's horse was there. And Tom got it for him. After ten minutes the boss arrived on foot. He began to swear, "I am going to kill you, you black buggers." Tom took his vest off, his handkerchief, and his coat. He met the boss, and he started to fight. He just held him by the neck and pulled him down on the ground. He smashed every bit of his face. Then one of the white men told him to quit, "You lick him anyway." So he stopped for about twenty minutes. The boss could not get up, and we had to put water all over his face and body. He got over it. So I went to him and shook hands with him. He said, "Don't lick me anymore." He handed me a $20 bill. That settled it.

We all went back home at about half past six. The rest of them at the camp were playing stone, a game. One of the white men talked to them and said, "The boss got a licking." Some of them threw their hats way up in the air, others yelled, and some of them clapped their hands. And the boss told them, "You are bitches. He can lick you, all of you; I am the strongest man, but he licked me right

easy. Those Indians could not understand me, so I had to fight them." They told one another this story with their hands in sign language. We came back, that time, on the other side of Kananaskis Lake, about half a mile. The white people found some gold there, and my father was with them.

NOTE: From my father.

CATTLE CROSSING THE ROCKIES

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud. Interpreter: George McLean

This is about a white man who came from British Columbia. He bought a lot of cattle east of here and hired a Stony named Mark to help him take his herd across the Rockies into British Columbia. Also four or five half-breeds. That is what Mark told me himself. Mark knew the trail. It was up the Kananaskis. Mark began to drive the cattle and got to the forks of the Bow and the Kananaskis. They camped right at the forks at the place now called the C.B. falls, Osade, the "Forks." The cattle had been driven just along the river. They were crossing and having a rest. There were about two hundred enemies followed them up, but they did not know. There was no railroad at that time.

Toward evening the marauders spread round. When the cattle were gathered in one place at dusk, the first thing they heard was the bawling. The chief white man asked his men to go and see what was wrong. And they got on horseback, those wild cowboys, and before they went any distance, they met their cattle stampeding toward the camp. They saw animals running and some falling head-over-heels. Some ran into the camp and fell, with arrows in their bodies. It was arrows that the enemies had shot them with. When the boss found out that there were enemies killing off his cattle, he was sure he himself would not be spared. So he told the Stony, Mark: "Look after me, and save me." They had a quantity of powder, lead ball ammunition, and flintlock guns. The half-breeds had just one gun, and they scraped off the balls. The Stonies did the same. Every ball they scraped they put into the muzzle, to see whether it would fire. The balls were too large. They scraped them just to the size of the muzzle. Mark watched all that time for the enemies, while they made the bullets fit the guns. The half-breeds were told to try their best to stand the enemy off. When they got all the balls rounded, they filled the buffalo horn with powder. After they were all ready for the enemy, Mark went away alone from the camp to see where the marauders were coming from. And he watched and stood there till it was dark. This was just as the sun was going down. Mark stood on guard all night. He went to different points. There was a fault all around, and there was a bush in the forks where there is timber. He went to every point of this bush to see which way the enemy was coming. As a rule the Blackfeet and the Prairie Indians were afraid to go into the timber. Mark watched all night, and he expected that if they were attacked, it would be very early in the morning, just at the break of day. He watched there till daylight, and at daylight, when he could see a long distance, he travelled round to hunt up the enemy, but there was no sign of them. Then he went back to his boss and wanted him to take him up as far as the place now named Ribbon-Creek up the Kananaskis River. They had carts with them to take their stuff, but they could not take the carts any farther. They threw them away and had to take

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cows to pack. They put the packs on them. And they started off from that place and went on. The first night, they camped half-way to the place where he wanted them to take him. They arrived at Ribbon Creek the next day. The day after, the Stony was sure he was going to live. The white man then told him to look after himself. The half-breeds interpreted for him and wished him good luck to look after himself. The Blackfeet and Sarcees had not killed him. We bid him goodbye. And Mark left him there and came back to the creek of the Kananaskis.

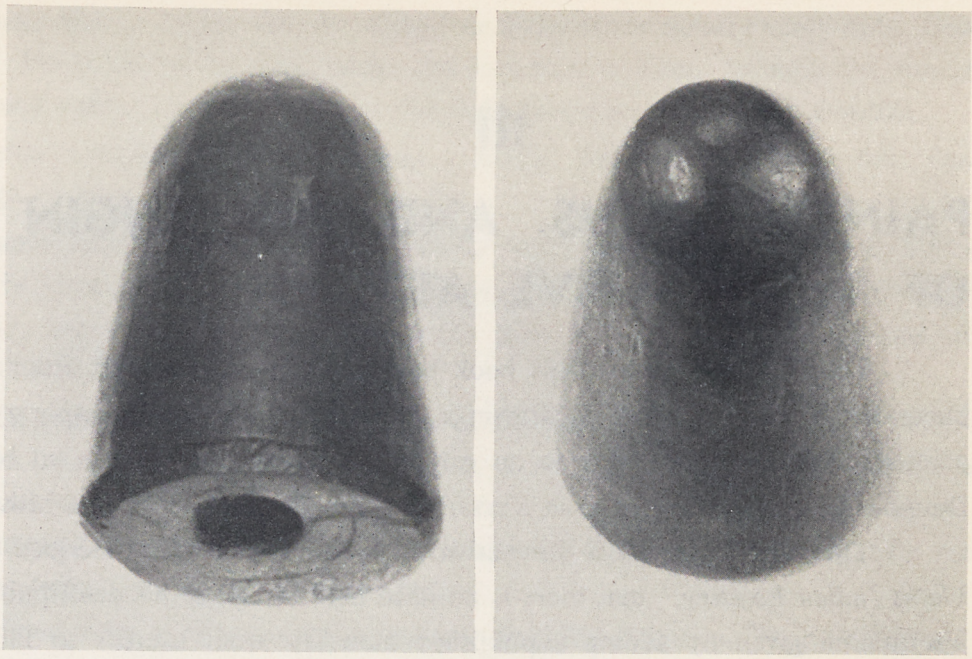
When he arrived at the Bow River on foot, he stripped himself and tied what clothes he had onto his head and waded the Bow River. And then from that place he travelled by foot right to the place called the Rocky-Mountain-House on the Saskatchewan River. After that, he heard that the white man who had taken these one hundred and fifty head into British Columbia had had twenty killed by arrows at the Kananaskis forks. This left him over one hundred and twenty head to take to British Columbia. When they reached B.C., they had only ten head. They had lost the others on the trail. Rivers, and timber, and rocks. When it was all over, we heard that those enemies were Blood Indians who watched this pretty close and wanted to kill them all. But they had made up their minds that they would not tackle the party but would just kill some cattle and come away back. It was to give them trouble. The reason they changed their minds was that they knew there was one Stony there. And they knew they would not kill him without being killed too. When there were Stonies, they were sure that most of themselves would be killed off before they killed the Stonies.

NOTE: He heard Mark himself tell the story. His Indian name was Sinktoredza Bahanompe, "Wolf-Viewing-on-a-Hill." Mark was a great warrior, who died about twenty years ago. He was about 75.

THE INDIANS FIND GOLD

Informant: Isaac-Rolling-in-the-Mud; interpreter: Tom Kakwits

I, for one, never believed what Crooked-Neck said. But it was fun all the time. After many years, lots of redcoats [police] came here, also many white collars [priests] came into this country. When they came, we had to hide all the gold. No white people could find it, only the Indians. But we had to go five or six hundred feet down into the ground. Otherwise the poor Indians would have been beaten out of the gold. That is why we hid it from the white collars. The white collars would have found gold all over the place, if it were not for that. And now nobody knows where the gold is. In the old days, the old people could find gold all the time in the creeks and the rivers.



165. Cree buffalo horn whip-top (Crawley Films Ltd.)

LA CHARRETTE DE LA RIVIÈRE ROUGE (THE RED RIVER CART)

Description recueillie de Gustave Gervais, un vieil aventurier du Nord-Ouest dans les 1895–1900; à Hazelton (C.-B.)

La fameuse charrette qui a joué un si grand rôle dans le développement de l'Ouest. C'était une charrette toute de bois, faite avec une hache et avec une tarière et un vilebrequin. Pas un clou dedans. Les roues étaient hautes. C'était des roues à rayons. Jamais ils la graissaient. Vous pouviez entendre venir une caravane de charrettes à dix milles, par les cris et les grincements qu'elle faisait. C'était des charrettes à haridelles, une planche derrière et devant. C'était comme les charrettes canadiennes. Mais ils n'avaient pas le bois propice. Il y avait un vieux Canadien une fois qui parlait des charrettes de la rivière Rouge. C'était un vieux farceur. Quand on était pour monter une côte, trois ou quatre hommes se mettaient derrière et poussaient sur la charrette et le cheval tirait. A chaque tour de roue, la charrette disait (lentement): "Tu seras surpris!" Soudain, quand on arrivait au sommet de la côte, le cheval poussait et il cherchait à reculer. Mais tout s'en allait rouler en bas de la côte. Et les roues disaient très vite: "Je le savais bien! Je le savais bien." Le diable emporte la charrette!

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III

PAINTED SKINS, AND THE ORIGIN OF THIS NATIVE ART

The Indian stories in this book belong to the last century, from 1800 to our time. They are illustrated by typical coloured drawings from the hands of contemporary Indian artists. Only a few painted designs may go back to an earlier date, particularly those on buffalo or elk skins from the Dauphin de France Collection at Versailles and now preserved at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris.

The varied aspects of this native art have been so well described by Dr. John C. Ewers in his *Plains Indian Painting,*[1] that there is no need here to add to his description. I will only supplement the information given by adding unpublished materials from sources so far unused, as follows: (1) a number of painted skins in European museums, some of which—formerly at Versailles, France—seem to go back to pre-Revolution times; (2) more than a hundred coloured crayon and watercolour drawings found in the files of the United States National Museum at Washington, and in those of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York, which are published here by courtesy of these institutions. An important item has been furnished by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, under the caption of "Coups Counted by Crop-Eared Wolf, a Minor Chief of the Blood Tribe." Dr. Ewers himself has given me from his own files a number of photographs of painted buffalo skins, which I reproduce thankfully.

Paintings on buffalo and other skins are like picture-writing; they are symbolical and are endowed with historical significance. But a few examples have been recorded in full. A valuable instance is "Lone-Dog's Winter Count" from *Picture Writing of the American Indian,* by Garrick Mallery.[2] Another example, so far unpublished is, as mentioned above, "Coups Counted by Crop-Eared Wolf, a Minor Chief of the Blood Tribe." This fine record (Cf. frontispiece, reproduced in colour, and No. 16) is described in the archives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as a "painted buffalo robe presented to this Force by an Old Timer, and is an authentic example of Indian work." It is now preserved in the R.C.M.P. museum in Regina. Here is the story as taken down on the Blood Reservation on the 1st of March, 1882;

"Commence at the tail end of the robe, right-hand corner, and the

"*First coup* represents the Bloods (within circle) camped in the Yellow Stone Valley (Missouri); they are surrounded by a war party of Sioux (the guns pointed toward the circle). 'Crop-Eared Wolf' has been off scouting, has stolen a horse, which he is leading into camp, when he is shot in the breast.

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[1] Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California, 1939. Supplemented since, by the same author's *George Catlin, Painter of Indians and the West,* Smithsonian Institution, 1956; and *Early White Influence upon Plains Indian Painting, George Catlin and Carl Bodmer among the Mandan,* 1832-34, also published by the Smithsonian Institution, 1957.

[2] Published in the *Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology,* Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

"*Second coup* represents him in a fight with the 'Crees' on Belly River about twenty miles from where Macleod now stands. He is riding the dark horse and has shot a 'Cree' through the breast, securing his blanket, horse, and saddle; he also secures in that fight two other horses and a saddle.

"*Third coup* represents 'Crop-Eared Wolf' scalping a 'Crow' Indian and stealing four axes and a blanket out of his lodge.

"*Fourth coup* represents him on horse back; the Bloods have surrounded a party of 'Crees' near Cypress Hills; one of the Cree squaws is going into camp with a pail of water, and 'Crop-Eared Wolf' shoots her in the breast; later on in an encounter with the party he was shot in the leg and lost his gun and shield (*see* sketch of it inside the circle of guns).

"*Fifth coup*: He is out with a horse-stealing party against the Sioux and steals one horse and a mule; on the same expedition he steals a horse from the door of a Sioux lodge, cutting the lariat that was fastened on the inside of the lodge.

"These coups were among his bravest deeds. The shot he received in the leg crippled him for life, and he is now one of the best Indians on the Blood Reservation."

In his study of 83 painted hides in the museum collections of North America, Dr. Ewers accepts the classification of H. V. Hall, as follows: (1) time-counts or calendars; (2) personal records or biographies; (3) imaginative records of vision. To quote Dr. Ewers: "It is impossible to distinguish vision records from real incidents.[1] . . . As early as 1877, enterprising reservation Indians were committing pictorial forgery on buffalo robes on a wholesale basis and selling their work to white men as authentic records. . . . The touching of an enemy with the coup stick and the stealing of horses were favourite subjects in Plains Indian hide painting."

Another conclusion in Dr. Ewers' work is that "the art of painting on hides antedates the period of White contact with the Plains tribes." Yet "to date neither painted hides nor the peculiar bone brushes used by the Indians to paint upon them have been found in prehistoric sites.[2] . . . For the earliest detailed information on the appearance of a painted hide we are indebted to the intrepid American explorers, Lewis and Clark (1805)." And, as Dr. Ewers states, the influence of white artists like Catlin and Bodmer, among the explorers of the 1830's, must have been of considerable importance on the native buffalo-hide painters.[3]

It is at this point that painted buffalo and deer hides in the European museums may prove of significance.

In the *Cabinet de curiosités et d'Objets d'Art de la Bibliothèque publique de la ville de Versailles,*[4] we read:

> "Neuf tapis de peaux, préparés et peints par les sauvages de l'Amérique du Nord. L'une de ces peaux représente un combat, avec les huttes des sauvages. On y lit le mot: *Ackansas.* De plus le soleil et la lune, que les Canadiens représentaient partout. Une autre, une chasse avec les masques de chasse des Canadiens. Les autres sont couvertes d'ornements." (Voir pour la manière de faire ces peaux, Lafitau, *Mœurs des Sauvages,* t. II, p. 31.)

At the same Versailles library where these nine painted skins still were in 1931, I have noted down: "Grande peau de bison peinte," with the mark: "Ackansas. OHZOV/TOVARIMON/

[1] Loc. cit., pp. 16, 17.
[2] Loc. cit., p. 25.
[3] Loc. cit., p. 28.
[4] Catalogue, Versailles, 1869.

OVGAPPA." And this was accompanied by realistic designs, such as of the sun, the moon with rays, Indian hunters, tipis, and an arrow-like border. On another skin, smaller, also with realistic designs, hunters wearing masks were hunting buffaloes. Another painted skin showed the serpent, animals, and eagle feathers on a man's plumed bonnet. One of these skins was decorated with tulip flowers and "crête-de-coq" patterns, distinctly revealing a European influence. Later these skins were transferred to the Musée de l'Homme in Paris.

In 1931, at the old Trocadero Museum in Paris, I found a number of specimens of leather work, painted or decorated with porcupine quills and moose hair. These undoubtedly went back over two hundred years and cast a new light on the origins of this type of work among the natives of North America. They had been catalogued by the ethnologist Hamy in the early 1880's and have remained undisturbed ever since. Most of them had been transferred there by the Bibliothèque nationale and had been deposited at the Bibliothèque after the French Revolution (1790). They were confiscated from noble families who were forced to emigrate. On some labels we read "Collection d'Emigré d'Eslignacs"; "Sac peint, Emigré Cormon" (?). The Thunderbird appears on the same bag, with the date 1721 written on it long ago. Large painted skins (Nos. 106, 107, 102, 103) are described as Mandan or Dakota, and the paint is skilfully applied on pressed or tooled designs, as in the contemporary French leather work. A "chabraque" of leather and cloth is labelled "Omaha," and decorated with curlicues or scroll designs. Another large painted skin, described as "Omaha," was given by the Maréchal de la Grange. This French collection of the late eighteenth century shows that skin painting on tanned and tooled leather was an art extensively practised among the Indians at that time, from Labrador to the western prairies. A number of what is now considered Nascopi uniforms, in leather, found their way into the European collections at an early date; they are the best of their type and were undoubtedly produced with the help of European tools and technique. And their designs also reveal the same influence.[1]

* * *

Several sketchbooks of Prairie Indian drawings in coloured pencil were recently communicated to me by Mr. Herbert W. Kriegher, Director of Ethnology at the United States National Museum, Washington, and by Mr. E. K. Burnett, Director of the Museum of the American Indian, New York. With their kind permission, most of them are being reproduced here in photographic form. They are of the same type of decorative art as has prevailed on the painted skins after 1830, with flat designs and without space perspective, and they reveal the naïveté of children's drawings, yet they are nicely typical of a large cultural area in the Northwest.

The three or four sketchbooks from the United States National Museum, in a file labelled *Pictographic Art,* are without catalogue numbers and are supposed to be part of the James Mooney Collection (*ca.* 1891). Two of them are within red cloth covers. They may date back a few decades earlier and are from Indians who came under the influence of American explorers and painters like Catlin and Bodmer.

[1] For the leather work and craft of binding and engraved birch bark, as expertly practised and taught by the Ursulines of Quebec and in other convents, after 1670, *see* my *Saintes Artisanes, II, Mille Petites Adresses, Fides,* Montréal, pp. 58-66.

The sketchbooks of the same type and, presumably, date, at the Museums of the American Indian, bear catalogue numbers and descriptions as follows:

(1) Drawing-Book 20/6231. Bear's Heart (the name of the artist, written by himself), Fort Marion, Fla., Nov. 1876. And on a label pasted inside the cover: W. T. Sherman, General. In this book are found pictures of trains, horses and wagons, and "Arrival at St. Augustine," churches, camps of covered wagons, catching a shark, Jacksonville, 1875; Miss Nannie Burt's Class of Indian Prisoners, Ft. Marion; St. Johns Railways; Cheyenne among the buffaloes; Cheyenne camp and traders;

(2) Notebook 14/3394 (1872). Various Prairie Indian subjects;

(3) Folder and sketchbook 20/6238, 20/6236, 20/6633. W. T. Sherman, General. Boating, St. Augustine, Osage war dance, Navajos, Kiowa soldier dance;

(4) Notebook 20/6230. Department of the Interior, W. T. Sherman, General. U.S. Indian Service. Various Indian scenes and subjects;

(5) Book of drawings, purchased from Mrs. Daria H. Gilman, New York, in 1933. In a letter pasted inside we read: FR Sill, Ind. Ter. Aug. 30 '86. "These pictures were designed and painted by a young Ki-a-wa (Kiowa) named To-oan, Aug. 19, 1886." (Most of them are reproduced here);

(6) Ledger 16/4352. On a printed clipping inside: Cherokee, Crawford Co., Kansas, 1876. Several drawings;

(7) Sketchbook 11/1708. April 4, 1898. "I know the contents to be drawn by full-blood Indians of Pine Ridge Agency Co., Dakota. Each Sioux draws his own autograph . . . what Mr. Geo. Deslions wished to say. Signed G. Cody Goodman. Lone Bear: Gnato Warjila."

Native pictographs were not the only means at the disposal of the Prairie and other Indians to make records of their tribal recollections. They "also had a number of birch-bark written songs and traditions," according to J. G. Kohl, a keen German observer, in his *Kitchi-Gami, Wanderings round Lake Superior* (London, 1860, p. 380).

Of the Ojibways around Lake Superior he has written: "Painted or written birch-bark books also lay among them" (p. 381).

In his further information on picture-writing on buffalo robes, we read:

> "On the western prairies the chiefs frequently have the exterior of their tents covered with pictures and writing, containing representations of their doughty deeds, their family arms, or references to their pagan belief and magic recipes.
>
> "They have also picture-writing on their clothes, the leather side of their buffalo robes, or the blankets in which they wrap themselves. We find among them cloaks entirely covered with figures and hieroglyphics, like the dress of a magician. At times their heroic deeds are again described on these furs; and on the buffalo skins, which are softer to sit on than the blankets, there will be found long stories. The blankets are usually only decorated with their totems, or special personal signs. Thus, for instance, one will have on his back the figure of the sun drawn in clumsy red marks.
>
> "Of their instruments, those most highly decorated are generally their pipes and the handles of their tomahawks, the important emblems and instruments of peace and war. Rarely do you find either of these articles in the possession of an Indian which has not some story on it, either his 'dreams of life,' or the number of war expeditions in which he has joined, or of the foes he has killed."

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"Peaux peintes du Canada. La majorité des peaux peintes exposées ont été recueillies avant 1768 pour l'éducation du Prince de la Maison de France. Elles constituent le plus riche ensemble de cette sorte existant au monde et sont d'une valeur inestimable pour l'étude de la . . . Plaine.

"Les peintures représentant la biographie d'un grand chef ou des événements singuliers étaient l'œuvre des hommes. Les peintures faites de motifs géométriques étaient fréquemment l'œuvre des femmes.

"Les peaux utilisées sont celles du bison, du daim et de l'élan. Chaque partie du dessin était d'abord repoussée et puis peinte en couleurs. Quelques-unes des peaux étaient employées comme robes cérémonielles, d'autres ont fait sans doute partie du mobilier de la hutte ou de la tente.

"Ces peintures en général ne montrent aucune influence européenne dans la conception et le style. Par contre des éléments européens incorporés très tôt dans la civilisation indienne tels que chevaux et fusils sont représentés. (Photo Nat. Mus. Canada, J 3987. From a Musée de l'Homme negative). 95

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U.S. National Museum, 154064, Sioux, Mrs. M. M. Hazen

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BANFF
KOOTENAY
CALGARY
BLACKFOOT INDIAN RESERVATION
CREE
LAKE WINDERMERE
BLOOD
SARCEE
PIEGAN
DAKOTA (SIOUX)
CROW
SHOSHONI
PAWNEE
CHEYENNE
KIOWA